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The
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: : MEMOIRS OF A : : VANISHED GENERATION

DIANA JANE PERY, 1ST COUNTESS OF RANFURLY
From a picture at Dungannon Park, by permission of the Earl of Ranfurly

MEMOIRS OF A VANISHED GENERATION

1813—1855

EDITED BY MRS WARRENNE BLAKE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

THE LADY ST HELIER

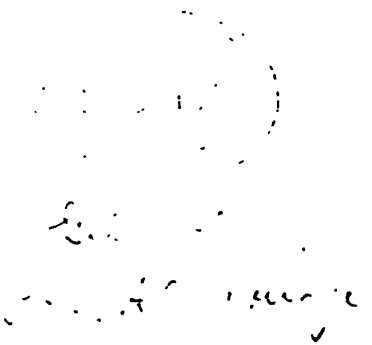
AND NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

"RIEN N'EST BEAU QUE LE VRAI"

LONDON: JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY MCMIX

1909

Br 6311.35



Turnbull & Spears, Printers, Edinburgh

TO THE

DEAR AND HONOURED MEMORY

OF MY FATHER

GENERAL THOMAS EDMOND KNOX, C.B.

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

INTRODUCTION

THE characteristics of a people, their lives, their amusements, aspirations, hopes, and ambitions, are nowhere portrayed more pleasantly and accurately than in contemporary memoirs, or letters of their time. It is not only from the great events which affect a country that we learn its history, nor even from the intimate and minute details which memoirs and letters give us of the lives of the great men and women who have moulded and influenced its fortunes. They give a broad view of certain aspects of a country's life and history, and of the important questions which have affected it, or if we may use the expression—a more panoramic view of the stage on which the drama of a country's fate has been played; but the field of vision is too wide, the ambitions and passions of the actors too complex, to present an accurate picture, or to convey a complete idea of the life, and existence, led by the vast majority of the people of a country.

French memoirs have told us so much of French history, and perhaps given us a clearer insight into it than many of her greatest historians; while the beauty of the

language, its endless *nuances* of expression, and the vivacity of its writers, have lent a unique charm to all the works which treat of the social and domestic annals of the country.

In England, works of a like kind are more rare, and do not possess the same charm. The language has not that facility of expression and lightness of touch, which enable French writers to describe, and dwell minutely on personal and often delicate subjects, and there are fewer books treating of the inner life of English society. Reserve, discretion, as well as an unwritten law that no personal narrative should be published during the life of any one who had taken part in the events which it describes, has hitherto prevented any detailed account of the early social, and family history of the Victorian era, being given to the country at large. No doubt among the vast mass of family papers in the great houses of England, there are letters, diaries, and memoirs which could give us a most interesting account of the time during which a silent, but great social evolution, was evolving itself—but the moment is not ripe for their publication, and we, therefore, welcome any addition to the few writers who tell us something of a time which is so near our own, and the influences of which have so deeply affected us.

In the "Memoirs of a Vanished Generation" the authoress has given us a glimpse into that period of English life of which we know comparatively little.

This book of family history, which tells its story in a simple, picturesque way, is merely a collection of letters written by a few devoted members of a family to each other. They were not intended for publication, but they possess the distinctive charm of letters of the past. They were written slowly, and were an event in the daily family life: every incident of personal and public interest was repeated, with the writer's remarks and criticisms, for they were intended, at a time when telegrams, telephones, and the penny post were unknown, to convey to the people to whom they were addressed a full and accurate account of what was going on in their own personal circle, and in the larger world outside. And they are typical of the correspondence of the time, when not only facts, but all intimate daily ideas were slow of transmission, when life was much less eventful than to-day, and every incident assumed a much greater importance.

They are also interesting, because they show how keenly alive the writers were to the political movements of their time, how wide the circle of their sympathies, and that, though living for long periods out of England, they followed all the political and social doings of their own country with an unceasing pleasure, keeping in touch, at the same time, with the life of the country in which they had settled. They thus present a many-sided view of what was going on in the world to which they belonged. The personal note is strongly developed in the letters, which abound in humour, kindly criticism,

and just the flavour of satire which conveys, no doubt, more to a kinswoman than to the outside public, but which cannot fail to strike even the casual reader,—and, above all, there is the strong note of a deep family affection which neither time nor distance weakened or destroyed.

The letters are frank and outspoken, perhaps to a fault. They describe the various foibles of their friends and relations in a kindly way. They are candid about their own hopes, ambitions, and position; they were not rich, and were obliged to practise an economy which often deprives the bravest, and most capable, of much of the brightness and enjoyment of life. It was, no doubt, the Celtic blood in their veins which gave them the elasticity and *joie de vivre* which pervades the letters, and the capacity for enjoyment which they possessed.

There is no intention to claim for the letters that they are as brilliantly written, or as interesting from many aspects, as others dealing with more momentous issues, and events, but there is an element of freshness and originality which bears favourable comparison with the Paston letters, and others of a like kind, which tell of the personal, and domestic life of a large family connection. They give a vivid and lifelike picture of the period in which they were written, and in their perusal we feel on intimate terms with the writers, as well as those to whom they were written. The side lights which they throw on the great world in which from time to time they moved are most pleasant—and the book cannot fail to amuse and interest every one

who opens its pages. If in parts of the diary the personal element predominates, it is only as a link in the chain which connects the family story and carries on its continuity.

The early pages of the letters give a curious account of the strictness with which children were brought up, and how completely they were subordinated to the control of their parents and guardians, of which the childhood and girlhood of Mrs Knox, *née* Jane Hope Vere, is a good example. Her experience had been somewhat more severe than usual, but the same discipline was maintained even by parents, as the cousins of Mrs Knox, the Hope Veres, never forgot the severity of their parents, in whose presence they stood, and whom they always addressed as "Sir" and "Madam." Perhaps the rules of the Hay, and Hope Vere families were specially rigorous, for Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere always maintained that the youth and childhood of her children was one of unalloyed happiness and indulgence, in comparison with that of her own and her brothers and sisters. They were the children of George, seventh Marquis of Tweeddale, and Lady Hannah Maitland, daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale, and from peculiar circumstances were very early deprived of the care of their father and mother, who were among the English who were imprisoned by Napoleon in the fortress of Verdun in 1804. During the time of their parents' absence the children were committed to the care of Lady Betty Gavin, their aunt, who also had charge (as

guardian) of her nephew John, second Marquis of Breadalbane, the husband of the beautiful Miss Baillie of Jerviswood, sister of the sixteenth Earl of Haddington. Two of the Hay brothers were remarkable men, George, eighth Marquis, who served in the Peninsular War, was A.D.C. to Sir John Moore, and helped to bury him at Corunna, and John, the second son, was a very distinguished sailor. One of the daughters was the wife of Sir John Cane Hobhouse, afterwards created Lord Broughton. Mrs Knox's early life with her guardian, Mrs Hamilton, must have been one of great misery, and who, though not his mother-in-law, seems to have shown so much ill-temper to Captain Knox, that he and the imperious lady soon quarrelled and never met again.

It is very difficult to realise in these days of rapid communication what the difficulties of travelling must have been in 1815, when Captain Knox and his brother went abroad. Their expenses, £50 each for a fortnight in Paris (with a servant) and back, sounds little to us who contrast it with the cost of a visit there to-day; but the length of the crossing must have tried the endurance of the travellers. From 11 A.M. till nearly 2 A.M. did they toss about in the Channel, only to run into a fog and then aground, though such *contretemps* seemed the rule, as later on we read of hairbreadth escapes which passengers crossing the Channel seemed alway to encounter. The military situation was full of interest. Lord Ranfurly had four sons, and one, James Knox, who was serving in America, was wounded at New Orleans; the wound

however was not serious; and there are extracts from letters between the brothers, very much in the same tone as letters of to-day, expressing great anxiety about promotion, and the possibility of getting a brevet—and whether "My father has paid any of my Bills?"

The journey abroad in 1818 was a great event in the life of Captain and Mrs Knox, and their journal is full of amusing remarks and exciting incidents. We hear of many interesting people and things, of the Duchess of Albany and her little court at Florence—of Lady Burghersh's hospitalities—of a perilous journey by vetturino to Siena, and then to Rome, when sightseeing was an engrossing occupation. Naples, which was the next point of interest, was in those days a very gay and social town for many English people lived there, and with balls, dinners, operas, museums, and expeditions, the time passed merrily. The ascent of Vesuvius was a great feat, and Captain and Mrs Knox successfully accomplished it, going back again to Rome to see more sights, picture-galleries, and processions, which are all delightfully described by Mrs Knox. The object of the journey being successfully accomplished, they set their faces homewards by way of Ravenna, Vienna, Innsbrück, Salzburg, and Munich, Stuttgart, Nancy, Rheims, and Calais, where fate was kinder than when they crossed the Channel outward bound, as they were only at sea from 12 P.M. to 4.30 P.M., crossing from Calais to Dover.

According to Mrs Knox, the Court toilette of a lady

of fashion in the early days of the nineteenth century was not less costly than that of the Court dress of to-day. She tells us that Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere, who presented her, paid £110 for hers, while Mrs Knox, not a rich débutante, paid £50 for hers. Lady Elizabeth's sounds very gorgeous. The drawing-room seems to have been as crowded as those of our own time, and poor Mrs Knox passed a fatiguing and wearisome day, only brightened by the fact that Lady Elizabeth's feathers were put into her hair the wrong way! No small consolation to the feminine mind. Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere was a handsome woman of imperious character and temper. She brooked no contradiction from any one—husband, child, or friend, and in her large family she was an autocrat. She survived her husband many years, and lived in a delightful old house at the corner of Park Lane, which was pulled down after her death, and the one now occupied by Lord Brassey stands on its site. She was a great personage in Scotch society, many members of which in those days came up to London for the season, and her house was much frequented by them. She had strong and pronounced political opinions which were not shared by all her family, and the descriptions of the stormy scenes when her brothers, Lord Tweeddale and Lord John Hay, visited her, were a source of doubtful pleasure to her children, but of great amusement to her grandchildren, repeated as they were through the softening mist of years. She was a great admirer and friend of the first Marquis of Dalhousie, who married her niece, Lady Susan Hay,

Vere, and her daughter Mary, who, strange to say, had not been invited to the wedding. They were living in Mrs Hamilton's house, and she appeared to have absolute control over both. Mrs Hope Vere gave way to her imperious cousin with the docility of a timid child in feeble health, and Mary for the sake of peace followed her mother's example. To a man of spirit like Captain Knox such a state of things was naturally intolerable. It was not to be supposed that Mrs Hamilton would allow a rebel to remain in her camp, and an open rupture very shortly followed. After that visit she and my grandfather dropped each other's acquaintance by mutual consent, and almost all intercourse ceased between them.

Returning to London, he and his wife took up their abode at his father's house, 31 Upper Grosvenor Street, which seems to have been their headquarters for the first few years of their married life. Captain Knox was obliged very soon to join his ship, and as his wife had so few relations, he naturally preferred to leave her under the care of his parents rather than alone, although their means would have been quite sufficient had they wished to set up house-keeping.

"I married," quaintly remarks my grandfather, in a letter written many years later on the subject of his own son's marriage, "on £1200 a year. Everyone said I was mad at the time, but I have had no cause to regret it."

In person he was short, like most sailors, with a sturdy figure and a pink and white skin apparently quite impervious to weather. He had a merry blue eye, and a ready wit, besides which he was blessed with a genial, happy disposition. "All for the best," was a very favourite saying of his. I have a little miniature of him painted

throne, and again, in the darkest moment of her life, when she lost her son, Lady Ely was one of the friends to whom she turned for sympathy and affection. It was a standing joke in Lady Ely's family that among the Royal Family, both in England and abroad, she was the one always selected by the Queen to attend, as her representative, those interesting domestic events, which are common alike to rich and poor.

Captain and Mrs Knox, like their son and daughter-in-law in a later generation, spent much of their life abroad, and Paris was the favourite home of both. It was the fashion in those days for younger sons, and people with small means, to leave England for the sake of educating their children, and live abroad. Paris was generally chosen, as being relatively nearer London, and not more expensive than places further away, and there were greater advantages as regarded society, and amusements. Captain and Mrs Knox oscillated between Paris and Versailles, their daughters going abroad with their parents, and the son remained at Sandhurst, to whom his father's long and affectionate letters, with much good advice, and full of anxious solicitude for his son's future, are touching reading, and there are also some very sensible remarks about the conduct of the elder cadets to the younger, which makes us realise that "ragging" was not unknown even then. The young cadet soon got his commission and his uniform, and after wearing it for the edification of his family, was presented at Court, and left for Canada. From that period the letters

to him, which were despatched regularly, begin; they give a very spirited account of the family's doings, for the sisters evidently had a great aptitude for correspondence. They skip from one subject to another with great vivacity; Lord Hopetoun's naughtiness, Talleyrand's funeral, the many incidents of family life are all retailed for the benefit of the absent brother, and Captain Knox's letters to his son are of an equally amusing, chatty nature; his horses, Palafox and Jessy, fill a foremost place; the opening of the railway from Paris to Versailles; the improvements in the streets of Paris; the invention of Daguerrotypes; Lord Tweeddale's hopes of making a large fortune by an invention of his, for making bricks; the Eglinton tournament; questions about the climate of Canada; advice how to deal with the private soldier; are some of the matters he mentions, winding up with the information that they have taken a house in the Rue de Helder. Like most young men, the son was a bad correspondent, but that did not stop Bessie's faithful communications. The family party at the Rue de Helder was broken up by the death of Lady Ranfurly, who had a curious dread of being buried alive, and left minute instructions as to what she wished done after her death to avoid such a contingency. Her death was soon after followed by that of her husband, who was buried in Ireland at Dungannon, and Captain Knox was much occupied in winding up the family affairs, and helping his brother who succeeded to the title; and it is again an evidence of the affectionate disposition of the family that such

an occasion, which often creates so much dissension, seems to have been conducted with perfect harmony. Expeditions to Spa, then to Brussels, Waterloo, are all described with bits of political gossip here and there, and a delightful description of their return to Paris, and of the installation of Lady Fanny Knox, the aunt in her apartment, Rue de Castiglione, winds up with the trite remark, "Barouche coach, and pair of cobs, £2000 a year, freedom from all debt, and a good account at the bankers." What a prosperous spinster!

The hopes and aspirations of the family were centred in Elizabeth (or Bessie), and Lady Fanny, who had helped her to see something of Paris society, came to their aid when the moment arrived for her to make her début in London, and the end of May 1841 saw her and her parents in rooms in Welbeck Street. In spite of the strain on the family resources, for even in the early days of the letters, the Irish question was a potent factor in the affairs of all Irish families, and Lord Ranfurly's death had added to the financial difficulties of his son, it was considered necessary to make a visit to London. It all added to the necessity for great economy, and yet it seemed so little to have ruffled the easy flow of their life. It was not on this occasion, but when their second visit to London was determined on, that we have the delightful, but rare incident of the soldier son offering to surrender part of his allowance to meet the necessary family expenditure.

Though Captain and Mrs Knox had lived so much abroad their friends rallied round them manfully. Mrs

Knox writes of balls, concerts, dinner parties, and if the programme of Bessie's amusements was not as crowded as to-day, it was certainly full enough. On the Sunday after their arrival they went to St Peter's, Vere Street, and heard a wonderful sermon preached by Archdeacon Manning. Influenza seems to have been as prevalent then as now, and we hear also of many people suffering from ailments for which "blood letting" appears to have been the invariable treatment. Bessie probably appeared at some of the last dances at Almack's, where she was not allowed to stay very late, in spite of having plenty of partners, and also at a ball at Miss Burdett Coutts', the account of which sounds strangely familiar, "very full and not enough dancing men."

The visit to London was followed by another later on, when Elizabeth and her sister were presented at Court, and she proudly wrote to her brother that she paid for her court dress out of her allowance without having an advance. Her sister seems to have been less fortunate and had to borrow two pounds "from the Jews," whoever they may have been.

There are some pleasant bits of gossip about distinguished people, especially of the Duke of Wellington. The Hope Vere cousins, of whom we hear so much, were the daughters of Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere, whose niece, Lady Elizabeth Hay, had married Lord Douro, the eldest son of the "Iron Duke." The Duke's devotion to his daughter-in-law (she was one of the most beautiful women of the day) was unbounded. She

was his constant companion, going with him everywhere. Her two most intimate friends were her two cousins, Hannah and Jane Hope Vere, one of whom usually accompanied her and the Duke, and towards whom the Duke adopted a paternal attitude. He always spoke of them as his "daughters Hannah and Jane," and when they married he gave both brides away.

London society, even in those days, seems little different to to-day. The same people are mentioned as entertaining, the same names occur in every letter, only the generations are different. We read of Miss Burdett Coutts, Mrs Marjoribanks, Lord and Lady Headfort, Lord and Lady Kilmaine, Mr and Mrs Scott Murray, The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, and there are names which remind us of tragedies and incidents long forgotten. The beautiful Lady Lincoln so often mentioned, was the daughter of the Duke of Hamilton. Her name recalls the shipwreck of the lives of one of the most attractive of women and distinguished of statesmen, and which caused such a shock in the world to which she belonged that the lapse of many years failed to obliterate it. She was married to Lord Lincoln, afterwards Duke of Newcastle, who, though he divorced her, never married again; her father was the well-known Duke of Hamilton, who married Beckford's daughter. For many years after the wearing of wigs had gone out of fashion, the Duke adhered to the old custom, and wore a wig, and he was the subject of a well-known saying, alluding to his always riding in Rotten Row on

a thorough-bred Arab; "Is that a high-spirited nobleman on a long tailed horse, or a long-tailed nobleman on a high-spirited horse?" His only son was the handsome Duke of Hamilton, who married the Princess Marie of Baden, and who came to his end in so tragic a manner at the Maison Dorée in Paris many years ago.

The family resources did not allow a very long season, and they soon returned to Paris. The maternal heart appears to have been satisfied with Bessie's first appearance, but Captain Knox philosophically remarks, that no formal demand has yet been made to him for his daughter's hand. The family on their return to Paris took up their life again, and the ever kind Aunt Fanny is soon engaged in giving a ball for her much beloved nieces.

The account of Paris, and its society, is well told, and shows how unique was the position occupied by Lord and Lady Granville, and how popular they were among their compatriots. Elizabeth's letters to her brother in Canada give a very naive account of the feelings of a débutante at the Court of Louis Philippe, and of the agreeable nature of Lady Granville's hospitalities. There are very funny touches in the letters describing some of the English visitors to Paris. Lady Byron and her daughter—Lady Lovelace—amuse her, but the "young Lady Ailesbury of twenty-six, married to an old man of seventy," hardly conveys to those who knew her, a picture of the stately Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, one of the *grandes dames* of a later generation, whose memory is still green in the hearts of those who knew, and liked her, and to whom

she showed many kindnesses. Paris society, however, sounds dull in these days, and Elizabeth Knox's description of her gaities would hardly satisfy the voracious débutante of the twentieth century. Lady Fanny Knox's heroic action of giving a ball for her niece seems to have been absolutely successful, and the description of it sent to the soldier brother is very amusing, mixed up as it is with a variety of remarks on other family and social matters, such as the last Lion in Paris society is " a Parsee, a fire-worshipper," of a dance at Lady Maria Sanderson's, a children's party at a friend's house, and of a wonderful conjuror, and also of the arrival of her cousin, Mrs Gooch's, " baby, born with red hair about which Harriet is so annoyed that it is all to be cut off." There seems even in those days to be difficulties about the court hospitalities at the Tuileries, " and the King, having had several anonymous letters saying that if he did not ask the Deputies' wives to his balls, the Deputies would not vote as he wished them, has decided to have none but *bals monstres*." There were legislators even in those days who though Radical resented Royal displeasure and non-recognition.

The illness of Lord Granville and his resignation, brought Lord and Lady Cowley to Paris, and perhaps no ambassador ever filled his post with greater success. Nothing has ever exceeded their popularity, and it lasted through the many long years of their residence there. Lady Cowley evidently found Captain Knox an excellent *Aide* in the many charitable balls and fêtes which she organised in

Paris during her day, and they soon seem to have been as friendly with the new Ambassador, as with his predecessor. There are many pleasant letters about the second visit to England, gossip about the cousins, and of their return to Paris, where Elizabeth had a great social success, and enjoyed every moment of her life, which she recounts to her absent brother with great vivacity.

There were already ominous signs of the revolution which was to come, not many years later. Prince Louis Bonaparte's trial was going on; Thiers had resigned, Soult was to form a Ministry, there were rumours of war, and, as usual, England was unprepared; Louis Philippe was fortifying Paris rapidly, and war was foretold in the Spring, but apparently the court gaities went on; there were balls and parties at the Tuileries, and the Knox family in 1846 saw the barricades being erected in the Rue St Honoré, and three days later heard of the abdication of the King and the Republic proclaimed.

Captain Knox's son happened to be in England in 1848, and one entry in his diary is amusing; "On February 29th, my father and I called on Smith O'Brien, a reserved kind of man," and subsequent entries give an account of the outbreak in Ireland, and the Smith O'Brien riots. There is no need to quote further any of the many interesting bits of family news, of their second visit to London, or their further wanderings in Germany, or of their residence in Mannheim, when Captain Knox finds that he must give a ball to return the hospi-

tality of his German friends, which is to cost him from £35 to £40 !

A note of sadness is touched in the last part of the letters by the death of Elizabeth, round whom so much of the love and the hopes of the family centred. Her marriage to her cousin, a clergyman seventeen years her senior, seemed hardly the fate awaiting the light, happy correspondent, whose letters, full of fun, originality, and observation, have largely helped to give us this delightful family record. But the marriage was one of true affection, and in many ways an ideal one. Her life was one of deep, untiring duty, and she endeared herself to all around her. She was a mother indeed to her step-child, a worthy help-meet to a delightful husband, and the untiring friend, and helper, of all the poor and needy in her husband's parish. Nothing could be more perfect than her life, or more idyllic than her happiness, but perhaps it was too pure to last. Her first little boy died ten days after his birth, then came a daughter—Emily—and to her second son she gave her life. Mrs Blake tells the story of her aunt's death with simple pathos, and one cannot do better than close this introduction to the family life at that moment.

The son, and brother, to whom the letters are addressed, was well known to the writer of this short introduction, in his later years, and in her memory is a vivid picture of the strong, kindly Irishman, with snow-white hair, cheery, full of fun, for whom all the young people of that day had a great admiration and respect as they

listened to his irreverent chaff of an old, but kind aunt—his cousin, of whom they stood much in awe. "Tom Knox" had a very warm place in the hearts of his numerous relations, and one cannot doubt but that the story of his, and his father's times, told by his daughter, will take their place with other memoirs, of perhaps better known and more important people, for they have a charm of their own, there is not one unkind word or suggestion in the book, and they give a delightfully fresh account of the everyday life of their time.

MARY ST. HELIER.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

THE family to which my "Vanished Generation" belonged was that of Thomas Knox, first Earl of Ranfurly. He was born in 1754, and married Diana Jane, daughter and co-heir of Viscount Pery, who was formerly Speaker in the Irish House of Commons.

Lord Ranfurly had four sons—Thomas, Viscount Northland, who succeeded him; Edmond, the sailor, whose letters to his only son form the greater part of this memoir; John and James, who were respectively officers in the Scots Guards and 85th Light Infantry, and fought and bled for their country at Badajos and New Orleans. Lady Frances, the only daughter, was always more or less of an invalid, and died unmarried.

The founder of the family was Adam, son of Uchtred, who lived in the time of Alexander II. of Scotland. Having obtained the lands of Knox or Ranfurly in the Barony of Renfrew, he took the name of his lands as his surname, and married the Lady Sybilla, daughter of the High Steward of Scotland.

Johannes de Knox, son of Adam, was a witness to a donation of lands to the Convent of Paisley in 1227. He married Isabel, daughter of Lord Ross of Wark. The Reformer, John Knox, was one of their most illustrious descendants. Many of the best North of Ireland families

were originally Scotch, and it was during the reign of King James II. that most of them migrated. In 1692 we find Thomas Knox, who married a daughter of Hugh Keith, Esq., settled at Dungannon in the county of Tyrone. Henceforth it became the custom to call every eldest son in the family Thomas. In 1781 the grandson of the first owner of Dungannon was raised to the Peerage, first as Baron Welles and ten years later as Viscount Northland. It is said that he was offered a marquisate, but refused, shrewdly stipulating that instead of this some of his numerous sons should be provided for. Accordingly William Knox was made Bishop of Derry, with an income of at least £10,000 a year; Edmond became Bishop of Limerick, and John, a Major-General, was appointed Governor of Jamaica, but was lost at sea on his passage to that island.

Tradition relates that a daughter of Lord Knapton's, beautiful Anne Vesey, was gathering blackberries in a lane when Lord Northland rode by, and fell in love with her. Though she was only fifteen, they married, and spent the rest of their lives in a grey stone house of very modest appearance, quite out of proportion to the size and beauty of the Park by which it is surrounded, and very different to the imposing modern mansion built on a different site by their grandson.

The Knox family was in those days remarkable for its longevity. The first Lord Northland lived to a great age, and his son was sixty-four when he succeeded him. He never settled at Dungannon, but lived chiefly in London and Paris. In 1831 he was made Earl of Ranfurly, and it is said that he, too, refused the next step in the Peerage. He died at the age of eighty-six.

Lord Ranfurly had a large income and apparently a large heart as well. Nothing pleased him better than to gather his four sons about him, with their wives and families. It was probably in a great measure owing to his tact and influence that such very varied natures lived together in unbroken peace and harmony.

A typical English peer of his time must the old lord have been—stately in appearance, dignified in manner, magnificent in his ideas of expenditure and hospitality. He could not endure any approach to slang, and one of his grand-daughters who recklessly said in his presence that "she did not care a button," received a rebuke so severe that it became a tradition in the family.

"Edmond adores and reveres his father," wrote Mrs Edmond Knox shortly after her marriage. "*Autres temps, autres mœurs.*" One wonders of how many sons of the present day it would be possible to make the same remark!

Next to Lord Ranfurly, his son Edmond was perhaps the most important person in the family. He was level-headed, unselfish, and resourceful. It was to him that his brothers came for advice in a difficulty, and what is more, they generally took it. Very touching in their anxious, almost maternal tenderness are the letters he wrote to his only son when the latter was on foreign service. That his devotion was fully reciprocated is shown by the care with which my father treasured these letters until the day of his death.

Different as they were in looks, father and son resembled each other in disposition not a little. Heredity apart, this is not surprising when one considers the strong influence Captain Knox had over his son, and the incessant pains he took to bring his youthful principles up to the

level of his own high standard. Both were upright, clean-minded, God-fearing men — placid in temper, faithful in friendship, loyal and lovable in all their domestic relations. They had a horror of debt, of falsehood, of everything that they considered unworthy of a gentleman. Both had the joyous Irish temperament that can see a bright side to most things, and last, but not least, both keenly enjoyed a joke.

Everything we do shows character; what we write perhaps shows it most of all. To the student of human nature—and what study can possibly be more interesting? —these letters will be found worth reading, apart from any literary merit they possess. The people who wrote them were not faultless, but they had a strong sense of duty, and they did their best. When they "came in misfortune like other folk," they bore it with courage and resignation, cheered and sustained by one another's sympathy, and as long as they lived they held together, in steadfast and deep affection.

During the last twenty years things have changed so much that one sometimes wonders whether domestic life in its best sense will not soon become a beautiful but impossible ideal. Something of the restless spirit of the Prodigal Son seems to have seized upon those children who are so eager to seek happiness anywhere outside their father's house, and, indeed, parents as well as children too often despise the quiet joys of home life as flat and tasteless.

The old fable of the bundle of sticks appears to be well-nigh forgotten, though it contains much solid truth, and it is by the loosening of the sacred ties of nature that society is in danger of falling to pieces altogether.

There is more or less of the optimist in every boy and girl going forth to fight the battle of life with a stout heart and cheerful courage. But when we have been well buffeted by fate, and met with many disappointments, we realise what a sweet and wholesome thing family life can be, as depicted in these pages, with its kindly ways, its unity of interests, and the blessed peace and security that are to be found nowhere else in this capricious world.

In conclusion I wish to thank most sincerely the many friends and relatives who have given me such kindly and valuable help. I am fortunate indeed in having Lady St Helier's admirable introduction, and feel deeply indebted to the Earl of Ranfurly, Mr Hope Vere, Miss Amy M'Clintock, Lady Knox and Sir Robert Dundas of Arniston, who have enabled me to reproduce many old family portraits as illustrations. I have received much useful information from Lady Elisabeth Knox, Mr Arthur Knox, Lady De Horsey, and Captain Phillimore, M.V.O., of H.M.S. *Juno*, and Sir Bernard Burke's excellent "Peerage" has been to me a book of constant reference. Lastly, I wish to express my gratitude for the great assistance that has been afforded me in the way of kind and sympathetic encouragement—especially by my husband.

A. E. B.

EASTON VICARAGE,
NORWICH, *Sept.* 1908.

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from him since we parted at Bermuda. We have received the English papers with General Ross' despatch.[1] I am glad the news was so well received, for the 85th had the brunt of the day. I was never under such a heavy fire of cannon and small-arms since I listed. When I saw our three field officers down, and eight or nine others of the 85th sprawling on the ground, 'thinks I to myself, thinks I,' by the time this action is over, the devil is in it if I am not either a walking Major or a dead Captain. . . . I wish I could get a Brevet. Majority[2] before the war is over.

"Ask Edmond[3] if my father has paid any of my bills, for I would much rather remain on service than face my creditors."

The attack on New Orleans proved disastrous in the extreme. Captain Knox was among the wounded, having been shot through the shoulder, and with his return to England in 1815 his active service came to an end.

On the 25th of September 1824, Captain Knox married Miss Mary Louisa Taylor[4] in the Chapel of the British Embassy, Paris. The flight of time has altered marriage customs perhaps more than anything. The newly married couple drove down to Versailles and spent the afternoon there, returning to dine *tête-à-tête* in Lord Northland's house in Paris, and they appeared with the rest of the family at breakfast the next morning. But Lady Northland greatly disliked marriages contracted abroad, and when the family returned to England that winter, she insisted on the ceremony being gone through afresh. On the 13th December 1824, Captain and Mrs Knox were accordingly remarried at Hunsdon, in the little Parish Church close to the house.

[1] After Washington.
[2] He got his majority in the 85th in 1817.
[3] His brother, Captain E. S. P. Knox, R.N.
[4] Daughter of Edward Taylor, Esq. of Bifrons, Kent.

United as the family were in all other respects, they differed in politics. Lord Northland was a Liberal, and a supporter of Lord Grey, while his eldest son, who represented his family seat of Dungannon, was a Conservative. During the Reform Bill struggle (1830), when every vote was of importance, Thomas Knox, not wishing to vote against the party which his father supported, gave up his seat, and on December 28th 1830, James Knox was elected in his stead.

In 1831, he was elected for the second time, and in December 1832, for the third time. In 1833, Major Knox attained the rank of Lieut.-Colonel by exchange from half-pay into the 65th Regiment. He died at Brighton in August 1856. "He has left the world," wrote his brother Edmond, "universally regretted, and, as far as I know, without a single enemy."

CHAPTER II

A Journey to Italy—Death of Lord Northland — Florence — The Duchess d'Albany—Siena—Rome—Sight-Seeing—A Gay Winter —Naples and Vesuvius—Sir Philip Durham—Rome again—High Mass at St Peter's—Thorwaldsen's Atelier—Departure from Rome with Sir James and Lady Stronge—Interesting Journey through Old Italian Towns—Innspruck Maison de Plaisance of the Emperor Maximilian—Halleim—Visit to to the Salt Mines—Munich—Strasburg—Rheims and its Cathedral—Home again—The Pocket Courier.

NOT being as yet encumbered with the cares of a family, Captain and Mrs Knox started gaily off, in the autumn of 1818, on a journey to Italy, and this was probably my grandmother's first introduction to the Continent.

I am sure that they were never happier in all their lives than at this period, in the full flush of youth and health, devotedly attached to each other, and with no anxiety as to ways and means to spoil the enjoyment of their tour. To my grandmother, moreover, it must have had the additional charm of being for the first time really out of leading-strings. Kind as her husband's mother invariably was, she must have revelled in this her first real taste of freedom.

During their absence, Lord Northland died, aged nearly ninety, and Mr Knox, as his eldest son, succeeded to the title and estate in Tyrone, and a rent-roll that many an Irish landowner of to-day might envy. There seems

never to have been any question of the new Lord Northland's going to live in Ireland. At sixty-three he was probably too old to change from town to country, besides which his wife dreaded the damp Irish climate. Beautiful as it was, Dungannon Park did not attract her as a residence, and the old grey stone house which had sufficed for the last head of the family offered few of the conveniences of modern life. Lady Northland had much artistic talent. She was a pupil of Sir Joshua Reynolds in her youth, and some of the pictures she painted under his instructions are still to be seen at Dungannon.

On November the 4th, in a dry fog, Captain and Mrs Knox crossed the Mont Cenis, travelling in their own carriage with post-horses, and escorted by man and maid. They stopped two days at Turin and again at Bologna, where they went to a musical party. There they were "nearly starved with cold, the Italians having a great dislike to fires."

They reached Florence on the 14th, putting up at the Hôtel de Londres. On the Sunday they read prayers at home, there being in those days no English service. They dined that night at Lord Caledon's,[1] and the next day Mrs Knox had the joy of welcoming Mary Hope Vere, her only surviving sister, with whom much of her time in Italy was spent.

A very interesting personage in Florentine society at that time was Louise de Stolberg, widow of Charles Edward Stuart. "He had created her Duchess of Albany, by which title he induced the Court of Versailles to

[1] Du Pré Alexander, second Earl of Caledon, born 1777, succeeded 1802; married, 1811, Lady Catherine Yorke, second daughter of Philip, third Earl of Hardwicke.

receive her, and also to award her the distinction of the *droit du tabouret*, or privilege of sitting on a stool in the presence of the Queen of France. Accordingly, on her arrival at Florence, she was treated with great distinction; she was attended in public by her lady of honour, and was everywhere announced and received as Duchess of Albany."[1] The Duchess died at Florence in 1824. Her servants were dressed in the royal livery of Great Britain, and she usually wore in public the magnificent jewels of the Stuarts and Sobieskis. She held a little Court, at which my grandmother was presented soon after her arrival. Her diary records ten days of sight-seeing and various gaieties.

Wednesday, November 18th.—Dined at Sir James Stronge's.[2]

Thursday 19th.—Lady Burghersh's[3] ball, a very pleasant one.

Friday 20th.—Went to the Teatro della Pergola. The Opera was *Agnesi*, the singing very indifferent.

Saturday, 21st.—At home all day, Edmond having the gout.

Although he was the most abstemious of men, Captain Knox suffered much from gout all his life, and it seems here to have made its appearance at a very early age.

Wednesday 25th.—Drove round the ramparts and in the fascine. Went to the theatre. Music very bad—dancing quite ridiculous.

[1] "The Pretenders and their Adherents," by Jesse.

[2] Sir James Stronge, Bart., D.C.L., of Tynan Abbey, Co. Tyrone, born 1786; married, 1810, Isabella, eldest daughter of Nicholson Calvert, Esq., of Hunsdon House, Herts, by his wife, the Hon. Frances Pery. He died 1864.

[3] Afterwards Countess of Westmoreland. Lord Burghersh was English minister at Florence.

Thursday 26th.—Dined at Mrs Tynte's. Evening, Lady Burghersh's ball—uncommonly pleasant.

November 27th.—Went to the Gallery. Saw the Pitti Palace, which contains beautiful pictures. Went to Palazzo Mozzi to see the picture of Napoleon after the battle of Jena.

November 28th.—Went to the Gallery to see the Group of Niobe, with which I was rather disappointed. In the evening went to Madame d'Albany's, and Comtesse Dillon's ball.

November 29th.—The account of the Queen's [1] death arrived.

November 30th.—Left Florence at nine o'clock, travelling Vetturino.

December 1st.—Breakfasted at Siena; saw the Cathedral, a very fine one, the columns of black and white marble. There is a very fine mosaic picture which took eleven years' work. The road to-day lay in the most barren part of the Apennines. Slept at Buonconvento.

December 2nd.—Overturned. Nobody hurt but Gritli a little. Slept at Radiscofani, the highest point of the Apennines.

December 3rd.—Descending the Apennines, we were much struck by the beauty of the scenery surrounding the Lake of Bolsena. We passed through San Lorenzo, and by the ancient village of that name, of which the ruins only remain, it having been destroyed by order of the Pope on account of the malaria. Slept at Bolsena.

December 4th.—Passed by a small lake, part of which is boiling, and exhales a very disagreeable smell. Slept at Ronaglione.

December 5th.—Breakfasted at La Storta and at four o'clock arrived at Rome. Evening with Lady Douglas.

Sunday, December 6th.—Went to Church at the British Consulate. Spent the rest of the morning with Lady Douglas. Evening at the Hotel (Grande Bretagne).

December 7th.—Went to see St Peter's, with which we were greatly impressed. The columns surrounding the Court are most beautiful. The pictures, all mosaic, are

[1] Queen Charlotte died at Kew, November 17, 1818.

very fine. We went through a great many wretched-looking streets thinly inhabited; the people look dirty and miserable We went up by Monte Cavallo (formerly the Monte Quirinale), where the buildings are very fine. Passing the Palazzo Quirinale (the Pope's [1] principal residence) we saw his carriage at the door, and went into the court to watch his coming out. We stood upon the steps while he passed close to us. He is very feeble, and looks mild and benevolent. Several poor people were collected round; one woman got near enough to kiss his slippers, which she did with an appearance of ecstasy. The carriage was crimson, and the inside stuffed so as to leave a seat like an armchair for His Holiness. The coachman was remarkable for the coarse material of his livery. The porter's dress resembled that of a harlequin.

December 8th.—Went to the Church of San Giacomo to hear some fine music, it being Conception Day. We next went to the Vatican, and saw the Laocoon, Perseus and Apollo. The effect of the innumerable statues and the range which they occupy is most striking. We went up Monte Mario, which commands a fine view of Rome. The sun was setting brilliantly—not a cloud visible. The chiaroscuro heightened the effect of the scene. The mixture of the olive and cypress trees render this hill beautiful, altogether it was truly Italian scenery. I dined tête-à-tête with Lady Douglas.

December 9th.—Went to the Coliseum and walked through every part it was possible to reach. The beauty of those ruins is not to be described. We also went to the Palace of the Cæsars, on Mount Palatine. We saw the Temple of the Sun and Moon, the Cloaca Maxima and the Temple of Fortuna Virile; returned homewards and walked on the Public Promenade near the Villa Medici. Dined at Lord Douglas' with a large party.

December 10th.—Went to the Palatine and then to the Capitol, where we saw the Equestrian Statue of Marcus

[1] Pius VII. was elected March 13, 1800; crowned Napoleon 1804; excommunicated him, June 10, 1809; was imprisoned July 6, 1809; restored 1814; died August 20, 1823.

Aurelius; then to the Museum, which, among many other statues, contains the Dying Gladiator.

December 11th.—Saw the Fonte dei Trevi, one of the most beautiful fountains in Rome. Went to the Basilica San Giovanni Laterano, the mother Church of Rome. It is a very splendid one. Adjoining the Corsini Chapel is the Battisteria di Constantino, which is very fine. Close by is the Santa Scala, said to be the very staircase by which Our Saviour mounted to the Judgment Hall. We saw many poor people going up on their knees, which seemed a most fatiguing penance. It is the only way in which they presume to ascend the sacred steps. We went next to the Temple of Minerva Medica, in ruins. Last of all we saw the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, with two rows of Ionic pillars. It is there that the Pope goes every Christmas Day to celebrate the Nativity.

December 12th.—Spent the morning at home. Evening with Lady Douglas.

December 13th.—Went to Church at the English Consul's in the morning, and at three o'clock to the performance of mass at St Peter's. The music only moderately good.

December 14th.—Mary (her sister) set out for Naples. I dined with Lady Douglas. Edmond was this morning presented to the Pope.

On *December 15th* Captain and Mrs Knox left Rome for Naples, where they arrived two days later.

In a little notebook that he drew up afterwards for the benefit of a relation, my grandfather says, "If you propose spending some time at Naples, take lodgings on the Chiaja, and contract with a cook to supply you with dinner at a piastre [1] a head, wine of the country included; he, the cook, finds fuel and gets no wages. Make a contract with him, stipulating how many dishes he is to provide according to the number of your family; what

[1] About 4s. 6½d.

remains of the dinner is not to be returned to him. Do not think of sending your own servant to market, or he will be cheated horribly."

The diary continues—

January 23rd, 1819.—Went to the Palace to see the King of Spain lying in State. Evening at Lady Bute's.[1]

Sunday, January 24th.—Read prayers at home. Dined with Lady Belmore. Evening at Lady Caledon's. Played on the harp.

January 26th.—Dined at Lord Caledon's. Went ot San Carlo for the fourth time, too late for the Opera. The ballet was *Gerusalemme Liberata*. Third Italian lesson.

January 27th.—A pary of fourteen dined with us. Lord and Lady Belmore,[2] Caledons, Stronges, etc. In the evening went to Miss Mellish's, where Balducci, Gonsalvi, and Mlle. Catalani [3] sang.

January 28th.—Went to Pozzuoli, saw the Temple of Serapis, Temple of Neptune—of which hardly any vestige remains — and the Amphitheatre. Walked through the Solfatara, and over the hill to the Lago d'Agnano. In the evening went to Lady A'Court's [4] box at the Opera. Saw one act of *Ricciardo and Zorayda.*

January 30th.—Dined at Lord Belmore's. Went in the evening to the Fondo to see La Modista Raggiratrice.

February 3rd.—In the morning drove about the town with Mary. Dined at Lord Caledon's. In the evening went to the Accademia—rather stupid.

February 4th.—Went up to the Castle of Sant' Elmo, from which there is a beautiful view of the town. Saw the Chapel of the Certosa, which is very rich in marble.

[1] Frances, second daughter of the late Thomas Coutts, Esq., and widow of the second Marquess of Bute, who died 1814.

[2] Somerset, second Earl, born 1744; married, 1800, Lady Juliana Butler, daughter of the second Earl of Carrick, died 1841.

[3] Angelica Catalani, born at Sinigaglia, 1782; died of cholera at Paris, 1849.

[4] Sir William A'Court married, 1808, Maria Rebecca, second daughter of Hon. W. H. Bouverie. She died 1844.

Dined at home. Went to the Opera, then to Mrs Thomson's ball.

February 6th.—Walked with Edmond to the Mole, afterwards drove with Mary. Dined at Lord Belmore's.

Sunday, February 7th.—After prayers drove up to the Capodi Monte and down through the Toledo, where a crowd was assembled, it being one of the best days of Carnival.

February 9th.—A party of sixteen dined with us. The Stronges, Caledons, Belmores, Durhams, Mr Boreel, Lord Balgonie, Lord Powerscourt,[1] Mr Stuart, Lord Lucan,[2] and Mary Hope. In the evening went to Lady A'Court's ball.

February 10th.—Went with a party to Pompeii, where we spent some hours walking amongst the ruins. In the evening went to Lady Bute's.

February 11th.—Drove with Mary in the morning. Evening, Lady Belmore's ball.

Sunday, 14th.—Read prayers and a sermon. Drove with Mary, then went in mask with Edmond to the Toledo, where we were well pelted. In the evening (at half-past eleven) went to see the masked ball at San Carlo. The theatre was brilliantly lighted.

February 15th.—Mary went to Pompeii. I went with Lady Stronge to Astorni. Dined at Lord Caledon's Italian lesson.

February 16th.—Set out with the Stronges at nine o'clock. Went through the Arco Felice to the Amphitheatre, passing by the Lake of Avernus and Temple of Apollo. We left the carriages at the Lake of Fasaro, and walked to Baia, saw the Temples of Diana and of Mercury,—which has a curious echo,—then the Temple and Bath of Venus; these latter, being underground, are shown by torchlight. Walked from thence to Bauli, and saw from the hill the harbour, the Mare Morto and the Elysian Fields. The Elysian Fields lie near the Lake

[1] Richard, fifth Viscount Powerscourt, born 11th September 1790; died 1823.

[2] Richard, second Earl of Lucan, born 1764, died 1839, having married Lady Elizabeth Belasyse, daughter of Henry, second Earl of Fauconberg (formerly wife of Bernard, Duke of Norfolk).

Fusaro, which was the ancient Acheron. Near Bauli we saw the subterranean Labyrinth, the Piscina Mirabile, supposed to have been a reservoir for fresh water. We next saw the tomb of Agrippina—also subterranean—and then took a boat, landing to see Nero's baths. The steam was dreadfully oppressive from the strong smell of sulphur. Modern baths have been built for the benefit of the rheumatic. We rowed to Pozzuoli, where our carriages met us, and returned to Naples by four o'clock. Dined at Sir William A'Court's and went to Princess Jablonowska's ball.

February 17th.—Went up Vesuvius, Mary with us. We went from Naples at half-past nine, and were home by a quarter-past six.

February 18th.—The Princes of Holstein and a party to the number of sixteen dined with us—viz., the Duke and Prince Frederick, Count Blucher, Chevalier de Bretterville, Count and Countess Nugent, the Stronges, Quins, Lady Powerscourt and her daughters, and Mrs Buller. Went in the evening to Sir P. Durham's.[1]

February 19th.—Set out for Pæstum at seven o'clock. The country about Salerno is perfectly beautiful. We dined there and went on to Eboli, where we slept. A wretched little town, but in a pretty situation. We walked about till sunset, but were afraid of staying out later, the people not looking very honest.

February 20th.—Went to Pæstum, and spent some time walking about the ruins. There are the Temples of Ceres and of Neptune and the Basilica. They are of the Doric order of architecture. The Roman Doric is to be

[1] Vice-Admiral Sir Philip Calderwood Durham of Fordel and Polton, N.B., born 1763; married first, 1799, Lady Charlotte Bruce; second, 1817, Anne Henderson, heiress of Fordel, died 1845. Sir Philip entered the navy in 1777, was signed off on the *Royal George* when she foundered off Spithead in 1782. He and one other officer alone escaped. He was at Trafalgar in command of the *Defiance* and was severely wounded. Was given the G.C.B. and a 400-guinea service of plate by the East India Company. He saw much service in the East and West Indies. Louis XVIII. gave him the Cross of Military Merit of France (never conferred on any other British subject) for his exertions in French West Indies on behalf of the Bourbons.

known by having no base to the columns, which are fluted —supposed to have been originally for the purpose of enabling people to enter with less inconvenience to numbers.

Sunday, February 21st.—Returned to Naples by three o'clock. Read prayers. In the evening went with Mary and Edmond to the masquerade at the Accademia, which was very dull.

February 22nd.—Italian lesson. Evening at Lady A'Court's masked ball, which was excellent; we remained till past three o'clock.

February 23rd.—Last day of the Carnival.

February 24th.—Dined with the Stronges. Drank tea with the Caledons.

February 26th.—Spent the day chiefly with Lady Stronge. Saw Virgil's tomb and St Severus Chapel, which contains some beautiful sculptures.

March 2nd.—Went with Mary to Herculaneum. Evening with Mrs Henderson and Miss Mellish.

March 3rd.—Dined and spent the evening at Lord Belmore's.

March 4th.—A party of sixteen dined with us, consisting of Mr and Mrs Bisset, Mr and Mrs Fuller, Lord and Lady Belmore, Mrs Willyams, Prince Batela, Lord Maitland,[1] Lord Balgonie, Mr Stanley, Colonel Gordon, Colonel Dalton and Lord Powerscourt.[2] In the evening went to the Opera of *Othello*.

March 5th.—Wrote to Lady Northland (her mother-in-law). Spent the evening at Lady Bute's and the Accademia.

Sunday, March 7th.—Took Mary to see Virgil's tomb. In the evening went to the Opera of *Mose in Egitto*, in Lady Belmore's box. Music by Rossini—most beautiful. I was rather shocked by the performance of miracles on the stage.

March 8th.—Last Italian lesson. A party of eight gentlemen dined with us.

[1] James, eldest son of the eighth Earl of Lauderdale, born 1874; succeeded his father 1839; died unmarried 1860.

[2] Powerscourt, Richard, fifth Viscount, born 1790; married 1813 Frances, eldest daughter of Robert, second Earl of Roden; died 1823.

March 10*th*.—Went with Mary to the Certosa.

March 14*th*.—Went with Mary to Pozzuoli. Evening at the Opera with Mrs Bisset (nine times at San Carlo !).

March 16*th*.—A party of sixteen dined with us. Mr and Lady Harriet Sullivan, their son and daughter; Mr and Mrs Pendarves, Lady and Miss Lushington, Lord Francis Conyngham,[1] Lord Balgonie, Mr Webster, Mr Bloomfield, and Mr Lumley.

March 18*th*.—Left Naples. Dined and slept at Mola di Gaeta.

March 19*th*.—Detained at Mola de Gaeta from the carriage breaking down. Went in a boat to Gaeta and ascended the hill to see the view.

March 20*th*.—Broke down again on the Pontine Marshes ! Slept at Cisterna.

March 21*st*.—Arrived at Rome and found lodgings ready for us at 48 Via Frattina. Mary is at 64 Piazza di Spagna. Dined with the Stronges.

March 22*nd*.—Went in the evening to see the Vatican by torchlight with Mrs Tynte.

March 23*rd*.—Went with the Stronges to see a collection of cameos, etc. Visited Lady Douglas. Went in the evening with Lady Stronge to Countess Blacas' party.

March 24*th*.—Took Mary with us to the Vatican and St Peter's. Dined at the Stronges. Evening at the Duchess of Hamilton's.[2] She sang and played for Isabella (Lady Stronge).

March 25*th*.—Went about visiting. Went also to Caracalla's baths, Cecilia Metella's tomb and the Palace of the Cæsars. Mary dined with us. Evening at the Duchess di Bracciano's party.

March 26*th*.—Walked in the Borghese Gardens, which are most beautiful. Mary dined with us. Evening at Mrs Macleod's.

March 27*th*.—Spent an hour with the Duchess of

[1] Lord Francis Conyngham, second son of the first Marquess of Conyngham ; born 1797, succeeded his father as second Marquess 1832 ; died 1876.

[2] Alexander, Marquess of Douglas, succeeded his father, February 16th, 1819, as tenth Duke of Hamilton and seventh Duke of Brandon.

Hamilton. Saw the manufactory of Roman pearl, of which I bought a quantity. Evening at the Stronges.

Sunday, March 28th.—Went to Church. Drove with Mary to Monte Mario, then to St Peter's to hear vespers.

March 29th.—Went to see the Pamfili Doria Villa, which contains nothing very particular in itself, but the gardens are very much adorned with jets d'eau, etc. Drove from there to the Pauline Fountain near San Pietro Montorio, reckoned one of the finest in Rome. The view from it is well worth seeing. We then went to the Corsini Palace where we saw many fine pictures, among others the *Herodias* by Guido. The Stronges and Mary dined with us. In the evening went to the Duchess of Hamilton.

March 30th.—Went again to Monte Mario and walked along the Terrace, which commands one of the finest views in Rome. Went in the evening to Count Blacas.

March 31st.—Went to see some mosaic and shell shops, then to the Sciarra Palace, where are a few very lovely pictures—two *Magdalenes* by Guido, boys playing cards by Michael Angelo Caravaggio. Saw Canova's Ateliers, where there are only a few things in marble, but the casts of most of his best works.

April 1st.—Visited the Villa Albani, one of the most ornamented here. There is one beautiful room, entirely of marble of every sort—and some pretty statues. The gardens are stiff and formal. Went afterwards to the Villa Borghese, which is nearly equal to it in beauty of marbles, but has lost its statues, which have been taken to Paris. I saw there a statue by Bernini, of David in the act of throwing the stone. Walked in the gardens. Dined with the Stronges, and went in the evening to the Duchess di Bracciano.

April 2nd.—Spent the day watching for the entrance of the Emperor of Austria,[1] which we saw from the Piazza del Popolo. Dined at Lord Caledon's.

April 3rd.—Saw the Doria Palace. It is one of the handsomest, and has some good pictures among a host

[1] Francis I. (late Francis II. of Germany), Emperor of Austria only, 11th August 1804; died 2nd March 1835.

of indifferent ones. There was a beautiful *Judith*, and *Four Misers* by Durer. We next saw the Giustiniani Palace, built on the site of Nero's Baths; it contains many statues which were taken out of them. We looked at the ancient Theatre of Marcellus—the second which was built in Rome. Dined at Lord G. Quin's.[1] Evening at the Duchess of Hamilton's.

April 4th.—Spent most of the day at home, after having been in the morning to the Quirinal to see the procession of Palm Sunday. Edmond was presented to the Emperor. Evening at Countess Blacas.

April 5th.—Went to see the Basilica of San Paolo fuori le mure, formerly a convent. It was built by Constantine the Great, and is famous for its violet marble columns. It is paved with marble, covered with inscriptions. We passed by the Pyramid of Caius Cestus and the Temple of Vesta, and went to the Mattei Palace, which contains little except some antique busts, two marble chairs, and some pictures of fish-shops and butchers! Mary dined with us, and we went to hear an oratorio at the Vatican.

April 6th.—Went to the Borgia apartments at the Vatican to see the pictures. All the best of Raphael's and some of Guido's being there. Dined at Lord Belmore's.

April 7th.—Went to see the statue of Pauline Borghese. Dined early, and went to the Sistine Chapel to hear the Miserere. In the evening visited the Princess Czetwertynska.

April 8th.—Went at ten o'clock to the Vatican. To the Sistine Chapel, then to the Royal Hall to see the procession to the Pauline Chapel, which contained the Sepulchre and was brilliantly illuminated. We then went to the Clementine Chapel while the Benediction was going on, in order to secure seats, the crowd being immense. The ceremony of washing the feet was performed by the Pope to thirteen poor priests. From there we went to see the supper of thirteen men, whom the Pope himself

[1] Lord George Taylour, son of the first Marquess of Headfort; born 1792, assumed the name of Quin, being that of his mother.

served, helping each one two or three times. These men are selected for their poverty and good behaviour every year. Each one has a basket in which he carries off sufficient to keep his family for several days.

In the evening we saw the illumination of the Cross in St Peter's.

Good Friday, April 9th.—Went to the English service, and in the evening to hear the Miserere at the Vatican. We saw the Pauline Chapel brilliantly illuminated, where the Sepulchre of Our Saviour was displayed. We went to see the Coliseum by moonlight.

April 10th.—We went again to St John the Lateran to see some priests consecrated; it was rather stupid. In the evening visited the Duchess of Hamilton.

April 11th.—Went to see High Mass performed at St Peter's, but were unable to stay all the time. But we saw the Pope give the Benediction from the front window, and he threw down two indulgences. This sight was an impressive one, the crowd being immense. In the evening we went to see St Peter's illuminated. We took up a position in our carriages. At first the partial illumination was not striking, but at eight o'clock the change took place almost instantaneously to a scene of the most dazzling brilliancy. It was done by machinery most ingeniously contrived by Michael Angelo. Each lamp had been covered with oiled paper; this is removed, and the torches placed between are suddenly lighted. Directly after we had seen this we moved towards the Castle of San Angelo, but the crowd was so great that we could not reach it till near ten, when we got to a window and saw the fireworks of the Castle. They were more magnificent than I can describe; impossible to imagine anything more beautiful. We next walked to the Trinità dei Monti to see the illumination from that height. The moonlight was bright, but it did not spoil the effect in the least.

April 12th.—Went to Tivoli with the Stronges, arrived there in four hours. Went to see the Temple of Vesta and of the Sybil which join each other. There is a lovely view of the Cascade.

April 13th.—We got on donkeys, and went to see the

remains of some of the ancient villas on the mountain, returning by Mæcenas' Villa, and the Villa d' Este. Then we returned to Tivoli, and near Adrian's Villa we alighted and walked about. Though the situation is somewhat flat the view of the hill is fine. We went back to Rome, where we arrived at five o'clock.

April 14th.—Went to see the Palazzo Spada, famous for the colossal statue of Pompey. Then to the Farnesina Villa, where the history of Cupid and Psyche is painted in fresco. Edmond dined with Mr Beaumont and Mary with me. Went in the evening to a ball at the French Ambassador's.

April 15th.—Went to see Pauline's private apartments at the Borghese Palace. But we found nothing remarkable —very disappointing. We went once more through the Gallery, and the lovely picture of the Sybil by Domenichino struck me particularly. Next we visited Cardinal Fesch's collection, a very fine one, but it was so large, and the crowd so great, that it was impossible to see the pictures properly. Dined at Mrs Pendarves, and went to the Duchess of Hamilton in the evening.

April 16th.—Dined at half-past one at the Quirinal with Cardinal Consalvi. The party consisted of about forty—very few English. Being Friday there was no meat, but fish dressed in every possible form to imitate cutlets, etc. We walked in the Borghese Gardens from four to seven.

April 17th.—Wet morning till one o'clock. Went to the Custom house, formerly the Temple of Antoninus. Then to the Villa Mattei, which contains some splendid pictures and statues. Opposite is the Church of San Stefano Rotondo, formerly the Temple of Claudius. The martyrdom of the Saint is painted round it. In the evening went to a magnificent fête in the new Palazzo Torlonia.

Sunday, April 18th.—Went to Church. Then to the Vatican, where we spent three hours; saw the rooms painted by Raphael, the tapestry, etc. Heard vespers at St Peter's. In the evening went to the French Ambassador's.

April 19th.—Saw the French School at the Villa Medici.

Dined at Lord Caledon's, and went afterwards to the French Ambassador's ball.

April 20th.—Went to the tomb of the Scipios. In the evening there was a grand fête at the Capitol in honour of the Emperor. It began by fireworks, then there was a concert, lastly a supper.

April 21st.—Drove by the Temple of Vesta and the Porta Antica; returned by some lately discovered ruins; the Baths of Emilius Lepidus. Went in the evening to see a Festa di Ballo at the Mausoleum of Augustus, but were not much impressed by it.

April 22nd.—Went to see the Sette Sale, formerly a reservoir of water to supply Titus baths, then to the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, where there is a statue of Moses—very fine. Titus Baths are wonderfully well preserved. After seeing them we went to the Tarpeian Rock near the Capitol, then to the Vatican for the remainder of the day.

April 23rd.—Saw Guido's *Aurora* at the Rospigliosi Palace. Drove to the Arch of Janus.

April 24th.—Went to Thorwaldsen's Atelier, saw some most beautiful statues, particularly the Venus, and the Graces, which latter are still unfinished. Went to the Colonna Palace. There we saw a beautiful Beatrice (Cenci) painted by Guido, when she was under sentence of death. In the evening went to the Duchess of Hamilton, afterwards to Countess Blacas' ball.

Sunday, April 25th.—Went to the monastery dell' Umiltà to see a nun take the veil. Rather disappointed in the ceremony. Dined at Lord Belmore's.

April 26th.—Left Rome in company with the Stronges and Mary. Slept at Civita Castellana. Travelling Vetturino.

April 27th.—Arrived at Terni by one o'clock, and took a carriage to see the Cascade; the most romantic we have seen, and the finest. The scenery is quite beautiful.

April 28th.—Breakfasted at Spoleto, and came afterwards to Foligno, where we slept. The cold was severe, the road going over the Apennines, and the weather much changed since we left Rome.

April 29th.—Mary and we separated, she taking the road to Florence by Perugia. We came on by Tolentino. The first part of our day's journey lay over the highest part of the Apennines, through wild and barren scenery; the cold very great. Once we began to descend the country improved in beauty, and the climate was milder. Tolentino stands on a hill, overlooking some charming valleys.

April 30th.—Breakfasted at Macerata, and came on to Loreto. The Santa Casa is enclosed in a marble case, ornamented with handsome statues in Carrara marble. The whole stands at the upper end of the Church. Within a grating is seen the image of the Virgin and Child, very small and perfectly black, said to be the work of St Luke. She wears several jewels, and a diamond crown given her by the present Pope, Pius VII. The house is lighted by a number of lamps, and seems to be built of brick. We saw many poor pilgrims approach it on their knees. There is nothing very remarkable in the treasure room, only some necklaces, and other ornaments of amethyst and pearl. They showed us the apothecaries' shop belonging to the Santa Casa; it was given to the Virgin by the Duca d' Urbino. The medicines are contained in China jars painted from the designs of Raphael, in Biblical subjects for the most part. The great doors of the Church are of bronze and covered with different scenes from the life of the Virgin, besides some subjects from Old Testament History. Within a few miles of Loreto we had our first view of the Adriatic.

May 1st.—Breakfasted at Ancona, and walked about the town and harbour, which are not very interesting. We went up to the Cathedral; it commands a very fine view of the sea and surrounding country being situated on an eminence above the town (*vide* "Corinne," vol. i.). Then we came to Senigaglia; the road runs along the shore of the Adriatic, country flat and uninteresting. Senigaglia is a small town with a great many handsome buildings, but seems thinly populated. The Inn (Il Moro) is without exception the best we have seen.

May 2nd.—Breakfasted at Pesaro (the present residence of the Princess of Wales [1]) and slept at Rimini. Wet day.

[1] Afterwards Queen Caroline.

May 3rd.—Breakfast at Cesena, and came on early to Forli, a very nice town. It was a Giorno di Festa, so the people were all in their gala dresses. There was a horse race, run by ponies without riders. After dinner there were some fireworks in the Piazza, and at ten o'clock we went to the Opera (*Il Barbiere di Seviglia*). I remained but a short time, as it was very late. For a country town, the theatre is a very pretty one, and looks quite new.

May 4th.—Left our carriages and servants at Forli, and went in a common Carretella to Ravenna. We saw the ruins of the Palace of Theodoric, King of the Goths, and at some distance from the town a temple which was built by Theodoric with a roof of stone to defend him from a thunderbolt, which he had been told by an astrologer would kill him.

But the thunderbolt came, notwithstanding, and caused a crack in the stone which is to be seen to this day! It is now called the Church of the Rotondo. We saw also the Church of San Vitello—the old part of it very curious indeed. Close by is the tomb of the Empress Galla Placida, daughter of Theodosius; her sarcophagus, and those of her two brothers, also Emperors, are shown. Neither the Cathedral nor another Church contains anything of note, but there is a curious old baptistery. We saw also Dante's tomb. A fair was going on, and the town looked gay in consequence. Ravenna was the ancient seat of Empire in the West, and said to have been built nine hundred years before Rome.

May 5th.—Arrived at Bologna at four o'clock, and there Mary rejoined us. We also met Mr Stanley, who spent the evening with the Stronges and Edmond, Mary and I being together.

May 6th.—Parted finally from Mary, she proceeding towards Genoa. We came on to Ferrara, a handsome town. We saw Tasso's prison, where he spent seven years, also the manuscripts of Ariosto, Tasso and Guarini. Those of Ariosto are just letters and poetry, the others being Il Pastor Fido, and Gerusalemme Liberata in the handwriting of the authors.

May 7th.—Breakfasted at Rovigo, and wrote to Mary. Dined and slept at Monselice, having crossed the Po, a

branch of the Po, and lastly the Adige, all by means of flying bridges.

May 8th.—Breakfasted at Padua, and went to see the Church of San Justina. Came on to Venice—conclusion of our travelling by Vetturino.

Sunday, May 9th.—Read prayers at home, *i.e.* the Stronges and ourselves. Walked afterwards in the Public Gardens. Lady Harriet Sullivan and her party are in the same hotel (the Gran Bretagna) and visited us this morning. I wrote to Lady Agnes Percy.[1] In the evening went to the Opera at the Teatro San Benedetto. Somewhat indifferent, but the ballet was good.

Venice, *May 10th.*—Went all over the Arsenal, then to the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. Afterwards to the Scuola delle Belle Arte. There are some very fine pictures, especially an Assumption of the Virgin by Titian, and a pretty modern picture of the Death of Rachel. We went on board a steamboat and in the evening we went in the gondola to see the steamer go off. She went with *amazing rapidity!*[2]

May 11th.—Went to see the Church of San Giorgio, famous only for containing the picture of the present Pope, Pius VII., who was consecrated in that Church. We saw the Bead Manufactory—curious and interesting—then we visited the Armenian Convent. A very handsome and intelligent monk shewed us round; he spoke English very well, besides several other languages. In the evening we went to the Opera at San Benedetto. It was *Odoarda and Cristina*, by Rossini. The music was *beautiful*; much of it reminded me of the trio in Ricciardo and Zorayda.

May 12th.—Went to see the Ducal Palace, and stood on the Ponte dei Sospiri, which communicates with the prisons, then to the Church and halls belonging to the Confraternita di San Roc to see some pictures by Tintoretto. Wrote to Lady Agnes Percy and to Emily Milman.

[1] Eldest daughter of Hugh, second Duke of Northumberland; married 1821, Major General Frederick Buller, of Pelynt and Lanreath, and died September 1856.

[2] It will be remembered that the first steamboat was made in England in 1819.

May 13*th.*—Visited the Manfrini Palace, a delightful collection of pictures. Those which I admired most were a Saint Cecilia by Carlo Dolce; a Virgin and Child of Sassoferato, and an Ariosto by Titian. We left Venice about one o'clock and came to Padua.

May 14*th.*—Left Padua and slept at Vicenza, in order to see the Theatre. It was built by Palladio from his idea, as a model of the ancient Grecian ones. It perfectly corresponds with those we saw at Pompeii. We came on to Verona and saw the Arena; very inferior to the Coliseum, but still something like it. A temporary theatre was erected on which a farce was being acted, to the great amusement of the common people. We stood on the upper part of the Amphitheatre, a very long way from the performers, yet could hear every word distinctly. This would not however have been the case in French.

May 16*th.*—Entered the Tyrol between Peri and Alla, and got to Trent, where we slept. The scenery is pretty, and the Duomo very old and curious.

Sunday, May 16*th.*—Read prayers in the carriage. The scenery much the same as before, a road through a wide valley, till we got to Botzen. We were much struck with the costumes in the town, the men wearing very large brimmed hats, the women, as a rule, head-dresses something like a beehive, in white or black wool. Once we had passed Botzen, the scenery became very romantic; the valley growing narrower and more winding among the mountains, the road running close to a beautiful rocky river. At nine in the evening we reached Brixen.

May 17*th.*—Breakfasted at Brixen, and left it soon after six o'clock. Reached Innspruck about half-past eight that evening. Nothing could be more lovely than this day's journey. We went over part of the Brenner; the descent from thence to Innspruck is singularly beautiful, particularly the view from Steinach, which gives a glimpse of distant glaciers. There are a great many neat and comfortable inns along the road; the cottages too, have a look of plenty and comfort.

May 18*th.*—In consequence of the mistake of a servant, the Governor, Count Bissingen, heard of our being with the Stronges, and asked us to dinner along with them.

The Secretary came to fetch us all in the Governor's carriages. First of all we went to a house which had formerly been a Maison de Plaisance of the Emperor Maximilian.[1] It is situated a little way up the mountain behind Innspruck and commands a magnificent view of the town, valley, and opposite mountains, one of which is the Eisberg. Nearer the town is one where the peasants took up a position and frequently repulsed the Bavarians, when the wars were going on. One of the rooms in this house is kept exactly as it was in the time when Maximilian lived there. The walls are white-washed, and adorned with many curious pictures and images, particularly one, of which one half represents Death as a skeleton, and the other half youth, as a young woman's side face. The modern rooms are extremely pretty. We went next to the principal Church, which is Gothic. It is ornamented by statues in bronze of all the ancient kings and emperors, Theodoric, King of the Goths, being a remarkably handsome figure and full of character. Most singular are the dresses of the female figures, but the originals must have been splendid indeed. In the centre of the Church stands the huge tomb of Maximilian—the outside adorned with beautiful bas-reliefs in Carrara marble, the subjects taken from the history of the times. Through a private passage we were conducted from the Church to the Governor's Palace, where we saw a suite of apartments, very pretty, but remarkable only for pictures of Royal personages; the ladies wearing hoops. There were several pictures of Maria Theresa and her children.

We dined at the Palace at half past one; the party consisting of the family of the Governor. All were extremely kind and civil to us (Lady Stronge had had a letter of introduction to them from Prince Metternich. After dinner they took us to see an old Castle,[2] which was formerly the residence of the Counts of the Tyrol. It is situated on the mountain opposite to that on which stands the Maison de Plaisance and the view is very fine. It is full of old pictures (all portraits), and suits of armour,

[1] This province became an appanage of the younger branch of the Imperial house of Germany in the person of Maximilian II., 1618.

[2] The Castel of Amras, near Innspruck.

some placed on horseback, and they look like armed men riding. There is every variety of armour, and many Indian and other curiosities. A small room is shown in which (according to tradition) Philippine of Parma, a fair lady of old times, was bled to death. There is a picture of the said Philippine, representing a most beautiful woman.

May 19th.—Left Innspruck at six o'clock, passing through charming scenery to San Juan where we slept.

May 20th.—Arrived at Salzburg. The town is very handsome, and beautifully situated.

May 21st.—Count W., Captain of the *Circle*, came to see Sir James and Lady Stronge, who had a letter of introduction to him. He took us all to see the salt mines. First we drove to the village of Halleim, a post off, and after waiting some time at the inn we went up the mountain in little carriages, until the ascent became too steep for horses. The scenery and views from this mountain are remarkably fine. Near the top is one of the entrances to the salt mine, but before going in, we were made to put on dresses kept for the purpose. They are made exactly alike for men and for women, and consist of a pair of white pantaloons, into which all the petticoats we wore were stuffed, a sort of jacket, a leather flap as a back apron, and a little cap. It was so completely a boy's dress that we were quite ashamed to show ourselves in broad daylight! We covered ourselves with shawls and cloaks till we reached the door of the mine. There we were obliged to part with our decent coverings, and we mounted on cars which held four people, sitting astride. The passage by which we entered was very narrow, and lighted for a considerable distance by a number of lamps on either side. The effect was extremely pretty. This and other illuminations were done by order of our friend, the Captain of the *Circle*. At the end of the passage we came to the first descent, which is very steep. The manner of descending is by sitting or rather lying down, and putting one's legs on each side of a miner who sits in front, at the same time holding on by his collar. The man grasps a rope placed on the right hand side, and the two strips of wood on which one sits being perfectly

LADY STRONGE

From a picture painted at Geneva, 1819, *in the possession of Sir James Stronge, Bart.*

round and smooth, the descent is quite easy and not at all unpleasant. Between those two strips of wood are some very small and steep steps (like a ladder) to enable the men to get up again. We went down three of these descents, one of them being extremely steep. There are thirty halls of an enormous size, the length of the one we were in was about 88 toises,[1] and the breadth about 50.

It was illuminated all round and had a beautiful effect as we came down suddenly upon it. These halls when in use are full of water which flows in through pipes; the salt with which the mountain is impregnated dissolves into it. In the different galleries leading to this hall we observed on the top and sides the different colours of the salt in its natural state; they did not, however, sparkle as I should have expected they might. It was only when the light was held close to them that they shone brilliantly. We walked through very many of the galleries, but after the third sliding descent, we again mounted the pony cars, which consist of a single bench on four wheels, drawn by a man at each end. The gallery is so narrow, and the motion so rapid, that to sit otherwise than straddle legs would be impossible. After we had gone at a great rate for sometime, our guide stopped and pointed out a light like a candle an immense way off; it was in reality the light of day at the lower entrance of the mine. The longest gallery of all is 9600 feet in length, and the lowest descent 44 toises from the top. We left the mine by the lower entrance, which is near the bottom of the mountain, all exceedingly pleased and interested by the most extraordinary sight we had ever seen.

The people who work in these mines are not obliged to live in them. Most of them have their habitations in the village of Halleim, at the foot of the mountain. Nobody knows exactly when the mine was first opened, but it is believed to have been about the time of the Romans. When the large rooms have been for some time full of water they test it to see if it is salt enough, by means of a machine which acts on the same principle as those by

[1] A toise is about six feet.

which the strength of brandy is proved. When the water has imbibed sufficient salt it is let off through tubes into a large boiler at the bottom of the mountain. There we saw it stirred by men naked from the waist upwards, the heat being very severe owing to the strength and size of the fire. Then it is taken out in shovels, looking something like sieves, in which salt alone remains. In this state it is perfectly soft and white.

After we returned to the town, we went to see a very curious old gate, or rather triumphal arch. It is cut out of a rock, and carved to imitate building.

May 22nd.—At seven o'clock in the morning, Count W. came to take us to see Prince Schwartzenburg's gardens just outside the town. They are very pretty, on the slope of a beautiful wooded hill, and laid out much in the style of an English park. Some parts command lovely views of distant mountains, many of which were covered with snow. In one part of these gardens are some baths and an hotel adjoining, to which in summer many people come. We left Salzburg at eleven, intending to sleep at Wassenburg, but owing to delays in changing horses were obliged to stop within a post of that place, after travelling till near nine.

May 23rd.—We breakfasted at Wassenburg and reached Munich about four o'clock. It stands on a dead flat plain, but seems to be a handsome town. After dinner we walked in a very large and pretty public garden, with enough wood and water about it to make it a pleasant retreat. The costume worn by country women in Bavaria is most picturesque. A kind of cap of gold or silver stuff is stuck quite on the back of the head. The jacket varies in colour according to the fancy of the wearer, and is laced in front with silver chains. The necklace consists of a quantity of silver chains fastened in front by a gold clasp of very quaint and old-fashioned shape. In the Tyrol the women wear much the same sort of necklace, only made of garnets instead of silver chains. We have found the posting in Bavaria much better than in other parts of Germany; the inns, too, are all clean and tolerably good. Bread, butter, and beer are always excellent. Salzburg was ceded by Bavaria to Austria in 1816.

May 24th.—Received letters from Lady Northland and M. H. from Milan. Dined at table d'hôte at two o'clock, and went afterwards to see the King's Palace. It is very handsome ; the rooms richly furnished with crimson and gold, and mirrors disposed so as to produce the best perspective. The man who shewed it seemed very proud of it. Among the pictures was a beautiful Madonna by Francia also a copy of the Domenichino Sybil in the Borghese Palace ; the dress however is different. In this Palace we saw a small but very rich chapel. Then we drove in the English Garden (the public one we visited yesterday) and stopped at a coffee-house for ice. At six o'clock I went out again with Edmond and continued walking about the town and gardens till past eight ; Sir James and Lady Stronge having gone to court.

May 25th.—Went to see the gallery of pictures ; there are some very fine ones. All the original sketches of the History of Henri IV. and Marie de Medicis by Rubens, which are in the Luxembourg Palace at Paris, are here in miniature. There are some excellent pieces of the Flemish school, particularly one of a sick woman, with her maid and a doctor. We saw also an exquisite candlelight piece of the wise and foolish virgins, some fine heads by Carlo Dolce and many other beautiful things, but we had not time enough to see them properly, for Isabella Stronge being ill in bed, I spent most of the day with her. In the evening I walked with Sir James and Edmond, we went to the English garden. Wrote to M. H. for the second time and a short note in German to Madame Viari.

May 26th.—Lady Stronge better, but she has the nettle rash. We left them at Munich at ten o'clock, and came through an ugly flat country to Augsburg where we dined and slept. It is a handsome town ; the houses very old-fashioned but extremely clean, and the inn " Die drei Mohren " most excellent.

May 27th.—We breakfasted at half past four ! and at five we left Augsburg. Dined in the middle of the day, and came on to Geislingen, while we slept. The country very flat till long after we had passed Ulm, but towards evening it grew much prettier.

May 28th.—Wet morning. Dined at Stuttgart at

the table d'hôte. Came on to Pforzheim, where we slept.

May 29th.—Passed through Carlsruhe, dined at Rastadt, and arrived at Strasburg at half past nine.

Sunday, May 30th.—Morning service at the Protestant church, after which we walked about the town. After dinner went to the play. We had the stage box, which we found like a private box, as we had it all to ourselves. We were very much entertained. The first piece, "*Edouard en Ecosse ou la Nuit d'un Proscrit*" was very interesting; after that came a lively little opera.

May 31st.—Went to see the Mausoleum of Marshal Saxe at St Thomas Church, a very fine piece of sculpture. We next went to the curious old Gothic Cathedral. The ornaments in carved wood which were destroyed by the French [1] are being replaced by degrees.—After dinner we left Strasburg about four o'clock, and travelled all night.

June 1st—Dined at Nancy.

June 2nd.—Slept at Vitry sur Marne, a very pretty town. Country always flat.

June 3rd.—Dined at Rheims and saw the splendid Cathedral, where the kings of France are crowned.[2] Arrived late at night at Laon.

June 5th.—Dined at Bethune. Slept at St Omer.

June 6th.—Arrived at Calais, went to the play—very bad.

June 7th.—Sailed from Calais at twelve o'clock, landed at Dover at half past four.

June 8th.—Left Dover at half past twelve—arrived in London at half past eleven at night, having dined at Sittingbourne.

Thus ends my grandmother's account of her tour. Her husband who was of a benevolent turn of mind, and

[1] This town, formerly Imperial, was taken by Louis XIV., 1681.

[2] Probably because Clovis, the founder of the French monarchy, when converted from paganism, was baptised in the Cathedral, in 496. Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates.").

also fond of writing, made use of his experiences to compile a little book for the benefit of an uncle of his,[1] who was about to take a similar journey.

He called it "The Pocket Courier or Travelling Memorandum for 1820. By a Gentleman just returned from the Continent."

In spite of its old fashioned title it must have been of great use to an inexperienced traveller eighty-five years ago, when Murray and Baedeker were unknown. It begins—

> "On landing in France, whether at Calais or Dieppe, the first object is to establish yourself in the best inn and give directions to your landlord to get your carriage and baggage through the Custom House. As it is generally some hours before you get your baggage through the Custom House, land with a small bundle under your arm, containing a change of linen, etc."

Times have changed indeed! Imagine a party of Cook's tourists landing on the Continent with bundles under their arms, and cheerfully resigning themselves to a delay of "some hours" till they could get their luggage through the Douane, and proceed on their journey.

> "The rate of posting" continues the Pocket Courier, "is the same in France, in the territory of the King of Sardinia,[2] and that part of Switzerland between Geneva and the Simplon,—viz., thirty sous per horse for each post, and half that sum for the postilion. But you pay at the rate of a horse for each person in and about the carriage, and custom has made forty sous per post the sum to be given to the postilion, when he conducts himself well.

[1] The Right Hon. George Knox, D.C.L. fifth son of the first Viscount Northland. He was killed in a carriage accident at Velletri, 1827.

[2] Sardinia was ceded to the Duke of Savoy, with the title of King, as an equivalent for Sicily in 1720.

"I have invariably followed this plan abroad.

"On arriving at the sleeping place I have prevented the horses being taken off, or anybody's quitting the carriage except myself. My first question is, "Have you lodgings for so many *Maîtres* and so many *domestiques*? If there are, I say 'Shew me the rooms.' I then pick out the best, ask the price of them, of dinner, etc. If not above the usual price I say, 'Agreed.' If more, I say, 'I never give more than so much for lodgings, so much for dinner, breakfast, etc.' and if you do not agree to these terms, I shall either go to another house or continue my journey. It is far better to know what you have to pay before you take possession of your rooms, than to have to wrangle about an overcharge in the morning. But a good travelling servant would save you all this trouble. I think two people would manage badly if they did not live on the road for fifteen francs or 12s. 6d. a day each and get a bed for the servant into the bargain. In winter, fuel, which is expensive would add from two to three francs to the bill."

CHAPTER III

Birth of Thomas Edmond Knox—Brussels—Elizabeth Jane Knox is born—The Family established at Versailles—Three Glorious Days—Abdication of Charles X.—The Scott Murrays—Sandhurst—Review by their Majesties William IV. and Queen Adelaide—*Châteaux en Espagne*—Louis Philippe in Paris—George Osborne—Thackeray—Malibran—The Cholera at Boulogne—Ball at the Tuileries—Lord and Lady Ranfurly—Lady Hopetoun and her Son—*Au enfant terrible*—Talleyrand's Funeral—Life at Passy—Daguerrotype invented—Tournament at Eglintoun Castle—Miss Osborne—Marriage of Harriet Hope Vere—Attack on King Louis Philippe by a Madwoman—Grisi.

THE following year—1820—brought Captain Knox and his wife new joys and fresh responsibilities.

On the 16th of March, Thomas Edmond Knox, my beloved father, was born at the house of his grandparents in Upper Grosvenor Street. Captain Knox wept with delight when his son was put into his arms—the son who was to be the pride of his life and never to cause him an hour's sorrow.

Two years later arrived a little sister, baptised by the names of Sophia Frances. This poor child was mentally deficient, owing to water on the brain, and at last knew no one except her mother, to whom her death at the age of sixteen was a bitter grief. Except for two visits to Dungannon Park, the family party—a singularly happy and united one—lived on in London till 1823,

when the house in Grosvenor Street was given up. Captain and Mrs Knox then went to Brussels, where Elizabeth Jane their second daughter was born—also on March 16th—in 1824. After spending a winter in Genoa and a summer at Geneva and Dieppe, the year 1826 found them and also Lord and Lady Northland established at Versailles.

"I can recollect here" writes my father, "an old French General Simon, who had been shot through the body at Borodino, and was paralysed ever since. The bands of the Swiss Royal Guards and of the Gardes du Corps used to play twice a week on the Tapis Vert. My grandfather near whom after this we generally lived, occupied, in 1827, the upper part of a house in the Rue de Bourbon (now Rue de Lille) belonging to General Mouton, Comte de Loban, a fine old soldier full of anecdotes of the Empire. We all moved to Boulogne in 1828, taking, if I recollect right, four days on the road. My sister Susan Euphemia was born two years previously, and named after the Duchess of Hamilton who was her godmother."

Isabella Mary Cecil, the youngest of the family, was born in 1829, at Brighton. There my father was sent to school for the first time, but he left at the end of a month, owing to weak eyes which for several years were a trouble to him, though in old age, his sight was unusually good.

"At this school" he says, "I can only call to mind the Hon. Leveson Gower, a poor cripple, on whom all sorts of tricks used to be played—and Lord Edwin Hill.[1] The usual costume was a sort of grey dressing gown, with trousers. I used to go home every Saturday and stay till Sunday night."

[1] Afterwards first Baron Trevor, third son of the third Marquess of Downshire, born 1819. Died 1894.

"In October 1829, the family moved—*en masse* as usual—to Paris, which became our fixed winter residence until 1843. We lived for several winters in the Rue du Helder, and my grandfather until 1834 in the Rue Taitbout, not more than two hundred yards away.

"We went back to our old house at Versailles, 79 Avenue S. Cloud—in the spring of 1830. I remember being present that June at a Review held by Charles X. who was loudly cheered. A month later arrived the "Three Glorious Days."

"My recollections of the latter are of hearing heavy firing for two whole days in the direction of Paris. On the third day—the 29th, the troops came straggling back in great numbers. An aide-de-camp, a friend of old General Simon, rode into our courtyard for a few minutes to see him. A quarter of an hour later he was killed in the streets by the mob.

"At one time the Royal troops seemed determined to make a stand in the Place d'Armes in front of the Palace. But they afterwards received orders to fall back on Rambouillet where the King abdicated. A few days later, I saw the heroes of July arriving in every sort of vehicle in pursuit of the King whom they followed to Rambouillet, and a day or two later the Royal Army returned disbanded in small parties. For many months the print shops were hardly large enough to contain the caricatures of the ex-Royal Family, and the incidents of the three momentous days."

"The following summer at Versailles we became very intimate with the Scott Murrays,[1] our next door neighbours, and spent many pleasant days riding and driving in the neighbouring woods which are charming. Mrs Scott Murray had a wonderful gift for story telling, very entertaining to us children, and much appreciated by all of us. In September (1831) of the same year, my grandfather was raised to the rank of Earl and took the title of Lord Ranfurly.

[1] Mr Charles Scott Murray of Danesfield, Bucks, married, 1846, the Hon. Amelia Fraser, eldest daughter of the fifteenth Baron Lovat, and died 1882.

"In the winter of 1832, the cholera raged with great violence in Paris; at one time the deaths were said to average 1500 a day. I remember a drummer being seized while in the act of drumming. It was when spending the summer of that year at Versailles that we met the Westerns[1] and formed an intimacy with them that has never been quite dropped."

"I had always wished to enter the Royal Navy, incited thereto by my father's naval yarns, but he would not allow this. In 1832, he put my name down for Sandhurst, where on July 9th 1833, I was summoned to appear for examination. I was declared duly qualified and received the number of A.22.

"In those days the Gentlemen Cadets were divided into two companies. Each was superintended by three sergeants, these being old soldiers, three under officers and eight corporals cadets, and consisted besides of eighty three privates, when the establishment was complete.

"In summer the distribution of time was as follows:—

"Reveillée at six. Prayers and a crust of bread in the companies' dining-hall at a quarter to seven. The prayers were read by the cadets in turn, under the superintendence of the Senior Under Officer, and sometimes the Captain was present. From seven to nine we were in study. At a quarter past nine the companies fell in on the parade ground and, the roll being called, they were marched into breakfast by the Captain of the day. Grace being said, the companies sat down to bread and milk in messes of ten, each mess being presided over by a corporal or Under Officer. The cadets sat at table by seniority, and were helped accordingly, the lower five, or as they were called 'the kitchen' generally coming worst off. At breakfast the letters were given out by the pay-sergeants of companies, and any letters thought likely to contain coin were handed to the Captain, who generally doled them out in weekly instalments of half-a-crown.

[1] Sir Thomas Burch Western of Felix Hall, Kelvedon, born 1796, created a Baronet in 1864, married, 1819, Margaret Letitia Busby. Died 1873.

" The pay we received (paid by the way by our parents) was Cadet Lower School 2s.; Cadet Upper School, 2s. 6d.; Corporal, 3s.; Under Officer, 3s. 6d.; Responsible, 5s. a week; but out of this a portion was usually stopped for dilapidations of which we were not always guilty.

" After breakfast the companies being marched out were dismissed. From ten to twelve in study. From twelve to one was the parade hour; the lower school attended this daily, the others only three times a week. Some simple battalion movements used to be performed by the cadets in four divisions of (usually) twenty files each, under one of the Captains sections of fours or threes were never attempted, and all movements of companies to a flank were invariably done in file. The recruits or " Johns " were drilled until fit to join the ranks by the sergeants, and by old cadets who had attained some proficiency in drill.

" When the drill was dismissed at a quarter to one, the cadets used to adjourn to the ' tuck barrows,' as they were called, of Smith Senior and Mother Bourne, where a great consumption of liver and bacon, saucer pies and other delicacies took place. I am afraid they were not always paid for !

" From one to three, study. At a quarter past three the companies fell in outside as at breakfast, the roll was called, all orders for the day read, and the Captain of the day marched them in.

" Except on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays which were half-holidays, we studied from a quarter past four till a quarter to six. Our time was then our own till half past eight, when we fell in for prayers, and at nine-thirty all lights were put out. But we often went into each other's rooms after that and read or gambled, taking care to conceal our lights, and at these hours a good deal of bullying went on.

" During the four years I was at Sandhurst, the only death among the cadets was that of a boy named Hare, who died in hospital from bathing after taking mercury.

" On September 20th, 1833, three boys were expelled for setting fire to a College plantation, and soon after

another boy was sent away for repeatedly getting drunk. The Cadets put on mourning for him, thinking his case a hard one, 'which it was *not*,' emphatically adds my father in his journal.

"On October the tenth, their Majesties King William IV. and Queen Adelaide, with Prince George of Cambridge, came down to review us. A fight with the 'louts' in the evening, for not cheering the King—in which the Cadets obtained an easy victory. I left college on the 6th of November by coach to London, and went down to Dover by the night mail—about eleven hours' journey from Golden Cross Hotel, Charing Cross. The steamer for Calais having left, Major Dundas put me on board of a brig for Boulogne, which after beating about ineffectually for several hours, landed me again at Dover, very sick and wet.

"*November 8th.*—Got across in ten hours in a steamer. Our long passage was owing to missing the tide at Boulogne.

"*November 10th.*—Went up to Paris in the diligence with Major-General Sir Robert Arbuthnot. Twenty-eight hours on the road as usual."

During his son's absence, it may well be believed that Captain Knox's letters to him had been frequent, and much was the good advice bestowed on him.

"My thoughts," he wrote, "are constantly with you. I fondly hope you will not destroy the *Châteaux en Espagne* which I build. I know that no human power could make you swerve from the paths of virtue, honour, and truth which have been so well planted in your breast by the best of mothers. Have no little bickerings about money matters. Should any dispute arise, beg to refer it to two or three sensible cadets, and if they give it against you, abide by their decision. I wish you to establish a high character at the beginning of your career, and your own pride will keep you up to it afterwards. Be civil and obliging to all, do as you would be done by, be zealous in your different studies, and

I have no fear but you will gain your point of a commission by the time you are sixteen.

"Remember, a civil and mild manner of addressing people, whether above or below you in life, stamps the gentleman, and will always ensure you a civil answer.

"I regret that you cannot swim, and I fear that the water might be injurious to you, therefore I trust you will go as little as possible on the lake. Should you tumble overboard or the boat be upset, you would inevitably be drowned. Judge what my feelings would be on hearing of such an event!

"Two of our family have met with a watery grave.[1] Providence will, I trust, take care of you.

"Remember to put the outside cover, or what is called 'enclose' my letter under cover to —

"THE EARL OF RANFURLY,
31 LOWER GROSVENOR STREET,
LONDON.

"Ask Bathurst to show you how to fold up and direct the outside and inner cover of your letter; use the lines, and be careful in your style.

"Avoid as much as possible 'I have,' 'I did'—it has an appearance of egotism; rather say, 'We, the Cadets, or we, the Johns' (as the recruits are called). Show no dissatisfaction; try to be pleased. Be kind, or at least do not bully the new Johns hereafter—do as you would be done by. Bear up like a man against the silly fools that torment you at present, and shortly the laugh will be on your side. I have not room for loves, but you know how you are loved by your affectionate father, E. S. P. K.

"I am afraid," he writes later, "that my hebdomadal epistles must bore you, being filled as they generally are with advice, that most unwelcome of all medicines.

[1] Major-General the Hon. John Knox, Governor of Jamaica, was lost on his passage to that island in 1800, and also his nephew Thomas, eldest son of the Bishop of Derry. There is a tradition (so far fulfilled) that one member of the family will be drowned in every generation.

But you must excuse an old father who guided you for thirteen years and left you in the right path, and fondly hopes to keep you there. I must not expect to place an old head on young shoulders, but I cannot resist warning you occasionally of rocks that you might split on. No power on earth could ever make me believe that my boy could commit a dishonourable or ungentlemanly act, but the best of us may err.

"Does the riding-school come within your range? I fear you will cut as bad a figure there as you do with your pencil, but all difficulties must be got over. He is a poor creature that does not surmount them, and my Tom is not of that genus."

In July 1833 there was a grand review in Paris, and Louis Philippe was well received. The statue of Napoleon which had been placed some days before on the column in the Place Vendôme was uncovered. The king bowed to it, and by several veterans tears were shed.

The family circle in the Rue du Helder had for some years past included a musician who was afterwards well known. This was George Osborne, a young Irishman, whose talents had attracted the notice of the Bishop of Limerick, Lord Ranfurly's youngest brother, who sent him over to Paris with a letter of introduction to the head of the family. Mr Osborne's ardent desire was to make a successful start in life, both as teacher and pianist, as well as to pursue his own musical education. He was a fine player, and composed much that was very charming and tuneful, although probably quite forgotten by the present generation. Being an admirable, though somewhat impatient master, with quite an exceptional gift for imparting knowledge, he soon began to make his way, and found many pupils, one of whom was the late Sir Charles Hallé. My grandfather gave him a room on the top floor of the house

in the Rue du Helder, and he had all his meals with the family. He told me years afterwards that he never could be grateful enough for all their kindness. He had a fine presence, and an equally fine nature—upright, honourable, and sincere. His sense of humour was of the keenest, and it was impossible to be dull for a moment in his company. I remember a story he used to tell with the gravest face, of a child who had swallowed a gold five-franc piece. "The strongest possible emetics were given, but all they recovered was four francs seventy-five centimes!"

It will be remembered that Thackeray spent much of his early life in Paris, and with him young Osborne was fortunate enough to form a friendship. "I want a name for my hero," remarked the great author when about to write "Vanity Fair," which by-the-bye he describes as a "novel without a hero." "Why not call him George Osborne?" promptly answered the musician, and so it was. But there was little affinity indeed between our high-principled, excellent friend, and "that selfish humbug, that low-bred Cockney dandy, who had neither wit, nor manners, nor heart"—so graphically described by Becky Sharpe. In a short time, "G. A. O.," as our family always called him, was invited to join Malibran [1] and De Beriot on a professional tour through England, and he was then already making a fair income by his music lessons. Boulogne, where the Knox family so often spent the summer, was subject to occasional visitations of cholera.

[1] Maria Felicita Malibran, one of the most famous mezzo-soprano singers of recent times, was born at Paris 1808, the daughter of Manuel Garcia. While still very young, her reputation was European. She married, first, M. Malibran; secondly, in 1836, De Beriot, the famous violinist, but died suddenly in September of the same year, during the musical festival in which she was taking part at Manchester.

"Lady Graves,"[1] writes my grandfather, "has just died of it. She ate a cucumber the night before she was taken ill; that and melons are about the worst things possible." Lord Graves, her husband, is nephew to Sir Edward Paget.

The following month (September 1833) was a very stormy one. "We have had some tremendous gales here," writes Captain Knox from Boulogne. "On Saturday evening a vessel chartered by the English Government, and having on board 120 female convicts for Van Diemen's Land, struck on the sands near the bathing-machines, and by all accounts the passengers might have been saved, but for some mismanagement. Only three men got on shore alive; the poor women and children, with the remainder of the ship's company, met a watery grave.

"The Westerns left London on Saturday morning by the Calais boat, found a gale of wind at the entrance of the Thames, where they passed the night at anchor, cruelly sick, as you may suppose! On Sunday morning they persuaded the Captain to make for Ramsgate, and in doing so they had a narrow escape of being lost. They saw several wrecks, but fortunately reached Calais in safety. The party consisted of Mr and Mrs Burch Western, Mrs Western the mother, Miss Eliza, and another unmarried sister. Henry Knox[2] has been given a curacy near London by the Archbishop of Canterbury,[3] who, I hope, will do something for him by-and-bye, as he was a great friend of his father's.[4]

"Do not play draughts or any other game for money; I have a horror of anything like gambling. It is a taste that when once acquired leads to every other vice, and

[1] William Thomas, third Baron Graves, was born 1804, and married first, 1829, Sophie Thérèse, daughter of General Berthier, and widow of General Count Bruyère. Lady Graves died August 2nd, 1833.

[2] Henry Barry, second son of the Right Hon. George Knox, born 1808; married first, 1841, Jane, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Arthur Vesey; secondly, Elizabeth Jane, daughter of Admiral the Hon. E. S. P. Knox, and died 1869.

[3] William Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury from 1828 to 1848.

[4] The Archbishop afterwards presented the Rev. H. B. Knox to the living of Hadleigh, in Suffolk.

finally to destruction. I expect you to be a steady, straightforward fellow, who can look every man in the face, never doing anything that won't bear the daylight, correct in all money matters, and living on good terms with all the world—such is what I picture to myself my boy will be."

"You ask me for an account of our travels," writes Captain Knox to his son on October 16th. "We did not get away from the Rue de la Lampe (Boulogne) before eleven o'clock on Saturday, in consequence of Lords Cowper [1] and Ashley [2] having got all the postillions!

"We were obliged to stop at Berney at seven, but were very comfortable there. Mrs Bichet, the four girls, and their governess inside, your mother and I on the front dickey, Bichet [3] behind. On Sunday morning we were under weigh at seven. At Abbeville I took six horses, and we went a tremendous pace, but lost so much time changing that we did not get to Beauvais before seven in the evening. On Monday we were off by seven, but the above-named Lords still persecuted us, and as we had no courier and they had three, it was no use contending against them. We reached the house, however, by half past three and found everything ready. The groom and my mare ought to arrive to-morrow, and we shall soon be as regular as ever. We have dined every day at La Muette [4] and I slept there last night."

[1] Peter, fifth Earl Cowper, born 1778; married Amelia, daughter of first Viscount Melbourne; died 1837.

[2] Cropley Ashley, father of the late Lord Shaftesbury, born 1768; married, 1796, Anne, daughter of the third Duke of Marlborough, and died 1851.

[3] Bichet and his wife were valet and nurse for many years in my grandfather's family. He afterwards entered Sir Robert Peel's service, and eventually met his death by drowning.

[4] A château just beyond the Bois de Boulogne, hired by Lord Ranfurly for the summer. It was built by King Louis XV. for the reigning mistress, Madame de Pompadour. It is the sweetest spot in the world. The park is laid out with wonderful ingenuity; the garden is blended with the wood; the château is built with the ornamental rapture of the architects of former days. In this house long resided, amid the finest statues and most excellent chefs-d'œuvre of painting, the celebrated M. Erard. He was a great artist and a clever connoisseur and invented the double-action harp.

On October 16th, when expecting his son home from Sandhurst, he writes:

> "I presume you will not throw away your time here and I will get you into French society as much as possible. We will leave the rough cadet at Sandhurst, and adopt our old gentlemanly manners, which were so much admired—those little attentions to the females which distinguish *l'homme bien né* from the *roturier* must not be neglected. We will walk and ride together, and you are to dine in the Rue Taitbout every day. There was a grand ball at the Tuileries last night: your mother and grandmother went, but as the latter was tired we left the palace at ten o'clock, so I saw little of it.
>
> "Take care to have clean linen enough for your journey; I always like to have a clean shirt on and a guinea in my pocket."

Another favourite and very true maxim of my grandfathers was, "Nothing is cheap when you don't want it." I have often found it useful to remember this.

Some six years before his death, Lord Ranfurly moved into a large corner house in the Place Vendôme. Its owner was a certain Baronne Pontalba, from whom he rented the first floor and entresol, the latter being occupied by his youngest son, Colonel James Knox, with his wife and daughter.[1]

A few weeks ago I happened to be in Paris, and seeing "Appartement à Louer" hanging from the balcony of 22 Place Vendôme, the temptation to enter was irresistible. Full of eager interest, I went up the wide staircase, and through the vast silent rooms, which were full of mirrors and gilding. The gaily painted ceiling was there still, not much the worse for wear. It was indeed a picture

[1] Emily Louisa Diana; married, 1845, Robert Dundas of Arniston.

of departed glory. "Vous avez joliment degringolé depuis ces jours-là!" remarked the candid old friend who accompanied me, and with something between a laugh and a sigh I was fain to agree with her.

A very hospitable old man must his lordship have been; his organ of benevolence largely developed. He was never so happy as when surrounded by his family, and his four sons were constantly with him. Regularly every evening his carriage went to the Rue du Helder and brought back his son Edmond, and his daughter-in-law, to dine with him. The children went too, and amused themselves with many pranks while their elders were at dinner. I believe that on one occasion they hid behind the dining-room curtains while dinner was going on. Nobody discovered them, but the agony of fright they were in was probably sufficient punishment for this juvenile indiscretion.

> "My grandfather," wrote one of his descendants, "had always a kind and courteous word for every child that belonged to him. He was very tall, slight, and handsome, with an imposing presence, and great dignity of manner—in short a person with whom very few would dare to take a liberty. He loved poetry and knew much of Milton by heart.

Latterly I believe he spoke very little, indeed I have noticed that in old age most men are apt to become either very garrulous or very silent; surely the latter-extreme is the preferable one. His wife, on the other hand, talked a good deal. "My dear Tom," she repeatedly used to entreat my father, "do please promise me that you will never become a Roman Catholic!" I wonder what curious presentiment it was that induced her to

make this request. My father certainly never had at any time the slightest tendency in that direction, but another of her grandsons [1] seceded from the Church of England when at Oxford, and afterwards became Head of the Oratory at Brompton.

Lady Ranfurly was of immense size, and it is said that her brother-in-law, the Bishop of Limerick, being on one occasion asleep on a sofa, she unwittingly sat upon him; and his once handsome features were in consequence irrevocably damaged.

Mrs James Knox, who lived in the entresol, and also joined the family dinner-party every day, was a most attractive person; very fair, with beautiful blue eyes, and a tender, caressing, delightful manner. She was an excellent harpist and a very courageous horsewoman, and when long past middle-life performed the wonderful feat of riding from Rome to Paris, accompanied by a young girl friend and her groom, John Wilson. Living in the Place Vendôme with Lord and Lady Ranfurly was their only daughter, Lady Frances, who as "Aunt Fanny" is often mentioned in the following letters. A fragile, delicate woman, she suffered all her life from an injury to the spine, caused, it was said, by lifting a heavy log of wood to throw it on the fire. She was exceedingly kind and affectionate, and greatly beloved by all her nephews and nieces.

My father left Sandhurst in November 1838, arriving in London in time for the Lord Mayor's Show. On that occasion the young Queen went in state to the Guildhall, and dined afterwards with the Lord Mayor. My father received his commission without purchase, and was

[1] Thomas-Francis, eldest son of the Hon. John and Lady Mabella Knox. Born 1822. Died 1883.

THE HON. MRS. JAMES KNOX
From a miniature in the possession of Sir Robert Dundas, Bart.

gazetted to the 85th Light Infantry, now the Shropshire regiment. After a short visit to his uncle at Dungannon, he went over to join his family in Paris, and his journal relates that he was "presented at court by Lord Granville [1] in a Sandhurst coat, and hired epaulettes, French cocked hat and straight sword," a somewhat extraordinary combination, but probably necessary from the fact of his own uniform not being ready. After a short spell of home service he sailed with his regiment for Canada, and was absent nearly four years. During that time his father and eldest sister Bessy were his devoted and indefatigable correspondents. The latter's aptitude with her pen at the early age of fourteen is shown by the following letter to an absent cousin of whom she was extremely fond.

"PARIS, *May 27th*, 1838.

"My dearest Emily,

"We were very much amused last Friday when we went to see Lady Hopetoun.[2] I will tell you what caused our amusement. When we went in, we found Lord Hope, the son and heir, romping on the balcony. He came in immediately, but notwithstanding his mother's entreaties he would not condescend to say one word to the company. He got some grass in his mouth, and whenever Lady Hopetoun began talking to Mama, the little gentleman climbed on his mother's knee, and began tickling her with it to her great annoy-

[1] The Right Hon. Lord Granville Leveson Gower, youngest son of the first Marquess of Stafford, created Viscount Granville 1815, advanced to an earldom 1833. He was born 1773; married 1809 Henrietta, daughter of the fifth Duke of Devonshire; was in 1804 Ambassador Extraordinary to Russia, and subsequently Ambassador to the Court of France. He died 1846.

[2] John, fifth Earl of Hopetoun, married 1826 Louisa, eldest daughter of Godfrey, third Lord Macdonald. Their only son was born 1831, and succeeded his father 1843.

ance. Then he attacked Miss Macdonald,[1] pulled her hair, tore the lace round a beautiful velvet cape she wore, and the more the two ladies entreated for peace, the more my lord laughed, ordering 'little one,' as he called his aunt, to 'hold her tongue.' At last, to Lady Hopetoun's great relief, a servant came to say that 'my lord's French master was waiting.' 'Go, darling Hope,' said his mother, 'and bid your little cousin good-bye.'—'Indeed I won't, Mama.'—'Now, don't be like an ape, my treasure.' At the word ape, the young *Teufelchen* sat down in the middle of the room, began making the ugliest faces, scratching his head, pretending to catch fleas, then eating them, etc., all sorts of horrors! Poor Lady Hopetoun entreating him to be good, but in vain. At last Miss Macdonald was obliged to ring and order the servant to 'emporter milord.' But milord would not stir, and it was only by the united efforts of the two sisters that he was at last got near the door, when the servant carried him off in triumph. Miss Macdonald showed me a beautiful little parasol, one of those very small carriage ones. It was white gros-de-Naples, the top of the stick gold with turquoises and pearls, and at the other end one turquoise. It was beautiful, but ridiculous for a parasol, I think. She got it at Vienna. On Tuesday I am going with grandmama to Mme. Apponyi's[2] déjeûner. She has got that magnificent house and garden at Auteuil, called 'Les petites Tuileries'.

. . . . . .

"I saw Talleyrand's[3] funeral on Friday; it was as magnificent as a funeral could be. Eight horses, with

[1] The Hon. Octavia Macdonald married 1841 William James Hope Johnstone of Annandale, who died 1850. In another letter Elizabeth Knox describes her as "the most beautiful creature she ever saw."

[2] Wife of the Austrian Ambassador.

[3] Count Charles de Talleyrand Perigord, "the most subtile, shrewd, and unprincipled of diplomatists," was born February 13th, 1754, and died at Paris May 17th, 1838. It was Talleyrand who used to say that those who only knew French Society after the Revolution knew nothing of French Society at all.

immense black feathers, and Talleyrand's arms embroidered on velvet with silver. I do not know how many mourning coaches. There were sixty (at least) carriages belonging to the nobility, and a great number of Royal carriages besides."

That was indeed the golden age of letter-writing. People were apt to consider their words very carefully, when the cost of despatching them was so heavy. It was a point of honour with Captain Knox and his daughter never to miss a mail to Canada. Every little scrap of public and private news was jealously hoarded up for the absent one's benefit, and there seems occasionally to have been an amicable squabble between them for the glory of imparting some particularly choice morsel of intelligence. By Elizabeth and Isabella their father's facility for writing was evidently inherited; to Susan, on the contrary, it was all her life very difficult to express her feelings either verbally or on paper, though a more loving unselfish soul certainly never lived.

From Capt. the Hon. E. S. P. Knox,

"21 Rue Franklin,
"Passy, *August 15th*, 1839.

"My dearest Tom,

"I have nothing very particular to tell you, but that Louisa [1] was to be married yesterday at Barham, and was to proceed immediately to Ireland; the Bishop of Meath [2] had been very ill, and they were I believe to go to his house. Your cousin Harriet Hope Vere is engaged to Mr Gooch,[3] eldest son of Sir Thomas, a man

[1] His niece, The Hon. Louisa Juliana, second daughter of Lord Northland, married 14th August 1839 Henry Alexander of Forkill, Co. Armagh.

[2] Nathaniel, Bishop of Meath, father of Mr Henry Alexander. Died 1840.

[3] Edward Sherlock (afterwards Sir Edward Gooch) married 1840 Harriet Hope Vere, and died 1856.

of large property in either Norfolk or Suffolk, a widower aged thirty-five, with two daughters. His first wife was a daughter of Sir George Prescott. Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere is well pleased with the match.

"Bridges Taylor [1] had his desk broken open at the Foreign Office, and was robbed of upwards of £50. It has made a great fuss in Downing Street. The police suspected a maid, upon which she immediately swallowed laudanum. The man put his finger down her throat and she threw it up, but severely bit him for his pains, and she was sent to prison. Doctor M'Loughlin [2] has been over to England (after an absence of twenty-one years) to attend a consultation on Lord Essex, his brother-in-law, a great sufferer from Tic, which our learned friend hopes to turn into gout.

"My horses Palafox and Jessy are in excellent condition; I have got a good steady groom who was fourteen years in the French cavalry. He tells me he was a *sous-officier* at seventeen, and is now not more than thirty-five. Your grandmother complains of her eyes, and sometimes talks of going to England. I hope she will not. Pauline Garcia [3] is engaged for the Italian opera this winter. There is some negotiation going on to have it the alternate night in the French 'Academie de Musique,' but they fear the voices will be lost in so large a salle.

The Versailles railroad was opened on the 1st of August, and they get to it in half an hour. The King [4] is at St Cloud; the Duke of Orleans [5] gone to Algiers, his wife accompanying him to the coast only. The French have begun issuing percussion locks to the Line. I presume you are now a bit of a sailor, and could 'put' a ship about. I think in a few years everything will be

[1] Brother of Mrs James Knox.

[2] D. M'Loughlin, M.D., a fashionable Paris physician, married 1833 Lady Jane Capel, daughter of the fourth Earl of Essex; she died 1849.

[3] Pauline Garcia, sister to Malibran, afterwards married M. Viardot.

[4] Louis Philippe.

[5] Heir to the throne, killed by a fall from his carriage, July 13th, 1842.

done by steam. The *Cyclops* just launched is the largest of that description that has been built; she is to be commanded by a Post-Captain, carrying long 36-pounders on her main deck, four 84's on swivels on the upper deck. Be sure you remember me to Drew [1] of the Niagara. I have known him since 1810, when a middy with Sir John Phillimore. God bless you. Ever your affect. father."

From the same.

"PASSY, *Aug.* 26, 1839.

"We are in daily expectation of a letter from you, which will be most welcome. Your last was from Cork. The papers announced the arrival of the *Athol* at Portsmouth, on the 19th, from Quebec, making sixty-five days from Ireland to the St Lawrence and home.

"Louisa was married on the day intended, and they are gone to Ireland. The Northlands proceed to Ramsgate on the 1st of September, not a popular measure with the ladies, for it is said to be a dull place and expensive,—'*mais c'est difficile de contenter tout le monde.*' Your grandfather's lease of the Place Vendôme will be out on 15th October 1841, and as Madame Pontalba talks of putting the house into thorough repair he will have to move out at that time. Bridges Taylor has recovered a part if not the whole of the money extracted from his desk at the Foreign Office.

"The Duc d'Aumale [2] commences his military career as Lieutenant in the 4th Light Infantry. The tents are made of 'Toile ecrue' unbleached, with air holes; they are six yards in length, and four in breadth, and three in height—sixteen privates in each. A captain has one to himself, and there is one between two subs. The Duc de Nemours commands the camp, which is at Fontainebleau. The Duc and Duchesse d'Orleans are still in the neighbourhood of Bourdeaux, where they

[1] See *ante*.

[2] Younger son of King Louis Philippe.

have been much fêted. The king is at Eu. Matters appear to go on quietly enough, and at present we hear of no intended *émeute*. A very large force is in and about Paris, the guards are increased, and the station houses made musket proof. Nothing like being prepared!

"Marbœuf[1] was re-opened yesterday; it is much improved. A dry rot was discovered, which threatened destruction to the congregation by the probability of the edifice tumbling down, but the architect has now insured our safety, at least during our devotions.

"The new French mail coaches carry three inside; the postillion drives from the box, and the *conducteur* sits behind, where he has a head to put up and down at will; they look comfortable. Mr Henry Lytton Bulwer, the new Secretary of the Embassy, is appointed Minister here during Lord Granville's absence; he is brother to the author.

"Let me know what a letter costs from this or from England, as I intend to re-imburse you for my correspondence, also what you pay *via* New York. Find out the safest and quickest way of communicating; when once settled, I hope you will continue to write regularly."

From the same.

"PASSY, *Sept 7th*, 1839.

"Your letters to Bessy and me of the 21st of July from Quebec only arrived on the 1st inst.! Your friend the Doctor of the *Athol* must have kept them in his desk at least eight days after the arrival of that ship at Portsmouth; however, better late than never, and we were delighted to get them. But do not trust again to a private friend.

"I have written to M. Roussel[2] to offer the same price for our old apartments in the Rue du Helder. He is such an odd fellow, that it is quite uncertain whether he will not ask something quite unreasonable.

[1] The English Church of which Captain Knox was churchwarden.
[2] His landlord.

They have been vacant ever since we left them. Your mother has been looking about for a house, but there is nothing so good to be found for the money. Your sisters, who foolishly longed for a change, begin now to think they may go further and fare worse, and hope to get back to their old quarters.

"Lady Kilmaine [1] has lodged herself at 10 Rue de la Paix for the winter, and her son Lord K.,[2] who at forty-four has just married a girl of eighteen, is coming also. He has seven children by his first wife. There seems every prospect of the Spanish war drawing to a close; the Holy Alliance [3] get tired of supplying Don Carlos with money, which is the real cause of its probable termination. I shall take this letter to Paris and will add any news I can collect. All well at home. GOD bless you. E. S. P. K."

From the same.

"PASSY, *Sept 16th*, 1839.

"On the 13th your letter from St Thomas' arrived, and delighted us much. We traced you through rivers, canals, rapids and high ways on the maps, and I must say you described everything in the most satisfactory way. Doctor M'Loughlin tells me that the French Government intend shortly to steam to New York, in which case our correspondence will be quicker.

"Dr Hamilton, who was passing through the other day, dined with us. He tells me that Lord Tweeddale's [4] invention for making bricks is likely to be very profitable. A superior article is produced much quicker and

[1] Anne, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Cavendish, Bart., married 1793 James Caulfield Browne, second Baron Kilmaine, and died 1863.

[2] John Cavendish, third Baron Kilmaine, born 1794, married first Eliza, daughter of the late David Lyon, Esq.; secondly, 3rd Sept. 1839, Mary, daughter of the late Charles Law, and died 1873.

[3] Ratified at Paris 26th Sept. 1815, between the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and the King of Prussia.

[4] George, eighth Marquess of Tweedale, born 1787, died 10th Oct. 1876.

at considerably less expense. He has got a patent, and by allowing brick-makers to make use of it for a certain percentage he expects to realise a profit of £30,000 per annum. I wish you and I could turn our brains to such good account!

"The Northlands find Ramsgate very dull; Granville [1] is gone to a proprietary school at Blackheath.

"A man named Daguerre has invented a new method of communicating colours to prepared paper, by means of a camera obscura. The reflection of the object must remain for three minutes, when the representation is given most correctly. I believe it requires strong rays from the sun. It is not brought to perfection yet, but it is very curious; they call it 'photographic drawing.'

"Improvements are going on in Paris. The Place de la Concorde has two fountains with fifty or sixty yards of the Luxor, and there are seven large female figures to represent different towns in France. The boulevard over the Rue Basse is to be cut down to within four feet of that street, and to have iron railings instead of a wall for protection. The actors of the Variétés are now playing for the amusement of the camp at Fontainebleau. The papers say that the Duc d'Aumale gave a dinner the other day to the officers of his regiment, including the sergeant major. Gunning has been cutting a piece out of Lady ——'s life, but it appears to be 'cut and come again,' for another slice is to be taken off. She is very well.

"I hope you will all keep a good look-out, and not allow yourselves to be caught napping; if you do, you will never wake, but get your throats cut to a certainty. Miss Octavia Macdonald was Lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Beauty at Lord Eglintoun's tournament,[2] and was herself most beautiful. Van

[1] The Hon. Granville Knox, third son of Lord Northland, born 1st August 1829; was accidentally drowned 18th August 1845.

[2] A magnificent feast and tournament under the auspices of Archibald, Earl of Eglintoun, took place at Eglintoun Castle, 29th August 1839, and the following week. Many of the visitors, among whom was the late Emperor of the French, assumed the characters of ancient Knights, Lady Seymour being "The Queen of Beauty."

Amberg with his wild beasts fills the Porte St Martin every night, he goes amongst them all. A telegraphic despatch this day announces that Don Carlos had taken refuge on French territory; I hope the civil war is at an end.

"Give me every information you can about the country. Lake Erie is not, I believe, frozen in winter. Mr —— has two sons in Canada, one in the Dragoons and the other an amateur. The latter writes to him that he met several deserters in the States, who regretted much having quitted our ranks, and would willingly return on pardon being granted. I hope for your own sake as well as for those who may happen to be under you, that you will make yourself well acquainted with your profession, and not get into any scrape from ignorance or inattention. Anticipate every contingency, and be prepared to meet it calmly; acquire a moral influence over your men; they must look up to you as superior to themselves, or they will not appreciate you. Example is better than precept.

"Miss Osborne [1] does not expect to be married for a year or perhaps two. The little man's talents may be great, but the trade is over-stocked, and he is too prudent to espouse the fair lady without bread to put into her mouth. Mr —— is in Devonshire visiting his future father-in-law. I believe he would be only too happy to get out of the scrape he has got into, but the females are too cunning to let him back out—a warning to young men not to get entangled.

"Capron [2] wrote the other day saying that my will would shortly be sent out for my signature, and that my instructions were so clear and explicit there was no mistaking them. I have told you what I could do for you, in justice to the others. I wish it were more, but there would be no use my following

[1] Miss Maria Osborne was sister to G. A. O., and for many years governess to my three aunts. She married Mr J. C. Chappell, a London doctor, and remained a lifelong friend much beloved by all our family.

[2] Messrs Capron & Co., of Savile Place, the family Solicitors for four generations.

Captain Kearney's testament in 'Peter Simple,' and bequeathing estates that I do not possess. Now farewell, my love for you increases every day."

From the same.

"PASSY, *September 30th*, 1839.

"All well here, and with the exception of your grandmother, all well in the '*Place*.' I often grumbled, to her great annoyance, at all the rich dishes she indulged in; she is now paying for it. The doctor croaks about her, but I do not think there is any cause for alarm.

"The King and Royal Family are at Fontainebleau, where the camp still exists under the Duc de Nemours. The Duc d'Orleans has sailed for Africa, and the Duchesse has returned. Do you see the English papers regularly? Don Carlos is at Bourges, a sort of prisoner. The Civil War in Spain may be considered at an end, and the Marines are coming home. Lord John Hay [1] has had a long command on the coast, and has acquitted himself well; Lady Elizabeth will be proud of him. I believe she is at Worthing, but ready to come to town when Harriet's settlements are drawn up. Your uncle James, who is a politician and a Whig, thinks that the present government has become so radical that they will probably not be able to stand. Lord Grey's party has left them.

"We have taken 2 Rue du Helder. M. Roussel has come back, and has made no objection to the lease made by his father-in-law and wife; I therefore consider it good. I have got the same stables, and on the 15th proximo we shall tumble into our old quarters on last year's terms, with the advantage of fresh paper and paint.

"I saw Sir John Lambert [2] the other day; he has

[1] Lord John Hay, son of the seventh Marquess of Tweeddale. Rear Admiral, R.N., Knight Grand Cross of the Spanish Order Charles III. Born 1793, died 1851. He was brother to Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere.

[2] Sir Henry John Lambert, born 1792, married Anna Maria, daughter of the Hon. Edward Foley. Died 1858.

LT.-COL. THE HON. JAMES AND MRS. KNOX IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU, 1835
From a picture in the possession of Sir Robert Dundas, Bart.

two sons in Canada, one at Niagara in the 43rd. He inquired particularly after you, and also his riding companion, Miss Knox (Bessy)."

From the same.

"2 RUE DU HELDER,
October 16th, 1839.

"Ten days ago your grandmother, accompanied by the Colonel, set off for Boulogne s/M. for change of air; there she still remains, and will, I understand, set out on her return about the 20th. Thomas [1] came over from Ramsgate to see her, which pleased her much. He is coming back with her, and will probably stay in Paris till Parliament meets. Lady R.'s eyes still plague her, but I believe it is more from indigestion than anything else, and she is not over prudent in her diet. Your cousin Harriet was to have been married yesterday; the papers to-morrow will probably announce the event to us. The intended Mrs —— is quite ready and willing to be married, but her lover holds off till his purse is a little heavier. Chappell also hangs fire for the same reason. An ill wind it is that blows nobody good—as it leaves us the society of the dear little Maria Dorinda. She wears his picture next her heart, and longs for the day when she is to be 'part of the Doctor'; but by all accounts it will be a distant one, as legs and arms are not broke half often enough to fill the coffers of our friend. Miss Osborne heard Mrs Bichet abusing Theodore: [2] 'Such an insignificant little fellow to be at the head of a great Lord's establishment.' She thought her own man ought to have had the place. Keep well with the authorities—indeed with all your brother officers. I never was given to quarrelling myself, and I do not think you are either. The Granvilles are to be back on the 20th. I shall leave this to Bessy to fill. GOD bless you."

Bessy, or Elizabeth, adds a few piteously reproachful lines to her father's letter:—

[1] Her eldest son, Lord Northland, then Member for Dungannon.
[2] Lord Ranfurly's groom of the Chambers.

"I cannot tell you," "how disappointed I am at your not writing to me; anything you have to say would interest me, therefore do not take that as an excuse. You ought by this time to have had three letters from me, I shall send you a fourth as soon as I have anything to relate that would amuse you. Papa is hurrying me. Goodbye."

Shortly afterwards she writes :—

"PARIS, *28th October* 1839.

"My dearest Tom,

"Harriet was married on the 17th. The *Courier* said that 'Lady Elizabeth had given a splendid entertainment to a select number of friends in honour of her daughter's marriage. Mama wrote to Hannah to beg she would give some details about the wedding. Aunt Elizabeth never gives any details about anything, except politics. I read your letter to Gd.mama; she gave something between a sigh and a grunt when I came to the part verging on the sentimental, viz., 'if I should fall,' but as you broke off abruptly, she thought it as well not to let her feelings evaporate, and I heard no more grunts! I was very much amused at hearing her say that there was such a nice *perruche* at the Hotel des Bains at Boulogne, and she took a great fancy to it on account of its extraordinary likeness to Mr —— ——! (a cousin). Grandmama has got a box at the French and Italian operas. Lady Kilmaine lives in the Rue de la Paix, and aunt James spends nearly the whole of every day with her. She is a very nice person, and comes pretty often to Grandmama's in the evening. A madwoman threw a stone at the King the other day; it broke the carriage window, and struck the Queen's forehead; however, she was not much hurt. Pray write to me *very often*, and very long letters. Every member of the family send their love."

From Capt. the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"PARIS, *November 10th*, 1839.

"Either Bessy or I will write to you by every steamer, and we almost expect that you will return the com-

pliment. I cannot express to you the delight that your handwriting gives us.

"The Italian opera is very good. I am getting fond of it, and among the uninitiated pass for a connoisseur. Grisi is absent, having lately produced a boy, which the world fathers upon Lord ——. Pauline Garcia is a great favourite; she was to have acted for the first time in the 'Barbière' last night, but was prevented by indisposition.

"Lord Munster [1] occupies the house No. 1 Place Beauvais that Lady Hopetoun did. He rides out with the Ladies Fitz-Clarence. Fauchet, who teaches them, or rather did teach them, calls them the '*Demoiselles Monstres.*' I have been favoured with two letters from Miss Eliz. Nixon to get franks—this is now the rage, as the privilege expires with this year.

"I have promised your mother the remainder of this sheet."

From the Hon. Mrs E. S. P. Knox.

"My dearest Tom,

"Whenever your father gets thoroughly to the end of his letter he makes over his paper to me, who would willingly take a whole sheet to give you the news of the day! Now he has left me absolutely nothing, except that your uncle Northland is thinking of Brussels as his residence next year, and they wish to leave young Mary [2] with us here until the spring. Your aunt James is *aux anges* at the idea of having her, first because she is very fond of her; secondly because it is a companion for her instead of her dull life in the entresol, and lastly she will have her full fling of the gay world, unrestrained by hours, as of course Mary cannot be made a Cinderella to come home at twelve o'clock. I do not know how

[1] Colonel George Fitz-Clarence, eldest illegitimate son of William IV., was elevated to the Peerage in the above dignities by letters patent, dated June 4, 1831. He married, 1819, Miss Mary Wyndham, daughter of George, Earl of Egremont, and died 1842.

[2] The Hon. Mary Stuart, eldest daughter of Lord Northland, born 1818; married, 1854, John Page Reade, Esq., of Stutton, Suffolk.

we shall all agree when the Stronges come. I expect some feuds in the house; but fortunately I have nothing to do with them. I take Bessy nowhere now, and shall not for two years to come. Did your father ever tell you we have had some trouble with little Isabella's figure? She is in danger of not being straight.[1] We are obliged to take her to a very expensive gymnastic establishment for two hours every day. It is much too serious to be neglected.

"Your grandmother is much altered for the worse since you saw her, and sometimes I think she will never be quite well again. But take no notice of this when you write, as she likes to hear your letters read. Your grandfather is a perfect evergreen. If I hear of any one going to Canada, I will send you some music for your band, a very pretty sort of waltz, but too long to be copied into a letter."

[1] A danger, destined unhappily to be realised, to her lifelong suffering.

CHAPTER IV

Death o Lady Ranfurly—Her Funeral at Hunsdon—Lady Kilmaine —Rachel—Queen Victoria's Marriage Postponed—De Beriot—Pauline Garcia—Ensign Knox has a Narrow Escape in Canada —The *Malade Imaginaire*—Hon. St John Butler—Illness of Lord Ranfurly—Pauline Stronge—Illness and Death of Lord Ranfurly—His Funeral at Dungannon—Murder of Lord William Russell by Courvoisier—Napoleon's Body to be brought from St Helena—Captain Knox Visits Limerick—Family Changes—Sad Presentiments of Queen Victoria—Journey to Spa—Hon. Mrs W. Stuart—An Alarming Adventure—A Gay Summer—Visit to Waterloo—Trial of Prince Louis Bonaparte—Theatricals at the English Embassy—Miss Marion Ellice—Rumours of War.

From Capt. the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"2 RUE DU HELDER, PARIS,
November 30th, 1839.

"YOUR letter of 24th October from Sandwich arrived on 26th inst., *vid* Havre. I have now the melancholy news to tell you of the death of your grandmother. She had been drooping for some time, could hardly see, but dined at table and drove out as usual. On Sunday night the 24th she breathed her last about twelve o'clock. She complained of suffocation, the doctor and your uncle James were sent for, and she went off without a struggle. The doctor thinks it was the rupture of a blood-vessel near the heart, but as she was not opened, this must remain conjecture.

"She was an amiable, kind-hearted woman. A few days before her death she said to me, 'I love my grandsons Thomas [1] and Tom [2] better even than their fathers.'

[1] Eldest son of Lord Northland.

[2] Eldest son of Captain Knox. It was the custom in the family to name every eldest son thus.

"Your Aunt Fanny, as you may suppose, was dreadfully affected. Your grandfather was known to sob a good deal in secret, but he managed to keep his spirits up, and even to appear cheerful.

"On Thursday the body was placed in a travelling hearse and proceeded to England. Your three uncles will attend the funeral, which will probably take place about Friday next; she is to be laid by her father and mother, Lord and Lady Pery, in a vault of the Calverts, at Pelham, near Hunsdon. Thomas and Mary were on their way here, unconscious of the event. Your Uncle James met them on the road and communicated it to them the day before yesterday, near St Denis.

"Some days have now elapsed, and serenity is beginning to appear. We must be reconciled to our loss. I dare say you will be rejoiced to find that the black letter is not to announce the death of one of your immediate family; however much you loved my poor dear mother, still one of our own little circle would affect you more.

In connection with Lady Ranfurly's death, I have been told that she had a horror of premature burial, so much so that she had made her physician promise that he would cut a vein in her wrist, or in some way make sure that she was really dead. I believe this promise was never fulfilled, but it is a curious fact that, as she lay in her coffin, her colour remained so bright that her son James would not believe that life was extinct until this was proved to him beyond the possibility of doubt.

"My will," continues Captain Knox, "was so long being prepared that I have only just been able to execute it. I was in a great fidget lest I should have been called away before I had fulfilled my promise.

"The Wray estate[1] is now mine, but when the revenue of it will come in I do not know.

[1] The Wray estate, in the county of Limerick, was the property of the late Lady Ranfurly, as co-heiress to her father, Viscount Pery.

"It is a curious co-incidence that you and Maunsell,[1] ensigns next each other, should be the sons of the joint-proprietors of a property held in so extraordinary a way, namely, each a tenth of the Earl of Buckinghamshire's lands in Limerick.

"Miss Mayward, an American dancer, has appeared with great *éclat* at the French opera; Fanny Elsster is going to New York. Van Amberg was bit by a lion a long while ago, performed again too soon, and re-opened the wound. Gunning attends him. He, who risks his life every day, among the wild beasts every day, cries like a child at the sight of a lancet. Lady Katherine Bernard has taken the premises of the Hôtel Bedford, and intends to be gay. Mr Osborne was dining in the Palais Royal the other day, when a violent explosion took place in the Rue Montpensier just behind it. *Galignani* says to-day that a mystery hangs over the affair. No lives were lost, but it must have been from some machine, as bullets were found. If I were to form a conjecture, I should say it was to try the effect of an instrument to destroy the King. These horrible fellows will, I fear, at last accomplish their diabolical object. The Tuileries are doubly guarded, and I believe every precaution is taken."

From the Same.

"HELDER, *7th December*, 1839.

"My last letter will have told you of the death of your grandmother. Your uncles Northland, John, and James were present at the funeral, which probably took place yesterday. Your grandfather and aunt Fanny are now quite composed, and reconciled to our loss. We ought to have expected it, but as Lady Pery, her mother, lived to ninety, and was for many years a 'rickety crock,' we thought your grandmother would do the same.

"Lady Kilmaine, who lives in the rue de la Paix is now very intimate at No. 22 (Place Vendôme). Her son, Lord K., wrote to her to get apartments and servants

[1] Eldest son of the Ven. Archdeacon Maunsell of Limerick.

for him. She took them at the Bedford. He then said he could not come, and Lady Katherine Barnard relieved her of them. Again he said he would come, and rooms were taken at the 'Chatham,' wood laid in, etc. Now a child has got, or is getting the measles! and he cannot come. Is not this a little trying to the temper?

"The French are much annoyed with a recent attack on them in Algeria. The Royal Dukes are all anxious to go out with a strong reinforcement that proceeds immediately. The Duc d'Aumale is made Chef de Bataillon—quick promotion this! Mlle Rachel [1] is allowed to act once a week only, her health being only partially restored.

"Letters in England weighing only half an ounce go from one end of the Kingdom to the other for 4d.; it is to be reduced hereafter to one penny [2] per stamped cover."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"2 RUE DU HELDER,
December 31st, 1839.

"You must, long before this reaches you, have heard of the death of poor Grandmama. Papa has written to you twice since, and this time he has been very generous and given up the turn to us.

"Everything goes on as usual here. Thomas spent about a month here, and went away the day after Christmas. Mary is to spend the winter with us, and in a fortnight she is to begin going out to balls, etc. It will then be eight weeks since Grandmama died, and they think that is long enough to stay at home. Lord Kilmaine and his pretty young wife are arrived, and have taken up their quarters opposite old Lady Kilmaine's in the Hôtel Westminster. There are four daughters, and only six years between the eldest and her step-mother. Lady Kilmaine is delighted with her

[1] Elisa Rachel, the celebrated French tragedienne, was born in Switzerland, of poor Jewish parents, 1820. She died at Cannet, near Toulon, 1858. As an artist within the limits of her genius, she has probably never been quite equalled.

[2] Penny postage commenced January 10th, 1840.

THE HON. E. S. P. KNOX, AS A MIDSHIPMAN, ABOUT 1800
From a miniature

new daughter-in-law, whom she had never seen before, and we are going to-morrow (New Years' Day) to her house in the evening to meet all her grandchildren, six Brownes and two Disbrowes.[1] We shall have dancing, and most probably the infant phenomenon (as we call Isabella) will perform your favourite dance, the Cachucha. Isabella can't bear being called by that name. Another that the likes still less is 'the intellectual magpie.' Mr Baillie Cochrane, who saw her at the opera, said she had 'a most intellectual countenance' and Miss Osborne made her believe that she had been thought very like a magpie, so we have teased her ever since about the Cock falling in love with the Magpie, and it is a very tender subject.

"I hope you intend to keep up a regular correspondence with me. You cannot think what pleasure it gives me to get your letters; they are never stupid, so you have no excuse. Even when you have nothing to say, *write*.

"I have got such a queer little picture of papa when he was fourteen, in his midshipman's dress. Mama has one that was done thirty years ago; there is still a great likeness."

From the Hon. Mrs E. S. P. Knox.

(*Same date.*)

"My dearest Tom,

"As usual I come worst off, when you have heard all the news from others! We have got over the first shock of your dear grandmother's death, but we feel her loss, I think, even more now that we are returning to our old routine of life. She was always so good and kind and so generous, nothing can ever make up to us for the loss of such a parent. If your grandfather is spared, we may enjoy a few more years of our present comfort; after that will come a grievous break-up. Bessy is getting on well in every way, and after she is seventeen (next April twelve months), or a month or

[1] The Hon. Sarah Louisa Browne, youngest daughter of the second Baron Kilmaine, married, 1825, Lieut.-Col. Disbrowe.

two later, I have a great desire to take her to London for a few weeks if I can any way accomplish it, or even for a month, as I think by that time she ought to see a little of her own country and her relations. We are anxious to give her all the advantages we can, not that I expect her to go off soon. Girls who have neither pretty faces nor money down do not marry so easily, and of all things I shall try to steer clear of romantic love affairs, which are the ruin of so many. I see so much of the bad consequences arising from silly girls falling in love that I am determined to keep a good look out. Emily [1] is growing very tall and very pretty; she will feel the loss of her grandmother more than any of us. God bless you."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"*January 23rd*, 1840.

"I expect a letter from you every day now. The Queen has put off her marriage, on account of the death of the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg.[2] Prince Albert is represented as everything that is delightful. One of the papers says that there is 'a certain something in His Royal Highness' mild blue eyes which captivates every one." George Disbrowe, who was the Queen Dowager's page, has been summoned to attend the wedding. Colonel Disbrowe would not tell him he had been sent for, as he thought it would turn his head, but he knows he is to go.

"There was a charity sermon at Marbœuf on Sunday for the British Free School. Papa held the plate, but as only 1200 francs were collected, another sermon is to be preached by the first popular preacher they can get, and in order to get more money, instead of two gentlemen standing at the door, six ladies are to go round the Church and stop before everybody with the plate. I think it will be a very good plan, as nobody can help giving. The Committee's fund is very low;

[1] Daughter of the Hon. James Knox.

[2] Princess Elizabeth of England, daughter of King George III.; married, 1818, the Landgraf of Hesse-Homburg, and died 1840.

they are thinking of having a charity ball under Lady Granville's patronage, but nothing has been decided yet.

"Lady Granville gave a great ball a fortnight ago; Mary went with Aunt James, but it was so dreadfully crowded in consequence of the Spanish Infanta being there, that she could only dance once, and they had to wait an hour in the hall before they could get the carriage.

"Sarah [1] is not gone yet. What with presents, and selling Grandmama's clothes, she has got about £100. Grandmama left me a handsome short black satin cloak lined with fur, which I have found very comfortable in cold weather. She left a very nice large one and some black lace to Mama, everything else to Aunt Fanny.

"Mr Gauthier [2] has just made up a match between two of his pupils, the Marquis de Clermont-Tonnerre and Mlle de Crillon. He used always to praise them to each other, and so they ended by marrying! He is quite proud of his work, and says that he thinks match-making is such a profitable trade that he will give up teaching German and turn '*Marchand de jeunes gens et de jeunes demoiselles, en gros et en détail.*'

"I dont think you like crossing, and besides all my bright ideas have been put to flight by the exertion of dancing the Gavotte with Monsieur Fauchet, so it is time to conclude. Lady Theodosia Bligh died on Tuesday the 21st. Write to me on my birthday, or if possible, so that I should get a letter about that time.

"I do not think Miss Osborne will be married next spring. Papa teases her when he finds pieces of orange peel about the streets, as he says they are put there on purpose by the young 'Sawbones.'"

From the same.

"*February 29th*, 1840.

"There is to be a great fancy ball given by Colonel Thom, an American, on Monday. The Stronges and

[1] Lady Ranfurly's maid.

[2] A German master.

Aunt James have been trying to get an invitation, but they have not as yet succeeded. Lady ——, who is sixty-five, is going as Anne Boleyn. Somebody said she had chosen a most appropriate character, as by doing so she showed that she had *lost her head!* Next Tuesday, I am sorry to say, is Mardi Gras, and I suppose as usual we shall have visitors, and all the windows open for the sake of looking at those stupid masks. It is very cold, and freezing rather hard, but the worst thing is the easterly wind, which, besides giving us all colds, prevents the Havre packets coming in, and our getting a letter from you. Mr Gauthier says that he never saw such a peaceable united family as we are, and that ever since he has known us there has only been one feud among us, and that was what he calls the 'Kaziäner' and Anti-Kaziäner,' namely, the great quarrel about the white cat, in which you played such a disgraceful double part, and which caused Mrs Bichet so many tears! De Beriot is going to marry Thalberg's sister, and Pauline Garcia (Malibrau's sister) is going to marry Viardot, the manager of the Italian Opera here. The lovers of music have been much scared by a report that there is to be no Italian Opera here next winter, as there is no house to be had. Papa goes to the Opera every Saturday and is quite a connoisseur! He knows by instinct in what part of Rubini's songs he is to turn up the whites of his eyes. I suppose that you never hear any music, and that there are no pianos in America. Tell me when you write what you do all day, and if you see any books or newspapers. Everything interests me, as you know."

From the Hon. Mrs E. S. P. Knox.

PARIS, *February 27th*, 1840.

"We are suffering from the east wind in all its bitterness, and your father cannot ride, it has been so cold of late. The Stronges arrived here ten days ago, and they have been enjoying themselves very fairly, considering how late they came. They were asked to the Embassy directly they arrived, and got a very

cordial reception from Lady Granville; whether they will be invited again soon is unknown, but they have had some other things to go to. Pauline Stronge [1] is as gay and agreeable as ever: she and Mary Stuart (Knox) pull together tolerably well. Your father generally takes five or six girls out to walk in the morning. Mary and Pauline among them; they fight for the *place d'honneur* which they call his left arm, being next the heart.

"We hear a great deal of the beauty and pleasing qualities of Prince Albert, who seems to be admired by all. He is just your age, and Mrs Bichet *will* picture him to herself as like you! I am afraid we must allow she is too partial. I expected some account of him from your Aunt Elizabeth, but she has not written to me for an age, being probably too much occupied with the gaieties of London. I hope the results may be favourable to some of the girls. By the time you come home I shall be occupied taking Bessy into the world. I wonder if I shall have any luck! *Entre nous soit dit*, she is an uncommonly fine girl, though not a bit pretty. But her figure is improving, and when she speaks and gets animated you forget she is plain. Then she is thought very agreeable in conversation.

"Of course we all remain together during your grandfather's life which I hope and trust may last some years yet. After that your Uncle James will go somewhere else, but whether to London or the back of some mountain remains undecided. He is very pleasant in the Place Vendôme, but as to a cottage of his own, I am not so certain. Besides I do not like cottages myself, or rural retirements, except for a very short time in the summer. Your grandfather is, thank God perfectly well, and enjoys the society of the Stronges very much. Lady S. goes out in the carriage with him every day, and he talks to her all the time. They all wanted to wear mourning a year, but your grandfather

[1] Pauline, second daughter of Sir James Stronge. Married 1842, Capt. M'Clintock Bunbury, and died 1876.

would not allow it beyond six months. He hates anything dismal."

From Capt. the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

(Same date).

"Your mother has written so much that it leaves me nothing to say. You will see by the papers that the Chambers have refused the Duc de Nemours, a marriage dotation, and the Ministry have resigned. Theirs is talked of as Premier, but nothing is yet settled."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"PARIS, *31st March* 1840.

"Your letter arrived on the 15th, you can fancy how glad we were to hear that you had not been drowned.[1]

"It is much pleasanter at No. 22 since the Stronges are here. Aunt James and Lady Stronge receive visitors every Tuesday from two till six. They have a regular levée and are always dead tired in the evening, from talking and making me agreeable so long. Uncle James and Sir James violently opposed their having a reception, as they said it was giving themselves the airs of an ambassadress! However the ladies conquered, and as Uncle James would not give up the entresol, they settled in the music room. Mary[2] seems to enjoy being here; she goes out a great deal, which Uncle James does not approve of, as it keeps my aunt up late, and disturbs his rest. Grandpapa gave each of his grand-daughters £5 to put them out of mourning at once, as he is tired of seeing us all in black. I am to begin riding again to-morrow, as Jessy, the black mare, carries a lady very well and she is to have the honour of carrying my light weight. I hope you thought of me on the 16th.[3] I hoped you would get my letter about that time. Tell me whether you did.

[1] My father had a narrow escape in Canada, from drowning by the upsetting of a boat, and by a strange coincidence Capt E. S. P. Knox dreamt the same night that he saw his son struggling in the water.

[2] Hon. Mary Knox, her cousin.

[3] Her birthday and his.

We went some time ago to the Français, and saw your favourite piece? the 'Malade Imaginaire,' which shocked Pauline and Mary a little; however, we all enjoyed it hugely. To-inght we are going there again to see Rachel in 'Horace.'

"There was a paragraph in some paper a short time ago, in which a reward was promised to whoever could lead to the discovery of 'the Honble. St John Butler'[1] He is a brother-in-law of Mrs James Butler, and is living here. From the way in which the thing was worded, everybody suspected that nothing to his advantage would result, but it has turned out that some distant relation of Mrs Butler had left her husband £80,000! fancy what a pleasant discovery.

"I wish you would write oftener. It is not very satisfactory to be scribbling away to a person who never answers one's letters! Mr Gauthier is hurrying me, so I have only time to conclude in haste."

From the same.

"*April 26th*, 1840.

"We have been very uneasy about grandpapa. About three weeks ago, he got the hiccough which lasted a week without intermission and left him very weak. The weakness went on increasing so, that Gunning was called in, he said it was pressure on the brain, and ordered cupping, but our learned leech was against that, and as the majority were on his side, it was not done. Two days after that, as the patient was still in the same state, they sent for Mr Motte, a very clever American surgeon, who relieved them of all anxiety. He said there was not the slightest danger, that he never saw an old man with such an excellent constitution, that he had no disease, and all he ordered was some tonics. Uncle Northland was written for on Wednesday, he got the letter at nine o'clock, Friday morning, left Ramsgate immediately, and arrived here on Saturday at seven in the evening. I don't think

[1] The Hon. St John Butler, second son of the twenty-second Lord Dunboyne. He was born 1808.

it is possible to travel faster. I am sure seeing him will do grandpapa a great deal of good. He is so dreadfully low-spirited, always wishing to die, says that he is a burthen to everybody, and that reason tells him he ought to die. All this makes poor Aunt Fan very unhappy; she is miserable enough as it is when anything is the matter with him. Sometimes she awakes in the night, fancying he is dead, and the other night she ran into his room to see if he moved. This is all from the shock she had at grandmama's death.

"Amongst other fashionable marriages, I must tell you of young Needham's, who was at school with you, and who lately led to the hymeneal altar the daughter of a butcher and widow of a glazier. That was certainly a marriage in high life! They say Lord Leveson [1] is going to be married to Lady Acton, but nobody knows if it is true or not. The Stronges are still here, they were to have left last Friday, but in getting out of the train at Versailles Sir James slipped and cut his hand, tore his coat, and lost a ring. The two last were of no serious consequence, but Mr Gunning said that travelling would inflame his hand and make it very bad, so the journey was put off till Wednesday. Pauline and Mary are great friends, and both very fond of you, particularly Pauline; they desire me to give you their love. I suppose by this time you are at Montreal. Mrs Johnson is there, so find her out. She lives with a relation, a Mrs Leslie. She is a very nice person, and we all liked her very much. Pray give her my love, and tell her I often wish she were sitting with us on the balcony at the Place Vendôme in the evening, as she used to do this time last year. It is getting very hot now. On Friday there are to be grand rejoicings for the King's fête, and on Saturday and Sunday for the little Count de Paris's [2] christening. Princess Victoria

[1] Lord Leveson, eldest son of Earl Granville, born 11th May, 1815. Married first, 25th July 1840, Maria Louisa only child and heir of Emeric Duc d'Alberg, and widow of Sir Ferdinand Acton, Bart., of Oldenham.

[2] Louis Philippe, Comte de Paris, only son of the Duc d'Orleans, born 1838.

is arrived at St Cloud, and is to be married on Monday.

"The Spanish gentleman who lived below is gone away. Well-authenticated report says that he was a model of good masters, that his *maître d'hotel* is the third that has made his fortune with him, for he is always making him presents. The other day it was a gold-headed cane which cost 100 francs, and a great-coat that cost 300 francs, and that he had only worn three times. Besides this, the *maître d'hotel* gets so much that he and the cook are able to put 1000 francs into the Savings Bank every quarter and get two ten franc tickets a week for all the fashionable masked balls. I think if you were here, he would always be held up to you as an example, even better than Captain Hatton brushing his own clothes!

"I shall keep this open till I hear something more of grandpapa, as it seems Dr M'Loughlin thought him in a bad way last night, and Dr Motte is to see him this morning at ten o'clock. There is no knowing what to think, all the doctors vary so in their opinions.

"Am not I a devoted sister? I came down before seven this morning for the purpose of entertaining you, and now I have been writing more than an hour. I must say your letters are 'few and far between.'

"2 *o'clock Sunday*.—Dr Motte has just seen grandpapa and gives very little hope of his recovery. He is getting weaker, but there is no knowing how long he may last.[1] Good-bye, and pray write to me soon.

From the same.

"PARIS, *May 15th*, 1840.

"You must by this time have received two letters, one from me with an account of poor grandpapa's illness, and the other from mama telling you of his death. Papa, Uncle James, and Uncle Ranfurly are gone to Dungannon to attend the funeral. Uncle John is in London, but dreads crossing the sea, so he is

[1] Lord Ranfurly died April 26, 1840, aged eighty-six years.

not going, which rather vexes Aunt Fanny, as she wished the four sons to be there.

"Papa will be back here about the 4th of next month, as he is going to Limerick to treat his tenants with the sight of the tenth part of their landlord. In the beginning of July we are all going together to Spa, to spend two months there. We shall come back by Brussels, and stay there a few days, go to Antwerp by the railroad and see everything there is to be seen, and then come back here for the winter. Aunt Fanny is going to take an apartment in the Rue Castiglione, close to the Tuileries, for three years. She is still at No. 22, and she and Aunt James share the household expenses. Uncle James had at first settled to spend the winter at Brussels, but it seems he has changed his mind, for he wrote to Aunt James to say he would keep the entresol on his own account till the lease was out, next October twelvemonth. This she does not like at all, as there is no dining-room, and they are very much cramped as it is. Besides, she does not like staying on in that house after Aunt Fanny goes. How it will be settled I cannot tell. At any rate we shall have a pleasant summer, and Aunt Fan is quite delighted at the thoughts of going to Spa. She is so much better than we ever thought she would be. She did not feel grandpapa's death half so much as grandmama's, for it seems she was quite prepared. What she dreaded most was a sudden death, and it is a great comfort to her to think she was near him the whole time when he was dying. She intends to make Paris her headquarters, and to travel at least four months in the year. Mary is gone back to Ramsgate. Uncle Ranfurly has promised to bring her and perhaps one or two of the others to Spa for a month when we are there.

"I suppose you have heard of the murder of Lord William Russell?[1] He was found dead in bed, with his throat cut from ear to ear. His Swiss servant is strongly suspected.

[1] Lord William Russell, son of fourth Duke of Bedford, born 1767, was murdered on May 6, 1840, by his valet, Courvoisier, who was tried and executed for the crime.

"Pauline is gone; she was always anxious to hear about you, and sending you her love. She is very unhappy at the death of the Rector of Tynan, Mr Mauleverer, of whom I daresay you have often heard her speak. He died quite suddenly; he was found dead in his study, after having taken a walk in the garden. His wife and daughter had gone to spend the day at Armagh, and when they came home they found him a corpse.

They are going to bring Napoleon's remains from St Helena, but there is a great dispute as to where they are to be buried. Some vote for the Invalides, others say it ought to be under the copper pillar in Place Vendôme, or in the Madelaine. Nothing is settled yet. There are two new fountains in the Place de la Concorde, bronze and gilt, very handsome, and they improve the look of the place. Baron von Hermann [1] was very low-spirited at going away, and took most affectionate leave of us. You see I have cheated Mama out of her part of the letter, but she will write you a whole one by the next packet. Good-bye, my own dear Tom."

From the Hon. Mrs E. S. P. Knox.

"PARIS, *May 23rd*, 1840.

"I had a letter from your father yesterday, dated Dungannon, on the day before the funeral. He seemed much affected at the prospect of it, and there was something in the manner in which it was to be conducted that increased that feeling. The coffin was to be borne by his own labourers to the grave. Your father and your two uncles had been three days at Dungannon, but had not shown themselves out of the grounds. The following five days were to be spent in inspecting the estate and also the town concerns. Your uncle Ranfurly gives up everything to your father's advice and direction, being anxious to get his affairs into good order. If your grandfather could have known when he was dying the part his two elder sons are acting to

[1] The late Lord Ranfurly's valet.

each other, he would have had much satisfaction in it. Lady R. is quite pleased at your father's interference, and grateful for it. It will be necessary for them to remain some years abroad. I believe Mrs Calvert seemed much disappointed at your Aunt Fanny not going to live in London: she had fancied that she and her brother James would live together. But I believe it is better to have separate *ménages*. Fanny will always go away for a few months in the year, and next spring I know it is her intention to go to London. I should like to do the same, if ways and means allow, but that is beyond my power to say at this moment. Bessy is longing to see it, though she will not find it quite so amusing as she expects. I should have so little means of taking her out in the gay world. Perhaps she might go to a ball at Mrs Scott Murray's, a few evenings at your Aunt Elizabeth's, and be presented at Court, where she would have the honour of kissing Queen Victoria's hand, and getting a kiss herself from Prince Albert, at least if he performs the part the Prince Regent did in my time. Your Aunt Fan is to sign her lease for the *premier* in the Rue Castiglione in two or three days' time. It is a very pretty and very compact apartment, and there is one small spare room in the entresol for any of her nephews that may come. Francis, for instance; I am not sure whether Viscount Northland would like an entresol room. I like that young man very much; he is so thoroughly good-natured among his relations and shows no finery with us.

"Miss Osborne comes back to me for a year at least, and this I am very glad of. I have your sisters all to myself now, and really they are so good and so steady they are no trouble to me, only that it is a confinement as I can't leave them alone. Bessy teaches Isabella all common things and I teach her music. Susan is growing a very fine-looking girl, and Isabella is very pretty, but still requires constant gymnastics. Bessy is my right hand.

"Mr Osborne is really and truly to be married in August, about a month after we leave Paris. He has got a house in the Rue de Londres, which is to be

furnished for them by the lady's father, and I believe that is all he will get in the way of fortune; that is, the furniture is given him, the rent he pays himself.

From Capt. the Hon. E. P. Knox.

"UNITED SERVICE CLUB,
"*June 5th*, 1840.

"It is indeed a very long time since I wrote to you, but I have been travelling about, as I will tell you hereafter, and much occupied. Miss Osborne is here on leave, and there is no moving her homewards, so infatuated is she with her little man. I will now give you a little detail of what I have done since I left Paris. Your uncles, Lady Mary and I, left that capital the day after your poor grandfather's body; we landed at Dover and went on to Ramsgate, where the family were staying, went on by steam to London a day or two after, from whence we railed to Liverpool, and by Dublin to Dungannon. The funeral was on the 18th of May, and quite private. During some days I was much engaged in assisting the young Earl in his affairs, and went over the whole estate with Pole, who seems a smart, clever agent. We proceeded *via* Dublin to Limerick, where we were hospitably received by my co-proprietor [1] in the Wray Estate. It is situated about sixteen miles from the city and is for its size one of the best in the country. It is almost all in pasture, with a respectable and contented tenantry, and will give me a net revenue of £500 per annum. The Archdeacon is an excellent man, and Lord Buckinghamshire and I are most fortunate in having such a person to manage the property. You and your brother ensign Maunsell will succeed to the shares in these lands, he by entail and you by my Will. Your uncle James was busily employed looking after his own property in Limerick and Clare. We spent three days in the former and returned to Dublin, where we re-joined the Earl, and came on here.

"I dined with Mrs Scott Murray yesterday.

[1] The Ven. Archdeacon Maunsell.

Charles is still at College. I hear he is a very nice fellow.

"Sir Henry Pigot [1] has but a short time to live, he is going off like your grandfather. Lady Skelmersdale [2] is dead, and Lord Durham [3] is booked for the other world. We must all take our turn.

"Remember me to the Taylors and Warres. His friend Mlle. d'Hénin is still one of the belles of Paris, and a very nice girl she is."

From the same.

"Rue du Helder,
"*June 29th*, 1840.

"I returned from England with the love-sick Maria [4] on Sunday last, the 21st. She and I steamed it to Herne Bay, and coached it to Dover, and had a very rough passage in the *Water Witch*, and contributed largely to the maintenance of the finny race. The Colonel's carriage was at Boulogne and we posted up in it. I found all the establishment in good case, and longing to go off to Spa.

"Alas! things are much changed. No family reunion at dinner in the 'Place.' Your good and kind grandfather and grandmother are now resting in peace. I can only now look back with thankfulness for the many years they were spared to us, and have the melancholy satisfaction of thinking I contributed all in my power to their comfort, and never gave them a moment's pain.

"The Stronges were in London—Pauline as amiable and romantic as ever. She had been to Chatham to visit Sir H. Warre, and was bragging of the number of partners she got in the garrison, which, however, on close investigation, proved to be the worthy commandant

[1] Henry Orlando Pigot died November 1840.

[2] Mary Elizabth, daughter of the Rev. Edward Taylor of Bifrons, Kent, married, 1796, Edward Bootle Wilbraham, afterwards first Baron Skelmersdale, and died 1840.

[3] John George Lambton, first Earl of Durham, died 28th July 1840.

[4] Miss Osborne.

and some old adjutants. Tudor [1] asked me to dinner three times when in London, but I could not go. The last invite was to a great spread of twenty-four, but I was seized with a violent rheumatism in my shoulder and declined. He has a magnificent house in Portman Square, the dining-room forty feet long. So you may judge of its size. He has also got possession of his new mansion in Paris, which General Cass the American Minister occupied for the last three years. I believe he intends to give great entertainments. I suppose he has plenty of money; if he is living on capital his friends will desert him when it is gone.

"I hope you observe that I do not trouble you with advice now. I expect that you have come to years of discretion, and that as I have raised your income to the utmost I can afford (and indeed that you ought to have) that you will spend it like a gentleman, and not run out. Colonel Charles Knox [2] told me that you were very much liked in the 85th and that you were considered the best recruit they had had for some time, and that you did your work well. This gratified me much, as I think a man should always do what he undertakes in the best possible manner and with the greatest care to those he has to do with. An officer had better retire than do his duty in a slovenly way. Sooner or later negligence or inattention are sure to get a man into disgrace.

"I have got the old family diligence painted and put into complete order, and on Saturday, July 4th, we hope to be under weigh for Spa, remain there till September 10th, and be back in this house about the 20th of that month.

"Your Aunt's new house is No. 4 Rue Castiglione, where she intends to give little parties next winter. I left the Hopes quite well, the girls very affectionate; they are very fond of you. I must say I am always delighted when I hear your praises—*c'est mon côté faible!*"

[1] George Tudor, at one time M.P. for Barnstaple.

[2] Charles Henry, fourth son of the Bishop of Derry, born 1808, died 1864.

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"PARIS, *June 30th*, 1840.

"I am thinking of nothing but the pleasure of leaving Paris, and anticipate much enjoyment at Spa. We are to set out on the 4th and to spend six days on the road, I believe.

"Uncle James has quite given up taking a house in London, and he intends keeping on the entresol till the end of the lease. I don't think Uncle Ranfurly has much chance of getting rid of the rest of the house, it is so very dirty.

"I suppose you know that Courvoisier has confessed the murder of Lord William Russell. He was a friend of Jacques, and supped at the Place Vendôme two or three times, last winter. Foreign servants, and particularly Swiss, are quite in disrepute in London now, which is very wrong, and all the Swiss are very unhappy about it.

"I hear the Queen has taken it into her head that she will die in her confinement, and she has had everything at Claremont settled just as it was when Princess Charlotte was there, even to the same furniture in her bedroom! She goes there constantly, and intends to be confined there, quite convinced that she is to die. Is it not an extraordinary fancy? There have been some caricatures about London, representing the Queen lying dead in bed, with a dead child in her arms, and *November* written under it. She has been so popular since the last attempt on her life; however, I hope there will be no more of it. Mama wants to write to you, so I shall give her up the next sheet. Adieu, my dear Tom."

From the Hon. Mrs E. S. P. Knox.

(*Same date.*)

"So many have written to you that there is little left for me, except to say how we rejoice in the length and frequency of your letters. It is the greatest possible comfort to us, and above all to your father. He has been fagged out both in mind and body during the last two months. All the affairs of the family

have fallen upon him, both in Ireland and London. I think when we get to Spa he will be better, for he will have a little repose. Here he has all the torment of disposing of the Place Vendôme for your Uncle Ranfurly, and that cannot be done at this season. You will hear from us soon after we get to Spa; how I shall think of you when I see the 'Pouhon'!"

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"SPA, *July 20th*, 1840.

"My last informed you of our intention of coming here. Our party left Paris on the 4th in the old coach, which I had had put into perfect order, new wheels, paint, etc. It certainly had rather the appearance of a Diligence, but was comfortable and commodious. We came by Rheims, Mezières, Dinant, and Namur, and arrived here on the 9th without anything remarkable happening, save the Postillion's horse falling and the wheel going over his leg. But I am happy to say it was not broken and I have since ascertained that he is doing well. Your Aunt Fan followed us on the same route on the 6th. In a year or two the Chemin de Fer will be to the Rhine, passing within two leagues of this, and as one is in progress from Paris to the capital of Belgium the journey here will be very easy.

"We have got a very large and comfortable house called Hotel de l'Europe, for you must know that every habitation has a name; dukes, princes, kingdoms and continents are inflicted on each domicile. Your uncles and aunts lived near us at the Hotel de France, which I had ready for them. We have plate and linen which they wash for us, and after lodging our whole family magnificently and with two '*lits de maître*' to spare, we pay 500 francs per month, which is not dear for the 'Belle Saison.' I must say that Spa is not in as great fashion as it was some years back; however, we enjoy it very much. We have our whole establishment here, save the groom and horses, and I am very glad I did not bring them, as the mountain roads are not calculated for English steeds. I hire two at 105 francs

per month each, and we take long and pleasant rides. Your Uncle James has two also, and we explore the surrounding country, which is very pretty. The Redoute is open every night, and money is lost and won there. Twice a week they have balls, at which we all meet, and on the whole we have every *agrément* that we can desire. Francis Knox is travelling on the Rhine, and we expect him here to-day or to-morrow. Your Uncle Ranfurly is at Brighton with Mrs Stuart."

The Hon. Mrs William Stuart, daughter of Thomas Penn, married, 1796, the Hon. William Stuart, Archbishop of Armagh, and a son of the third Earl of Bute, who married the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Mrs Stuart was mother to Lady Ranfurly, who used to relate an amusing anecdote about her. When she went to Court for the first time, she and her mother each had a Sedan chair, and on arriving at the Palace, Mrs Stuart went in, quite forgetting that she had brought a daughter! The poor girl could not open the door of her Sedan chair, and in her alarm and confusion appealed to a young guardsman who stood near. It was Cameron of Lochiel who went to her assistance, just as Mrs Stuart, remembering her charge, came back to fetch her. I do not know that she was a particularly absent-minded person, but another mistake on her part had a far more tragic result. Her husband, the Archbishop, was ill, and some medicine was sent for him at the same time as a lotion for one of the footmen, who had hurt his leg. The unfortunate Mrs Stuart gave the latter to her husband by mistake, and he died almost immediately.

Captain Knox continues :—

"There is much talk of an Anglo-French company starting steamers from Havre to New York. Money

is voted for a railroad to Rouen, but there is still some want to funds to carry it to the coast.

"Isabella is the only one of us who drinks the waters, and I hope they will strengthen her. She has still a slight curvature of the spine, which gymnastics, good air, and the Pouhon Spa may perhaps assist in bringing right as she grows up. She is very quick and intelligent, and most anxious to improve herself.

"The only people I know here are all of my profession —Admiral Sir Adam Drummond, Captain Sir W. Montague, and Henry Dawson Damer,[1] with their wives. I think you met the latter in Paris once, he is first cousin to Lady Ranfurly."

From the Hon. Mrs E. S. P. Knox.

(*Same date.*)

"The folds of this letter are left me, but everything has already been told you. We are beginning to enjoy ourselves in spite of the variable weather. Emily[2] comes here sometimes in the morning to do her lessons, and calls it 'Do-the-girls-Hall,' for she does none at home, and on the whole is not likely to hurt her health with over-study. She and Susan determined that they would not dance at the Redoute, but they are coming round a little, and talk of beginning next Wednesday.

"Some of our countrymen do their steps in a very amusing way.

"I hear that Lord Northland is a gay young man in London; he will be reckoned among the 'catches' by the Mamas. Good-bye, my dearest."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"SPA, *July 30th*, 1840.

"I never was in a place I liked so much as this; we take such pleasant rides, and muster a good large

[1] The Hon. Henry Dawson, second son of the first Earl of Portarlington, born 1786; assumed by sign manual the additional surname of Damer; died May 27, 1841. His mother was Lady Caroline Stuart, daughter of John, third Earl of Bute.

[2] Daughter of Colonel the Hon. James Knox.

party. The other day we were fourteen! Francis is here for a week; he seems to enjoy himself very much. Aunt Bell [1] is going to have another child soon, which will make the ninth. Louisa [2] had a dead baby the other day. I hear she is very unhappy. Aunt Ranfurly is gone to London to take care of her, and the rest of the family are left at Ostend.

"Some of them were very near being drowned a short time ago. Juliana [3] slipped into a lock. Her cousin, Mr Penn, threw himself in after her to try and save her, but he fell head foremost, and only pushed her more in.

"Then Elizabeth [4] jumped in, but it was of no use, and they would all three have been drowned had it not been for Stuart's [5] presence of mind. He made his mother and Mary hold him while he let his legs hang for Elizabeth to catch, by which means, but with great difficulty, they were saved. Juliana was out of her depth, and they were all three quite exhausted. If it had happened a quarter of an hour later the sluices would have been open, and they would have been carried out by the current to the sea. They were fortunate not to suffer more. We expect Mary and Elizabeth here very soon. Northland [6] is going to make a long tour. There is dancing at the Rooms twice a week, and now that Spa is getting more full it is very amusing. Mr and Mrs Dawson Damer have taken a house here for a month. They are a very nice family, and we see a great deal of them. Young

[1] The Lady Mabella Needham, youngest daughter of the twelfth Viscount Needham, and first Earl of Kilmorey. She married, 1822, the Hon. John Henry Knox.

[2] The Lady Louisa Alexander.

[3] The Lady Juliana Knox, born 1825; married, 1862, Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Forester Walker.

[4] The Lady Elizabeth Knox, born 1822.

[5] Col. The Hon. William Stuart Knox, born 1826, late M.P. for Dungannon, died 1899.

[6] Viscount Northland, eldest son of the second Earl of Ranfurly, born 1816; married, 1848, Harriet, daughter of James Rimington, Esq.; succeeded his father March 21, 1858, and died May 20, same year.

Mr Damer,[1] being an only son, is made a great fuss about by his 'Mama.' She is so afraid lest he should be tired by our long rides, and that he should catch cold coming home from the Redoute at night, that she sometimes even sends a cloak for him! I don't think you would like Mama to go on that way with you. We have a large party at tea almost every night, and find it very pleasant. Aunt Fan takes two quiet rides every day on her pony, and always comes to us in the evening. We see a good deal of the Lights: Lizzy desired me to tell you that you were her *Herzensfreund*, and Lolotte said she could not send you any message tender enough, so it was left to my discretion. She is so very wild that they will not admit her to our riding-parties, so she gallops about the country with whoever she can get to go with her. We were very near meeting with a bad accident the other day. There were nine of us, and we were coming up a narrow lane when we met a cart drawn by two oxen; it was going to move to a broader part to let us pass, but Uncle James tried to force his way where there was no room.

"The oxen took fright, his horse was knocked down, and the wheel went over it, but he escaped in the most extraordinary way, by *climbing into the cart!* The oxen set off full speed down the hill; some of the party escaped through a hole in the hedge. Francis and I, who were the last, and coming through a very narrow part, would inevitably have been smashed, had not the oxen taken fright at me, and turned suddenly up into a cornfield. After the fright was over we laughed a good deal at the extraordinary appearance of Uncle James coming down in triumph in the cart, and thought ourselves very fortunate in having got off so well. I am sure you would like being here, and I often wish for you; I am afraid you find Montreal dull, but I daresay it will be pleasanter in winter. I hear there are no apartments to be had in Paris for love or money,

[1] Henry John Reuben, born 1822, succeeded his uncle as third Earl of Portarlington, 1845; married, 1847, Lady Alexandrina Vane, daughter of the third Marquess of Londonderry. Lord Portarlington died March 1, 1889.

such crowds are coming to see Napoleon's funeral. I hope we shall get tickets for the Invalides to see the ceremony, but I fear it will be very difficult. We are going soon to Aix-la-Chapelle to spend a day there, and then to Maëstricht, where there are some celebrated caverns to be seen. To-morrow a large party of us are going to ride to the Grotto, one of the lions about the country. They say it is a very curious place, and that it will take us an hour and a half to go through it, and Mrs Damer is under great apprehensions lest her darling should be hurt by the damp. She has been trying to persuade us all to take a second pair of shoes, to change in case our feet should get wet. This is all for her son, of course! I expect to spend a very pleasant day; it is eighteen miles there and back, so we shall have to set out early.

"We have got our house here till the 10th of September, when we shall proceed to my native town (Brussels), which I have not seen since I was two months old. Uncle Ranfurly has taken a house there for the winter. I enjoy this place so much, I am grown quite dissipated. Isabella looks better, all the rest are well. And now adieu, for I must not inflict a crossed letter on you."

From Capt. the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"SPA, *August* 31*st* 1840.

"We are still, as you perceive, at Spa, enjoying ourselves very much. Rides, dances, and excursions have made this the most delightful summer the girls have ever spent, and they do not look forward with pleasure to returning to Paris. But everything must have an end, and we expect to be re-established in the Rue de Helder on the 19th or 20th proximo. Your Uncle Ranfurly, Mary and Elizabeth have been here about a fortnight, and we shall all break up at much the same time. Your Aunt Fanny's furniture is now removed to her habitation in the Rue Castiglione, and she proposes being very gay this winter, making Bessy's début a sort of excuse. Your Grandfather left her everything he had in Paris.

"Our family musters strong here. Three Ranfurlys, three James', Lady F. K., five of ourselves, and lastly Gisborne,[1] who arrived a week ago, with his upper lip covered with hair. He looked so like a ruffian that we all voted his mustachios off before we admitted him into the pale of our society. I want to see you a Lieutenant, but we must have patience. In the sister profession I hear of young men of the first families remaining passed mates for six or seven years without much prospect of promotion. Comparatively, you are in clover, and I often rejoice that you did not select the Navy.

"You have too much principle to go into debt, and you know how sorely it would vex me. It would give me great pleasure to add to your income, but really I cannot afford it. My family becomes more expensive every year, and now I have my own dinner to provide at home, no kind father to feed me. Mr and Mrs George Osborne arrived yesterday on a visit to us. I know nothing of Miss Maria's love affair, but her intended I hear is determined not to marry before he has sufficient to make the pot boil comfortably.

"We were for some time rather afraid of war between England and France, but I think it is now pretty well blown over. Both parties think they would be great fools to cut each other's throats for the sake of the Pasha of Egypt. I hope this will find you, as it leaves us all, in excellent condition."

From the Hon. Mrs E. S. P. Knox.

(*Same date.*)

"You see by this letter what a gay summer your sisters have spent, after coming here to pass a quiet time. I have often wished for you, though no doubt you are better where you are.

"I am rather anxious to see how we shall manage in Paris. We shall feel the want of your Grandfather's carriage and everything else, but we ought to be content.

[1] Thomas Gisborne, son of the Hon. Vesey Knox, born 1799, died 1853.

"I don't mean to take Bessy into the world till she is seventeen. However, the season here has done her good, as it has taken off the awkwardness of beginning amongst grown people. Susan's dancing is more admired than hers. Both ride beautifully and are much remarked for it."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"BRUSSELS, *September 15th*, 1840.

"We left Spa on the 9th, much to my regret. Uncle Ranfurly has taken a house here for a year. Some of us dine with him every day, and we all spend the evening there. A day or two ago we went by the railroad to Antwerp and spent a very pleasant day there sight-seeing. Yesterday we spent a most delightful day, and I am sure you would have envied us. We went to Waterloo, walked over all the field of battle, had everything explained to us and every particular spot pointed out.

"The ruins of Hougoumont are very interesting. We went into the little chapel, which escaped the general wreck, and saw the crucifix at the foot of which the flames stopped. A monument has been erected, and a mound made over the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded. The French soldiers could not bear the sight of the Lion that was put up on this mound, and when they came to Waterloo, after the siege of Antwerp, they fired at him, and wounded him in the neck. The marks of the balls are still visible. The guide told us that when the Duke of Wellington visited Waterloo he was very angry at the mound's having been put up, as it altered the look of the field completely. He and George IV. walked all over it in 1821. The chapel in the village of Waterloo is very interesting too, as all the monuments to the dead are there. We went to the house where Lord Anglesea's leg was amputated and saw the table on which the operation was performed, and his boot shattered and torn. We were told that he came to this house four years ago with two of his sons, and dined on that very same table. What a strange fancy! We came back delighted

with all we had seen, and full of admiration of British valour and British soldiers, and as you are one you ought to be flattered. I have been wishing ever since that you might turn out a great hero and distinguish yourself on the field of battle, provided it was any other distinction than that of having a marble monument over you. I hope soon to hear from you; your next letter by rights ought to be to me."

From Capt. the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"PARIS, *October 1st*, 1840.

"We left Brussels on the 17th and got into our old quarters here on the 19th. Your Aunt Fanny accompanied us. She is now comfortably lodged at No. 4 Rue Castiglione, a very nice apartment *au premier*. Her establishment consists of Adolphe (*maître d'hotel*), his wife, Madame Lebreton, Mistress of the Robes, one cook, one housemaid, a footman, one parrot, and two dogs. Barouche, coach and pair of jobs, an income of £2000 per annum, freedom from all debt and a good account at her bankers. No bad position this for a spinster. Her health is much improved, and she gives very neat dinners. I do not think she will be like our friend Lady ——, and share her fortune with a gentleman of six feet three in height. By the way, I fear that couple are now reduced to £200 per annum, which fortunately was tied up to her as pin money or they would be penniless. How many examples we have daily of the misery brought on by thoughtless extravagance. Dining at home adds very much to my weekly bills, though I do not entertain. We have no carriage, save what we hire, in short we miss the paternal house now closed to us for ever. At your Grandmother's death we let the Opera box for some time, which brought us in 300 francs. With this sum, and letting two seats to Lady Kilmaine, your Aunt James and your mother have two seats each for six months once a week. This will be the last year we shall commit that extravagance.

"The common question now is, 'Do you think we

shall have war ? ' and many who have leases of houses fret and fume on the chance of being disturbed. The French are making great preparations for a contest. Paris is to be fortified, that is, Redoubts, with covered ways, for an immense extent round the city—they say for thirty miles. Already they have begun cutting down the wood in the Bois de Boulogne from the Muette to the Porte Maillot. But my opinion is there will be no war. They say the King is very anxious to have works round the Capital, and if the Chambers will sanction this the present excitement will die a natural death. At the same time I think it would be very imprudent in England, not to materially strengthen her Navy and Army.

" I found my horses in good condition on my return : my groom is a very good servant. The rumours of war will keep a great many people away. Prince Louis Bonaparte's [1] trial is going on, but nobody seems to trouble themselves about it.

" Mrs Johnstone wrote to Lady Jane that she regretted much not being able to show you any civility, but that you did not require it, as you had ' *beaucoup de succès dans la société.*'

" Bessy will probably write by the packet of the 18th, and my next will be by the mail of the 1st of November.' "

From the same.

" 2 RUE DU HELDER, PARIS,
" *October 28th*, 1840.

" We are here in a glorious state of uncertainty. You will see by the papers that M. Thiers has resigned, and Soult has engaged to form a new ministry. That he will do so is very likely, but whether the Chambers will support them is another matter. Should they be in a minority it would not surprise me if Louis Philippe were to abdicate, as if war is forced upon him he will soon be driven from his throne, therefore he had better go quietly. I have great confidence in His Majesty's

[1] Afterwards Napoleon III. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life, October 6th ; but escaped from Ham, May 25th, 1846.

good sense and tact. France will sorely repent it if she allows the Republican faction to gain the ascendant, and deprive her of the best king that has ever governed her. But the journals, said to be under the influence of Thiers, have worked the people up to madness on the supposed insults offered by England. '*L'Honneur de la France,*' say they, '*a été blessée*'; and '*Guerre à tout prix*' is called for by the party which has nothing to lose, but may gain by a scramble.

"For myself I cannot but anticipate that matters will end well, at least if Louis Philippe is not assassinated, but unfortunately he is always in the greatest danger.

"The Chambers were to have met to-day, but have been put off to the 5th proximo.

"The country is not at present in a fit state to go to war. Horses are much wanted, and it seems the Germans will not allow the exportation of these animals. Commodore Napier has been distinguishing himself on the coast of Syria. Captain Waldegrave is also there in the *Revenge*. I am glad my old friend and shipmate Drew [1] has got out of his Court Martial with credit; he was Lieutenant with me in the *Eurotas*, and I always considered him a blunt, honest and good fellow.

"We are all very comfortably lodged in our different domiciles, and dine about with each other. Yesterday we were entertained by your Aunt F. The Doctor and Lady Jane, and Mr and Mrs Osborne were of the party. We have two seats at the 'Italiens' once a week, but with the exception of one might at Lady Granville's, I have not even heard of a soirée. I am almost glad you are not here, for you would find it excessively dull. I am quite sure you will always be happier when employed than idling about at home. I look to everything in the closest way, and strongly suspect that I shall be obliged to give up my horses, and perhaps part with Mr and Mrs Bichet. Everything is very dear.

"Your Aunt has invited the Earl to spend the winter

[1] See *Ante*.

with her in Paris, but his answer is not yet come. Where is Henry Warre? The Archdeacon writes that since I visited our estate last May, our tenants houses have been five times attacked and pillaged of arms in the open day! So much for the tranquillity of Ireland."

From the same.

"PARIS, *December 1st*, 1840.

"The King opened the Chambers with a speech on the 5th ultimo, and they are still debating on the address in consequence. Much light has been thrown on the policy of the late Cabinet, and the opposition Press do their best to distort facts and support their friends. But I think it is pretty clear that M. Thiers has done much mischief to France and though a clever man, is not a good statesman. Louis Philippe by his firmness has saved the country from a great calamity. It is now pretty generally believed that Mahomet Ali will give up the Turkish Fleet, and be confirmed in the Hereditary Government of Egypt but not Syria. Paris is perfectly tranquil, and I see no reason to expect it to be otherwise. The outer fortifications are going on; those inside the Porte Dauphine in the Bois de Boulogne from Porte Maillot to the Muette and on to Auteuil I see daily, and they appear to be progressing rapidly. When completed the good citizens of Paris will be liable to be starved if any attempt is made at Revolution, provided the troops support the King.

"The weather has been fine for some days and the floods in the South have probably diminished, but the accounts of misery and devastation have been awful. Large subscriptions have been made among the English both here and at Brussels. I see by the papers that your uncle Ranfurly was Chairman of a Committee at the latter place for the charity.

"Lord Granville was offered the seat in the Cabinet held by the late Lord Holland, but as he would have to speak he thought better to decline it, that not being his forte, and at his age cutting the tongue as they do to the jackdaws might not have succeeded, so we

retain him here. Sir A. Duff[1] is just come; last winter Lady Duff gave a succession of very pleasant dances, we hope she will resume them. It would interest me very much if you would give me a little detail of the way in which you pass your time in Montreal, whether you dine out, mix much with the natives, etc.

"I suppose you have heard that it is the intention of the Chinese Expedition to take possession of the Island of Chusan, about twelve miles from the coast, near Nankin and near the entrance of the Yellow Sea. There is a magnificent harbour, good water and productive soil, and it is supposed that it will be the means of opening a great trade for England in that quarter. Well may foreigners say that we have always an eye to the main chance. We first try to poison the Chinese with opium, and because they don't like it, we quarrel with them, and take up a position on their coast! I shall leave this to your excellent mother to finish."

From the Hon. Mrs E. S. P. Knox.

(*Same date.*)

"Having this little space left me I must make the most of it, and first of all entreat you not to get lazy about writing. We do so miss your letters when they don't come, and any little details would be acceptable. Your Aunt F. often talks of you with much affection and tells the girls not to expect that they can ever rival you in her heart. She was very low-spirited yesterday, it being the last day of our mourning for your poor grandfather. She is very comfortable in her ménage, and I am quite sure will never commit the folly of taking to herself a lord and master, though many fancied she would be drawn into matrimony. I think she prizes her independence too highly. Her chief amusement as yet has been giving dinners of eight or ten. So does your Uncle James, only he confines himself

[1] Probably General Sir Alexander Duff, second son of the first Earl of Fife, and father of the second Earl; married, 1812, Anne, youngest daughter of James Stein of Kilbagie, and died March 21st, 1851.

to seven persons, cutting out the heiress, who on such occasions consoles herself by dining with us. We do not aspire to entertaining the world, and indeed cannot afford unnecessary expenses. Bessy's thoughts are pretty well occupied with looking forward to her visit to London next spring. Your Aunt Fan has given us three an invitation to pass a month with her there, and we mean to go per Dilly, taking one maid. What I don't like is leaving Susan and Isabella behind, but it cannot be helped; fortunately I have Miss Osborne to watch over them, and Mrs Bichet. We shall see London, all our friends and relations, and perhaps be asked to balls by those we know intimately (Mrs Scott Murray for example), and that will be the extent of our intercourse with society, and as Bess will then be only just seventeen, it really does not matter. I *might* take her out here if I liked it, just to rub off the rust. She has been very much admired of late by two gentlemen, but as they were both old enough to be her grandfather I paid no attention.

"Emily is restored back to M. Fauchet's care; it being discovered at Spa that she wanted the graces. She had had no lessons for two years, as your uncle considered it an unnecessary accomplishment.

"Your Aunt James goes out with Lady Kilmanie, by which means she saves cab-hire, and Lady K. is delighted to have her. We generally join Lady Jane M'Loughlin in a carriage, though as yet we have had very little occasion as there is hardly anything going on. I daresay you have much more gaiety at Montreal, than we have in Paris. And now, adieu, and God bless you."

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"PARIS, *December 31st*, 1840.

"Many thanks for your most considerate offer of relinquishing £40 per annum of your allowance. But I cannot think of accepting it, my income for the current year will not be as much diminished as I thought, as in consequence of my Trustee, Mr Calvert,

not being in a state to give a release, your Uncle Ranfurly's Trustees cannot pay me off. When I raised your income it was with the view of giving you the means of supporting yourself creditably among a set of young men who I understood were rather expensive in their habits. If, however, you can prudently economise £40 a year, I think it would be better to keep it in reserve and not, because you have it, think it necessary to spend it. A good account at one's Banker's is a pleasant thing to meet contingencies. I merely throw out the hint, but do not wish to interfere in your monetary concerns, which by this time you ought to understand.

"Your Aunt F.'s lease at the Rue Castiglione will not expire before July 1843, and if we are allowed to remain in this country till that time, your sisters' educations will be pretty well advanced. We then propose settling in London as head-quarters, and abandoning France. Few young ladies have had the advantages that ours have had, and they are most anxious to profit by the instructions they get. I spare no expense in giving them masters and I think you will be proud of them when you come home.

"The Ranfurlys jog on at Brussels and do not complain. Mrs Stuart is with them, and helps to boil the pot. Northland is in the East; he talked of going to Persia, and has paired off till April. We do not see so much of Lady Jane M'Loughlin as formerly, but tell Mrs Johnstone that she is as well as usual, and that the dear little dogs are in high preservation. Tudor has got into his house (late General Cass's), and will probably give some splendid entertainments when it is completed. He lost £5000 by the failure of Wright's Bank. The Aylmers[1] are here; her ladyship nearly blind; his lordship (who was our chairman for December) uncommonly well, which he attributes to the Homœopathic system. The Duffs, young and old, are also here; ——, an *attaché* of Vienna, has allowed his red

[1] Matthew, fifth Baron Aylmer, General in the Army, born 1775; married, 1801, Louisa, daughter of Sir John Call of Whiteford in Cornwall. He d.s.p. 1850.

mustachios to grow, and looks as if he would not be taken alive in a contest. Bessy will give you an account of the theatricals at the Embassy last week; Miss Raikes was crowned with laurels, but Marion Ellice ought to have shared them.

"The croakers still talk of war in the spring. I cannot think that France can do so foolish a thing. Certainly there is no knowing what chances may turn up in her favour in a contest, but apparently the odds are much against her. The Minister of Finance has asked permission to raise a loan of 18 millions sterling and an issue of 10 millions of Treasury bonds, which is in fact a total loan of 28 millions sterling. But as the money is not wanted immediately (there being a reserve fund, such as you ought to have) the actual loan will not come into the market at once. He, the minister professes to hope that the peace of Europe will not be disturbed.

"God bless you, my own dear Tom. I need not tell you how much I love you."

MARION ELLICE
From a portrait painted by herself in the possession of Henry Coleman, Esq.

CHAPTER V

Ball at the Tuileries—Lord Huntly and Marie Antoinette—A Clever Coachman—Mémoires de Ste. Hélène—Lord Northland Rides from Bagdad to Constantinople—Influenza and Grippe—Death of Mr Calvert—Serious Illness of Lord Granville—Lady Byron and her Daughter—Marriage of Lord Walpole and Miss Pellew—Loss of the *President*—Concert Monstre at the Louvre—Arrival in London—Mrs Scott Murray—Jane and Hannah Hope Vere—Ernesta Grisi—Ball at Almack's—Liszt's Concert—Miss Coutts' Ball—Berry Hill—Caledonian Ball—Dungannon Election—Captain Knox reduces his Establishment—Lord Cowley succeeds Lord Granville as Ambassador in Paris—Captain Simpson and his Sky-Blue Coat—Illness of King Louis Philippe.

THE year 1841 opened peacefully and happily for the Knox family. Their beloved son was still abroad, but well and prosperous, and the exchange of letters continued as briskly as ever. They were perhaps a little anxious as to ways and means, but never so much so as to cause serious inconvenience. And best of all, the absolute harmony which formed so pleasant and remarkable a characteristic of the family continued still unbroken, and the years as they went by only seemed to unite them more closely. Elizabeth's entrance into " the world " must have occupied much of her mother's thoughts. Mrs Knox professed not to expect much from it, but she was too fond a mother not to be a partial one, and if " Bess' " good looks were not of a striking order, her musical and conversational gifts were, by all accounts, calculated to make her most attractive.

On January 31st, 1841, she writes to her brother:—

"I have been rather gay lately. On Wednesday I went to the ball at Court, and some time before I was at a grand ball at Lady Granville's which I enjoyed excessively. Though we went very late I danced a great many quadrilles, and the cotillon, which lasted till four o'clock. I saw Lord Huntley[1] there, an old man near eighty, who has not yet given up dancing! He danced with grandmama before she was married, and with Aunt Fanny at the first ball she ever was at. She was wishing him to dance with the third generation but I was willing to be excused. The ball at Court I found very dull, as I did not dance, and there was such a dreadful crowd; however, I was glad to see the thing for once. Aunt Fan went there, but not till eleven o'clock, as she only wanted to see the supper. The string of carriages began from near her door, but she was lucky enough to escape getting into it. Her coachman drove up the middle of the street, as only the privileged carriages do, and when the *garde municipale* asked him '*par quel droit?*' he called out '*suite de l'Ambassade d'Angleterre!*' And when they said they must enquire of the people inside, the clever old gentleman declared it was of no use, as they were English, and did not understand a word of French. By this trick they quite avoided the string and drove straight to the Tuileries. Aunt Fan was so pleased with the old fox's cleverness that she gave him five francs. I did not go to the reception on New Year's Day, but Mama wrote my name on her card at the door, so I suppose that was the reason I got an invitation to the ball.

"The King did not know that Grandpapa was dead, and when Mama was named to him at the reception he said (as he always does) 'Lord Ranfurly's daughter-

[1] George, fifth Earl of Aboyne, and ninth Marquess of Huntly, K.T., born 1761; married 1st Catherine, second daughter of Sir Charles Cope, Bart., and died 1853. My aunt Susan Knox used to relate with great pride that she once danced with him at a court ball, "a man who had danced with Marie Antoinette."

THE LADY FRANCES KNOX
From a miniature in the possession of Miss Emily Knox

in-law, I believe?' and when Mama said 'Yes, sire, *the late* Lord Ranfurly's daughter,' he seemed much surprised, and asked when it happened, and about Grandmama also. Aunt Fanny, who was standing by, was very near crying, and when Mama named her to the King, he spoke very kindly to her and told her he was very sorry to have brought such painful recollections to her mind. The Duchesse de Nemours [1] asked Aunt Fanny where she had spent last summer, and if she had had a good passage coming back from Spa? Aunt Fan then explained to her that there was no sea to cross. I think I should have left her in happy ignorance! My cousins are very gay at Brussels, they have had fifteen or sixteen balls this month, besides parties. Northland has not written for four months; he is still in the East. There is very little gaiety here, Lady Granville, I am sorry to say is not going to give any more balls, as the house is to be cleaned. I am not to go out till after March, unless anything very particular happens to be given. —— is quite delighted at the idea of your coming back in autumn, I am only afraid it is too good to be true.

From Captain Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

(*Same date.*)

"I believe I am as impatient to get you a Lieutenancy as you are yourself, but you must be satisfied and await your turn. You are in as good a regiment as any going, you have a comfortable income, and if the climate of Canada is severe I trust you will not be much longer in it. Therefore, patience, my boy, and do not ask for leave till you are entitled to a year.

"You will see in the English papers the Queen's speech, and those of all sides, Whig, Tory, and Radical on the Address, in both Houses. These may be considered the unanimous sentiments of England—Peace and goodwill towards France, and no intention of offending her. I therefore anticipate that everything will calm down into its usual state.

[1] A Princess of Saxe-Coburg. She was born 1818, married in 1840, and died 1857.

"The 'Chambres' are debating upon the fortifications of this city; some want detached forts, others a continued wall; which is best, I cannot presume to say, nor do I care. Monsieur Lamartine in the Deputies the other day quoted a remark of Napoleon's from the 'Memoires de St Hélène.' 'Should there be 'émeutes in Paris, I would place my head-quarters at 'Chaillot, my right on the Champ de Mars—nothing 'could then stir, my reserve being at St Cloud.' If this is the recorded opinion of the Emperor I wonder Charles X. did not act upon it in 1830—but he was an imbecile. About one-fourth of the Bois de Boulogne has been cut up by the intended works. At present nothing is doing there, I suppose awaiting the final decision of the Parliament. Everything is quiet here, and I foresee nothing to cause a disturbance. Our good friends the French will have a long bill to pay for this freak of Monsieur Thiers last summer. The effect it has had upon me is that I would never invest money in this country. Had a less experienced sovereign than Louis Philippe reigned at that period war would have been inevitable.

"The 'on dit' is that the Duke of Orleans was in favour of it and detests the English. His Majesty on the contrary wishes to do all in his power to conciliate us, and as a proof of his anxiety to do so at the late ball at the Tuileries, which Bessy will probably describe to you, every native of our islands with any pretence to gentility, whether he had been presented or not, was poked out in his lodging and invited.

"Are you acquainted with Mr Capron's son in the 23rd? he was desirous that you should know him. Mrs Gore has retired from this, leaving, so they say, many debts behind her. A new book of hers is coming out which rather alarms society here. It is called, I think, 'Greville, or a Winter in Paris,' or some such title, and is evidently intended to touch up some of her *ci-devant* friends. Poor Lady Duff I fear will catch it, as I understand that she and Mrs Gore have had a blow-up.

"This day fortnight, Palafox was very ill for twenty-

four hours. I thought I should have lost him. He suffered much, but I rode him again yesterday and the day before and he was quite lively. A French marquise sent you a ticket for the Charity Ball, '*l'ancienne liste civile*,' hoping you would again patronize them. It was given at the Opera Comique, a splendid house on the site of the old Italian Opera, which you saw burning. We are fortunate in having a very good cook, a good-tempered Suissesse—a *rara avis*! If I have anything worth writing about I will do so by the New York steamer on 10th Feb."

From Isabella Knox.

(*Same date.*)

"I have very little to say to you, but I think you will be glad to hear that your old Softskin is alive and kicking. Monsieur Gauthier is as sweet as ever, and in very good health. He dined with us on Wednesday, as he wanted to see Bessy dressed for the ball. He always enquires after you, and has left off calling you the '*ungezogene Junge*.' It would indeed be a great liberty to take with an ensign of the 85th K.L.T. Tell Mrs Johnstone that Lady Jane has been in great anxiety about her dog Coquette, who has been a martyr to rheumatism. All the best dog doctors in Paris have been consulted about the small sufferer, and we are glad to learn from the last bulletin that she is in a happy state of convalescence. And now good-bye."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"PARIS, *March 15th*, 1841.

"Papa has given up his turn for writing to you, and I certainly think I have a good right to it, as to-morrow is our joint birthday, and I want to wish you many happy returns of the day, and tell you how glad I shall be when we are able to spend it again together. I am afraid we shall have to wait some time, for I doubt your getting leave in the autumn, especially if we are to have war with America.

"I expect the Irish newspapers next week to be full of accounts of the grand rejoicings on the Wray estate, given in honour of the heir apparent's coming of age, but I don't think they will make much fuss about *me*! There have been two letters from Northland at last. He had not been heard of for five months, and they were getting very uneasy about him. The accounts were not very good. He had been foolish enough to take charge of the Indian mail from Bagdad to Constantinople, and he had had to ride for twenty-four days and nights, night and day. He suffered dreadfully from cold. When he got to Constantinople he was obliged to keep his bed for ten days, for a violent inflammation of the eyes, and was bled five times, besides having blisters and leeches. His second letter was from Malta, where he was to be kept for twenty-one days in quarantine; his eyes were still very bad, and he could hardly see out of one. Uncle and Aunt Ranfurly, as you may suppose, are rather uneasy about him and are very anxious to have him safe at home again.

"Lady Granville is to receive next Friday, and if she asks Mama, I am to be taken, as after to-morrow I shall be what young ladies call *out*. However, I am not to go everywhere; only to the best places, and indeed there is not much to go to, Paris is so dull this year. The day fixed for our departure to London is the 25th of May. I never enjoyed the thoughts of anything so much, and I am longing for the time to arrive! Uncle James talks of going south and spending next winter at Florence, but I am sure he will end by staying here, just because he is so determined *not* to do so.

"Our horses are in very good condition and we ride a great deal, Susan and I by turns, and we always give Emily a ride a week. I think you would hardly know her again, she is grown so tall and is prettier than ever. Mrs Bichet was telling her the other day that she wished her to marry you, upon which we all exclaimed at the impropriety of an heiress like her marrying her cousin, a poor ensign. Mrs B. declared that there

was nobody to be compared to you in the world and that 'the heiress' ought to be only too happy to have you. Upon which Emily replied that it was all very well for Mrs B., who had washed you and dressed you all the days of your infancy, to have such a high opinion of you, but she must be allowed to think otherwise and decline the match. This last speech highly incensed Mrs B. and roused her indignation to a great pitch. I believe she has not forgiven Emily yet.

"Major Browne,[1] Lady Kilmaine's son, has been spending the winter here, and is going to join his regiment at Halifax. He intends to go to Montreal in the summer. I hope you will see him for he is a great friend of ours, and I am sure you will like him.

"There was a report that the heiress of the Pellew Islands[2] was going to be married to Monsieur de Noailles. But I have heard since that her father would rather see his daughter dead at his feet than married to a Frenchman. Uncle James says that he would rather see Emily the wife of an English hairdresser than of a French Duke. I cannot say that I should like either! There are to be private theatricals at the Embassy next month; they are to act Mary Stuart at Loch Leven, a play taken from the 'Abbot,' by Walter Scott. Marion Ellice is to act the part of Catherine Seyton, and Miss Raikes of Mary Stuart. I shall write you an account of it when I have seen it. You have never told me if you had many balls at Montreal. Do you waltz now, and do you find the Canadian belles as difficult to lead as the European? I shall be very disappointed if I do not hear from you on the 18th, I think you ought to cultivate a good correspondent like me.

"I see that I have forgotten my promise of leaving Susan room for a few lines. Writing to my dear brother is such an agreeable occupation that I seldom think of

[1] The Hon. George Augustus Browne, major in the Army, born 18th February 1801.

[2] Harriet Bettina Frances, only child of the Hon. Sir Fleetwood Pellew, C.B., K.C.H., Admiral of the *Blue*, second son of the first Viscount Exmouth.

stopping till my paper warns me that it is time to conclude, and that I may already have worn out his patience. All send their love. Adieu."

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"PARIS, *April 1st*, 1841.

"Northland is now in London. He had a bad fever at Teheran, which, as a great geographer, I need not tell you is the capital of Persia. The young Senator's travelling ardor is, I understand, considerably abated. The Ranfurlys seem to like Brussels, where they are well received, particularly at the Palace. Mr Capron was here last week; he told me his son had made your acquaintance, and that you had dined with each other. Mr Capron has had a heavy job for us, in winding up the Trust concerns under Lord Pery's [1] Will, property held by your grandmother for her life, and to which we have succeeded. My only estate is the Wray estate, which in due time will be yours, but not under entail. The Archdeacon manages the concern admirably and charges me no agentage. I therefore feel under great obligations to him. I hope you and his son pull well together.

"Influenza in London and 'grippe' in Paris have been in great fashion this year, but I am happy to say we have all escaped it. Parties are rare; the Tudors, however, have done something in their new and magnificently furnished house. Sir James Caldwell has done little, but on Saturday he is to have a grand spread, to which he has invited five of our family. Only two, however, have accepted—Mrs James Knox and Lady F. I believe it is his great-grandson's birthday.

"Bessy is now fairly launched, but owing to the dearth of the season, she has not had an opportunity of making much way. Enquiries have been made

[1] Edmund Sexten, first Viscount Pery, born 1719; Speaker in Ireland from 1771 to 1785; married, 1762, the Hon. Elizabeth Vesey. Lady Ranfurly and the Hon. Mrs. Calvert were his only children and coheiresses.

VISCOUNT PERY

as to her prospects, but as these were not satisfactory, no Duc, Marquis, or Comte has as yet sent me in any proposals.

"The antipathy of the French to us is gradually subsiding and hopes are entertained that the commercial treaty between the two countries will shortly be signed. I shall now conclude and leave your mother to finish this paper."

From the Hon. Mrs E. S. P. Knox.

(*Same date.*)

"It is most true, we have had a dull season here, and you would not have enjoyed it. But next year we expect a better one, as all fear of war is over. There has been quite enough gaiety for Bessy, who I fear will make a bad rake, she looks so pale after a late night. I begin to think I ought to have kept her back till she is eighteen. I allow her £40 a year for her dress, and your Aunt Fan gives her £20, yet even with that she will have some difficulty in keeping herself smart. After Easter they will have some theatricals at the Embassy, and Marion Ellice is to act once more, in spite of her mother's vow it should never be repeated. The company of actors is a very numerous one. None of them are as pretty as Marion, though one sets up for more *esprit* and talent for acting, and that is Miss Raikes. We shall have more to write about when we get to London, the object of all Bessy's dreams and wishes. I hope she will not be disappointed! Do you know that we are all to go and settle there in two years' time? I shall regret Paris, though I feel the propriety of leaving it then.

"I am beginning to like very much a person against whom I once had a great prejudice—and that is Mrs Osborne. They are a very happy couple, and she has quite won your father's heart by her economical turn, and her way of keeping accounts, which he has taught her. Adieu, my dearest. Whether I write or not, I always think of you and pray for your welfare and that you may return to us soon. God bless you."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"PARIS, *April 17th*, 1841.

"Two days ago we had a letter announcing Mr Calvert's[1] death. It had been expected for some time and I believe it is a great blessing. He could have had no enjoyment in life, and he was wearing Aunt Calvert's health out. Northland is at Brussels, and his eyes are getting better, but he had a narrow escape of being stone blind. You congratulate me on being regularly out, I am sure I do not get much by it, for I have only been to two parties. I was in hopes that something would have been given after Easter at the Embassy, however, there is not much chance of that now, as Lord Granville has been and is still very ill. He had the gout flying about him, and took something or other to check it, which brought on an attack of paralysis. He lost the use of one side and was speechless for some days, and they were so much alarmed about him that both his sons were sent for; however, I hear that he is better and going on very well. It is said that he will never be able to remain here as Ambassador, as any mental exertion might bring on a return of his illness. There is no knowing who is to succeed him, but it is supposed that it will be either Lord Normanby or Lord Clarendon. I shall be very sorry if there is any change, as Lady Granville is very civil to us, and does a great deal of good here.

"Lady Byron[2] and her daughter Lady Lovelace[3] have taken the first floor of 22 Place Vendôme. I hear that Lady Byron is a *saint* and will not have arms on her carriage, as it looks ostentatious. There is a Lady Ailesbury[4] here, a young woman of twenty-six who is

[1] Nicholson Calvert, Esq., of Hunsdon House, Herts, who married the Hon. Frances Pery.

[2] Anne Isabella, daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke Noel, and Baroness Wentworth, born 1792; married, 1815, George Gordon, sixth Lord Byron.

[3] Augusta Ada, only child of Lord Byron, born 1815; married, 1835, William Lord King, afterwards Earl of Lovelace, and died 1852.

[4] Maria, youngest daughter of the Hon. Charles Tollemache, married, 1833, as his second wife, Charles Bruce, first Marquess of Ailesbury.

married to an old man of near seventy. She goes about in a little low carriage which she drives herself, and is followed by two grooms on horseback. Her horses and carriages stand in Uncle James' yard, and excite Emily's envy. She says that she would have no objection to marrying an old English marquis, provided he gave her a turnout like Lady Ailesbury's! She is in despair at the thoughts of going to Italy. Uncle James has settled upon Pisa as the place of his banishment and he intends to go there in October.

"You will be happy to hear that the Princess Royal of the Pellew Islands is soon to be led to the hymeneal altar by Lord Walpole,[1] Lord Orford's eldest son. At least so everybody says. Lady Pellew vows that 'Walpole has been in love with Kitty ever since she was born—only my girl would not have him before.' I hope she will not have cause to say what Lady Cork said of her husband in a song she once sang :—

> *"Quand il fut mon amant—*
> *Il fut charmant, charmant, charmant—*
> *Quand il devint mon epoux*
> *Il fut epou—epou—epouvantable."*

I believe her father wished her to marry her cousin, Lord Exmouth, and she herself would have preferred a foreigner, but Lord Walpole has been chosen for the happy man.

"They are getting very uneasy about the *President*.[2] It is now more than thirty-five days since she left New York, and there have been no tidings of her since. It is supposed that Fanny Elssler [3] is on board, but this is not certain. Mr Osborne gives his concert to-night, but on account of Mr Calvert's death we are not going. Even Miss Osborne will be obliged to stay at home

[1] Horatio William, Baron Walpole, born 1813; married, 1841, Harriet Bettina Pellew; succeeded his father as fourth Earl, 1858.

[2] The *President* steamer, from New York to Liverpool, with many passengers on board, sailed on March 11, 1841, encountered a terrific storm two days later, and has never since been heard of.

[3] An unfounded report. Fanny Elssler, the celebrated dancer, married, in 1851, Prince Adalbert of Prussia.

as she is recovering from the 'grippe.' And now adieu, my dear, for I have no room for more."

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"PARIS, *May 1st*, 1841.

"This is May-day, the chimney sweep's fête in London, and Louis Philippe's here. To-morrow the young Comte de Paris [1] is to be christened, and I daresay we shall be for some days annoyed with rejoicings. On the 6th we are invited to the '*Concert Monstre*' to be given in the Louvre; four hundred musicians are to deafen the company. Your mother and Aunt F. are going and I must of course attend them.

"I do not think by all I can hear that Lord Granville is in any danger, but his side is partially paralysed, and he cannot continue in his present situation. Lords Clarendon and Normanby have been talked of, but the present favourite in the field is Lord Clanricarde,[2] now at St Petersburgh, his wife was a daughter of the celebrated Mr Canning. The Marquis is not a popular man, and the Marchioness said to be haughty. I shall regret Lady Granville, as latterly I was in constant communication with her on charitable subjects, and was ordered to be admitted between 11 and 1 o'clock any day. I was in hopes of a general invitation for Bessy, but as I always say, 'Everything is for the best!'

"My groom, a very superior man and greatly esteemed, dropped down and expired in a few minutes two days ago; he had been ailing for some time. I have replaced him by an Irishman. On the 25th inst. your Aunt F. sets off for England. Bessy, your mother and I follow the next day. Mrs Bichet had so set her heart on going over that we take her. Miss Osborne remains in charge of my household Gods, and the

[1] Louis Philippe, son of the Duke of Orleans, was born August 24, 1838.

[2] Sir Ulick John De Burgh, first Marquess of Clanricarde, born 1802; married, 1825, Harriet, only daughter of Viscountess Canning and the Right Hon. George Canning, and died April 10, 1874.

Colonel of my stables. My nags are universally admired and the girls turn out very smart.

"The 'James's' are full of Pisa for next winter. I shall pity poor Emily, the four girls are so devotedly attached to each other. I fear we must give up all hope of the *President* steamer.

"Paris is very dull this year. I hear of nothing going on and the Embassy being shut up is a great loss. Old —— is imbecile from having suppressed gout with colchicum. Lord Granville's attack was brought on by the same medicine. I have long determined not to take any more of that remedy. Ten thousand of the newly-raised Chasseurs of Algiers are in this neighbourhood ready to receive their colours; they are dressed differently from the other troops. The loss of lives and expenditure in that Colony have been very great."

At the end of May the long-looked-for journey to London took place. In spite of Lady Frances' kind invitation to the trio, it was probably a considerable expense to Captain and Mrs Knox, at a time when their finances hardly seemed to warrant it. As it seems to have been undertaken solely for the sake of giving their daughter pleasure and amusement, one is glad to learn from her mother's diary that the trip on the whole was a success.

On Saturday, May 29th, she writes:—

"Arrived at 27 Welbeck Street, having travelled from Dover by the Eagle coach. Bessy went to bed tired. Edmond and I to visit Mrs Calvert and her daughters. Found them tolerably well."

"*Sunday, May 30th.*

"Went to church at Vere Street Chapel, liked the sermon very much. After luncheon walked to Mrs Scott Murray; ushered into a magnificent suite of drawing-rooms with conservatory. Everything in

beautiful order. Waited some time, then the family dropped in one by one from luncheon. Charles looked pale and delicate, but I liked his countenance much. Mrs Scott Murray very kind. Bessy made friends in no time with Augusta and her cousin Miss Nixon. From Cavendish Square walked to see my brother, found all the family well except himself. Jane [1] very pretty, but not so charming as Hannah.[2] I liked the look of the house, it has the appearance of being lived in. Walked from thence to Louisa Alexander, found her looking so nice and happy and comfortable, everything one could wish. Mr Alexander took us for a drive round the park. Came home by six to watch for Fanny's arrival. She did not come till late and kept us in a fidget."

"May 31st.

"Spent all the morning getting a piano. Dined early. Edmond, Fanny, and Bessy went to Covent Garden to see 'Beauty and the Beast.'"

"June 1st.

"Spent the day visiting and receiving visits."

"June 2nd.

"Went to Ernesta Grisi's concert at 2 o'clock. Heard all the Italians, Pauline Garcia, etc. Vieuxtemps played the Tremolo and the Sonnambula duet with Benedict. Applause not excessive, as in Paris. Dined at Mrs Calvert's. Walked home at 9 with Bessy to dress for Almack's. Went there at 11, found only about forty persons, but they soon increased. Mrs Scott Murray sat with me all the evening. She and Miss Nixon were very kind to Bessy, and introduced several partners. After the first quadrille she danced with Northland, Charles Knox, Sir Edward Dering, Sir John Duckworth, Mr Stanhope, etc. She was charmed with her evening, as well she might be, for

[1] Jane Hope Vere, afterwards Marchioness of Ely.
[2] Hannah married, 1844, Keith Stewart-Mackenzie of Seaforth.

HANNAH HOPE VERE
From a picture by Hayter in the possession of The Lady St. Helier

there were many fair wall-flowers less fortunate than she. The Ellices were there, Miss Dashwood, Miss Gore, and several others. There were none better dressed than Bessy, though several as well. The chaperons were rather less smart than I expected. The ball room not very brilliantly lighted. We came home about half-past two."

"*June 4th.*

"Dined at home. Went at ten to the Royal Academy Fancy Ball, which was beautiful. It was at Hanover Square Rooms. There were many handsome costumes. Bessy had a good view of the Duke of Wellington, also of Miss Coutts.[1] Miss Gore had made a strange figure of herself wearing a French costume, before the Revolution; a head frizzed out and powdered, and on the whole not to be admired. Lady Amelia Capel[2] as the month of March (of a quadrille of twelve) in a beautiful dress of tulle and satin trimmed with violets. Miss Augusta Proctor went as Elvira in the Puritani, her dress copied from Grisi's. The men's dresses were peculiarly worthy of notice. The House of Commons having deranged the Quadrilles by keeping away many of the young men who composed them, there were some curious mixtures, such as Oxford students in black gowns and Highlanders amongst sets that did not suit. Bessy danced with Charles Stronge and was asked for another set, but too late to stay. However, the amusement of looking on was quite enough to satisfy anyone. One of the most splendid figures as far as diamonds went was Mrs Lushington, formerly Mrs Carnac. She is noted for having her carriage and liveries very like those of the Queen Dowager. When she drives in the park, many persons mistake her for Queen Adelaide. Lord Anglesea even was taken in lately, and took off his hat, for which he got well laughed at."

[1] Afterwards Baroness Burdett Coutts.

[2] Daughter of William Amer, fourth Earl of Essex. She married, 1857, the Hon. Henry S. Blackwood.

"*June 5th.*

"Dined at Mrs Calvert's, Edmond with the Scott Murrays. I went there at 10 o'clock with Bessy; found the Duchess of Buckingham [1] and her daughters,[2] Lady Somers [3] and daughter. The gentlemen were not come up from dinner. Bessy played Thalberg's Robert le Diable, and was much admired. She played it well. I renewed my acquaintance with Lady Glenlyon, Duchess of Buckingham, Lady Mary Ross' daughter, Miss Parker, and Lady Frances Ley, also Mrs Wauchope of Niddrie, Lady Gordon Cumming and some others. Bessy sat with the Ellices and Charles Knox most of the evening, and did not seem to like any of her new friends as well."

"*Trinity Sunday, June 6th.*

"Went to Vere St. Chapel. Afterwards to visit Lady Jane M'Loughlin at Rosslyn House, Hampstead. It looked very pretty, but the weather was cold, I got thoroughly chilled. Dined at my brothers'. Hannah sang a good deal, and I liked the evening, they all seemed so happy and comfortable together. Jane is very pretty."

"*June 7th.*

"Invited to Miss Coutts' ball, also to Lady Kilmaine's. I took Augusta Scott Murray to Eliason's concert, heard all the Italians, and a quartett of four violins. Liszt and Benedict in a duet for two Pianos, liked the concert very much."

"*June 8th.*

"Dined at Lord Limerick's.[4] Met Mr Delafield,[5]

[1] Mary, youngest daughter of the first Marquess of Breadalbane, married, 1819, Richard Plantagenet, second Duke of Buckingham; died 1862.

[2] Afterwards Lady Anne Gore-Langton, heiress presumptive to the Earldom of Temple.

[3] Jane, widow of the Rev. G. Waddington, married, 1834, her cousin, the first Earl Somers.

[4] Edward Henry, second Baron Limerick, born 1758, created Earl of Limerick 1803; died 1844.

[5] John Delafield, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, married, 1828, Lady Cecil Pery, sixth daughter of Lord Limerick.

his son-in-law, and Lady Caroline Russell,[1] who lives in the house with her husband. The evening proved less dull than we expected, but the room looked stiff, old-fashioned and uncomfortable; no easy chairs or sofas, all wood and black leather. Lady Caroline told us that when Prince Albert first came he could not speak much English, and it was a great relief to him to talk to Miss Spring Rice,[2] who spoke German perfectly."

"*June 12th.*

"Bessy and I visited Lady Lincoln,[3] and others, and went to Liszt's concert: we were enchanted with his playing. He played three single pieces; the Overture to Guillaume Tell. Fantaisie on the Sonnambula, the Tarantelle and Polacca from the Puritani, afterwards a duet with Benedict for two pianos. I never heard anything so beautiful as Liszt's touch."

"*June 14th.*

"We went in the morning to see the Tower of London. Saw the Armoury and went into the prisoner's bedroom, a place scooped out of the solid wall where Sir Walter Raleigh slept for twelve years. Saw the Crown jewels, returned home by two o'clock. Dined with Lady Selina Bridgman,[4] a large and pleasant party, eighteen in number, among them Colonel and Lady Fanny Higginson,[5] Mr and Mrs Brownlow Knox, and Miss Leicester, a Maid of Honour. After dinner there was a large party, and some music, beginning with Italian artists of second and third class; then amateurs.

[1] Lord Limerick's youngest daughter, married, 1832, George Russell, son of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Russell, Bart.

[2] Hon. Mary Alicia Spring Rice (Maid of Honour to the Queen). She married, 1841, James Marshall, Esq.

[3] Lady Susan, only daughter of the tenth Duke of Hamilton, married, 1832, Lord Lincoln, eldest son of the fourth Duke of Newcastle. She was divorced by him, 1850.

[4] Daughter of Francis, first Earl of Kilmorey. She married, 1817, the Hon. Orlando Bridgeman, third son of the second Baron Bradford.

[5] Third daughter of Lord Kilmorey.

Bessy played, but during all the music the talking was incessant. There were not more than five or six persons who listened. We left at twenty minutes past eleven, and went to Miss Coutts' ball, where we found a large, crowded and brilliant party, saw all the fine people and spoke to many. There was very little dancing, only one quadrille formed, and not dancing men enough for the numbers of pretty girls, many of whom never danced at all. Elderly gentlemen were certainly too numerous. I met Lady Hamlyn Williams, who could not be seen at home last week, because her nephew died!

"Lady Louisa Bromley[1] was also there, though Mr Damer[2] has only been dead seventeen days.

"Hannah introduced Bessy to the Duke de Lanti, who asked her for a quadrille, but as it was already one o'clock, and she very tired, we could not stay. It was, however, a satisfaction to be seen there, and there were wall-flowers innumerable to keep her in countenance. Jane Hope Vere is beautiful; Hannah perhaps a little less so than she used to be. There was a very fine statue of old Mr Coutts which I had great pleasure in looking at. I met many old friends that evening."

"*June 15th.*

"Went by railroad to Berry Hill and spent the day with John[3] and Bell.[4] It is a beautiful place and a very good house. The children were all day in the drawing-room; some of them very fine ones. Harriet, an odd, clever little thing, somewhat inclined to be troublesome. Selina, who is twelve years old, is a beautiful and most interesting child, but alas, far too delicate looking. Her colour varies constantly, her countenance has the sweetness of an angel. I never saw a child so interesting."

[1] Lady Louisa Damer, married, 1829, to the Rev. Walter Bromley.
[2] Her brother.
[3] The Hon. John Knox.
[4] Lady Mabella Knox, youngest daughter of Lord Kilmorey.

"*June 16th.*

"Edmond and Bessy went to Woolwich to see the *Trafalgar*. We went to Mrs Tudor's [1] concert. Grisi, Tamburini, and Mario sang, also Ernesta Grisi. I liked it very much."

"*June 17th.*

"Bessy and I went to see Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere dressed for Court. Went in the evening to Lady Mary Ross, which was not very gay. Then to Lady Stronge, where we heard some beautiful music. Mr and Mrs Balfe and others. Two Irish ballads were peculiarly affecting."

"*June 18th.*

"Went to see the picture of the Waterloo Banquet. Dined at Mrs William Stuart's, a long, long, tedious dinner. I sat by a little pale-faced man to whom I tried in vain to talk. At last I started the subject of the Italian Opera and I found that my friend was very fond of it. So we got on beautifully, expatiating on Persiani's sweet voice.

"Went home soon after dinner, Edmond to put on his uniform, and we to get clean gloves and shoes. The Caledonian ball was most beautiful and very crowded. There were numbers of pretty fancy dresses and a great many Highlanders, amongst them Lord Huntley. Reels were danced with great spirit, and some of the dancers did the steps with all sorts of lively gestures; cracking the fingers over the head, shouting and shrieking. Before the dancing began the Highlander Pipers marched up the room followed by the Lady Patronesses in procession. They took their seats at the upper end of the room, and all the best dancing was before them, separated by a rope from the rest of the room. There was another procession of the charity boys in Highland dresses, also preceded by the pipers. Bessy got two waltzes and one quadrille. Mr —— was there in borrowed uniform; he was useful as a partner, they being scarce. We stayed till two o'clock, very much amused.

[1] Afterwards Viscountess Gort.

"*June 19th.*

"Went to see houses in the Belgrave Square quarter, rather dear. Mrs Scott Murray took Bessy at three to hear the band play at the Riding School, and kept her to dinner. We dined at Mrs Calvert's, met Anne, our dear cousin, as active in mind and body as ever. She gave me much good advice, hope I may have the grace to profit by it, only it is not always pleasant to receive at the moment. Got also one or two rubs from another quarter."

"*June 20th.*

"Weather cold, visited Helen Hope, and the Duchess of Hamilton. Found her with her two little grandsons, just the same as ever—unchanged."

"*June 21st.*

"Went to Woolwich with Mr Alexander to see the launch of the *Trafalgar*—a most beautiful sight. The Queen passed very near us and stopped some minutes at the head of the ship. The christening ceremony was performed afterwards by breaking a bottle of wine."

"*June 22nd.*

"Went to see the Queen pass to the House of Lords to prorogue Parliament. Went in the evening to a lovely concert at Mrs Marjoribanks. Grisi, Persiani, Tamburini, and Mario. It began very late, after the Opera. Rubini sang with horn obligato in the first part, and Mario did the same in the second. Met Lady Lincoln there, looking beautiful."

"*June 23rd.*

"Went out shopping, then to see Lady Agnes Buller, who gave me a melancholy history of her affairs. Dined at Lord Limericks', an agreeable party, then went to Almacks, a very pretty ball. Met the Hopes there, and heard some long, long stories of the Duchess of Argyle and others."

SUSAN EUPHEMIA, 10TH DUCHESS OF HAMILTON

"June 24th.

"Went to St Paul's and Westminster Abbey. Dined at Lady Stronge's and went to Lord Headfort's[1] ball, which was a very pretty one. Bessy danced a set with Mr Scott Murray. We stayed till two o'clock."

"June 25th.

"Bessy and I went to the German Opera where we heard the Zauberflöte beautifully performed by the German company. We had the Duke of Cambridge's box (large enough for six), for which I felt much indebted to Mr Chappell. My only regret was that I had not time to invite more people to share my pleasure with me."

"June 26th.

"Fanny and Bessy went to Windsor. I reserved myself for seeing it in company with my 'orphans' and so stayed at home."

"Sunday, June 27th.

"Went to Church at Vere Street, heard a charity sermon by Archdeacon Manning[2] for the Bethnal Green parish. Henry Knox, Sophy, and Georgina Hope dined with us. In the evening went for a short time to Lady Hamlyn Williams—very dull."

"June 28th.

"John and Francis and Anne Knox dined with us: went to see the wax works—most amusing."

"June 30th.

"Went to the Zoological Gardens, saw the monkeys do their gymnastics, which did my heart good. It reminded me of a dear sweet little orphan of mine in Paris, who was doubtless at that moment performing

[1] Thomas, second Marquess of Headfort, born 1787, died 1870. He was at that time a widower.

[2] Afterwards Cardinal Manning.

similar feats, to the admiration of all spectators. Till now, in the pride of a mother's heart, I fancied that no one could surpass my phenomenon. But pride must be humbled, and mine certainly was when I beheld the agility with which these young monkeys jumped from pole to pole and ladder to ladder! The gardens are charming, with very pretty flowers, and we enjoyed our walk there excessively.

"We then went to pay our respects to my venerable Aunt Margaret [1] who received us with one of her usual benign smiles. After that we went to take leave of Lord and Lady Limerick. We found Lord L. seated in a great armchair, with two little white kittens playing at his feet. After luncheon we had quite a levée, Sophy and Georginia Hope, Captain Crofton, Lord Brooke,[2] Sir Henry Calder, Mr Tupper, etc."

"*July 1st.*

"We all dined at Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere's and spent a very pleasant evening. Our last, alas! in London."

"*July 2nd.*

"Left London in the stage-coach and came to Dover."

"*July 3rd.*

"Sailed in the *Britannia*, and had a sick passage of four hours. Landed at Boulogne. Dined at the table d'hôte. Saw Lady Kilmaine in the evening, and Lady Jane De Chabot."

"*Sunday, July 4th.*

"Started at nine in the Aigle."

"*July 5th.*

"Arrived in Paris at seven o'clock, found all well."

[1] Daughter of the Hon. Charles Hope Vere. She died October 1842.

[2] George Guy Greville, eldest son of the third Earl of Warwick, born 1818; married 1852, Anne, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss and March; succeeded his father 1853, and died December 2nd, 1893.

From Elizabeth J. Knox to her brother.

"*June 18th*, 1841.

"I am enjoying myself excessively and am delighted with London. I go out a good deal in the evening and we dine out constantly. I believe London is not considered to be as gay as usual this year on account of the expected dissolution, which obliges all the young men to go down to the country to canvass. However, I must say I find it very pleasant. I see a good deal of the Hopes, who are always talking of you, and seem very fond of you. Mr Gooch seems a good natured man, and very fond of his little wife. My cousins deny the story of Hannah's engagement to Mr ——, and say that they never cared for each other. Mr Gooch was first of all in love with Hannah and made Harriet his confidante. But she told him it was of no use thinking of Hannah, as she would have nothing to say to him. It was Hannah who told her to say this. The disconsolate lover, seeing that he had no chance of success with Hannah, tried his luck with Harriet, and easily succeeded in obtaining her hand and heart, and they are now a very happy couple.

"I saw Northland once or twice, but he is now gone to Dungannon. He brought Stuart and Granville to see us one day, the former is grown up a handsome boy.

"John Robinson [1] is going to be married to a young lady who has £40,000 down, a Miss Denny, a great friend of the Ranfurlys, and who lived near them at Barham. You ought to try for an heiress. I think Miss Coutts must be waiting for you, for she does not seem at all inclined to marry. I wish you had not bought a boat, you will be upset some day. I must now say adieu as I have no room for more."

[1] Eldest son of Sir Richard Robinson of Rokeby Hall, Co. Louth; born 1816; married, September 1841, Sarah Blackett, only daughter of Anthony Denny, Esq., of Barham Woods, Herts.

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"LONDON, *June 18th*, 1841.

"As I now know that you would like to be on the Engineers' Staff I have made some interest to get you placed on it, and hope you will, if you are appointed do your utmost to brush up your college studies, and put your shoulder to the wheel with zeal and alacrity. All my military friends say that it will be of infinite service to you in your profession, and it will be a lever on which I can work, in two or three years' time, to get you an unattached company. We must always look before us, and you may be sure that I will lose no opportunity of promoting your interest. For my own part, I never find myself so happy as when my mind and body are actively employed, and, if you are a chip of the old block perhaps, if you look into yourself you will find the same.

"I should advise you to remain in Canada for another year at least; you will find home very flat and dull, and often will you wish yourself back again. Much as we all wish to see you, we cannot but think you will do yourself no good by coming home, and that you will be horridly tired of your domestic circle.

"Bessy is a universal favourite, and it is quite gratifying to hear the compliments we receive on her intelligence and pleasing manners. She is considered quite an artist on the piano by the few friends who have heard her play.

"Georgina Hope Vere[1] was presented yesterday, We went to see her dressed. Jane is very handsome, and a very nice girl. Lady Selina Bridgeman gave us a dinner at her house, 26 Wilton Crescent. It was her late uncle's, Sir H. Pigott: she has enlarged and beautified it, and lives in good style."

[1] Georgina Hope Vere married Colonel C. Townshend Wilson. She and some of her family, had a curious confidential way of speaking in an undertone—a sort of talking "with bated breath."

From the same.

"2 RUE DU HELDER, PARIS,
"*July 17th*, 1841.

"We have been busily occupied in search of a house in the neighbourhood of Paris. Versailles, St Germain, Meudon, Bellevue, St Cloud, etc. have nothing that will hold us. We have therefore decided on spending a month or five weeks at Boulogne s/M. On Monday the 19th, we set off per Dilly, bag and baggage. Lady Kilmaine has written about a house that is likely to suit us, and if not already taken I have requested her to hire it for us. It is situated in a little park opposite to the Poste aux Chevaux, and we hope to enter in possession on Tuesday.

"A change has taken place in our establishment in consequence of my reduced income. Mr Bichet retires on our quitting this, and his wife, to whom we did not give warning, has given it to us and retires also, not being able to live away from her husband. I think she is wrong giving up a place worth £50 per annum, but that is her affair, not mine. For half the money we can easily replace her.

"I have sent my horses to the coast so as to have our rides, but I contemplate selling them in November. This will be a great loss to me, but I must not exceed my income. Thank God, I have no debts. We must 'cut our coats to our cloths' as the Financial Guide tells us."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

(*Same date*).

"We are all delighted at the idea of Boulogne, particularly as Emily is to be with us. We did our best to get Aunt James to go down there while Uncle James is in England, but all our endeavours failed. She desired nothing better and Emily set to work upon her papa's feelings, but he cut the matter short with one of his peremptory *No's*.[1]

[1] A favourite saying with Colonel James Knox was, 'When you refuse a request, never give your reasons." He seems to have acted up to his principles in the present instance.

"Northland is at Dungannon; we were much afraid that he would have lost his election. Mr Falls, a distiller, who pretended to be a friend of the family, turned against Northland and canvassed for himself. However, he was beaten by a majority of twenty for, as one of the Irish papers says, 'it would have been easier for the Falls of Niagara to get into Parliament over the Northland, than it would be for the Falls of Dungannon to accomplish such a feat.' Aunt Fanny spent a day at Dungannon before she went to Tynan. She says that there was a great piece of work at Northland's not wanting to be chaired, and when she drove up to the door she found a great crowd assembled. But they were all very civil to her, and cried out, 'Miss Knox for ever—Hurrah!' They would not go away till Northland promised to be chaired the next day. I hope that in two years we shall all be settled in London. I have a great wish to go back to England, I enjoyed myself there so much this spring."

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"Boulogne s/M., *August 16th*, 1841.

"The inauguration of Napoleon's statue on the Column took place yesterday; in hoisting him something gave way, but H.M. received no material injury. Boulogne is full of troops and visitors.

"I told you in my last that we had a little matrimonial scheme between Henry and Sophy Hope Vere. It has failed! In a letter from your Aunt Fan to-day, she announces that he is about to marry a pretty Miss Vesey,[1] daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. Arthur Vesey, a cousin of ours. I have to make known the disagreeable intelligence to poor Sophy to-day; she had really worked herself up to fancy she would be mistress of the Parsonage.[2]

"Dr Campbell of this place tells me he has a good

[1] The Rev. Henry Barry Knox, married, 1841, Jane Vesey, who died of consumption 1846, leaving one daughter.

[2] Mr Knox was Rector of Hadleigh, Suffolk.

chance of recovering the earldom of Annandale, being descended from the eldest daughter of the first earl. Lord Brougham, when Chancellor in 1834 had nearly decided it in favour of your cousin Hope Johnstone. My friend the doctor when I was last here, laid claim to the tittle of Crawford and Lindsay, but he abandons that. He seems bent upon being a Lord. Lady Kilmaine and son set out on a tour to the Netherlands on September 1, they will be in Paris in October. Poor Colonel Disbrowe is in a very delicate state, having a ulcer on his lungs which gathers occasionally and in bursting runs the risk of suffocating him. A homœopathic doctor keeps him alive.

"I very much fear that we shall have disturbances in Ireland, they are moving troops there. It will be a nuisance if you come home on leave to be ordered to the depot because of this. We generally go to the *Établissement* of an evening, but it is not to be compared to the Redoute at Spa. The girls never spent so agreeable a summer as they did there last year. Bridges Taylor is to be married forthwith; he writes that he is the 'happiest little beast in the world.'"

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"Boulogue s/M.,
"*September 1st*, 1841.

"We have all enjoyed being here excessively, and I must say I am very sorry to return to our winter quarters, particularly as the weather is so fine. Uncle and Aunt James and Emily are to leave for Italy on the 25th. They intended to have gone by sea from Marseilles, but they think now that will be almost as expensive as the land journey, and not near so pleasant. so they have almost decided on the latter. I believe the road from Genoa to Pisa is most beautiful, and Aunt James is very anxious to go that way. As for Emily, she will never allow us even to talk of Italy before her, she has such a horror of going there. However I dare say when she is there she will like it better than she expects. We had a visit from Mrs L—— and Lizzy,

who spent a day here on their way to London. They are to sail for Demerara in October. Lizzy is as ridiculous as ever, and if possible, larger. She talks of nothing but the Grand Dukes, Princes, etc., whom she has met in Germany. Counts and Barons are now quite beneath her notice. She amused me with an account of one of her dear friends—die Erbfürstin von Hohenzollernzinnern—whom she described as '*pétillante d'esprit, et une véritable avalanche de paroles.*' She does not seem to mind going to Demerara, and I rather think expects to captivate some fat Dutchman there. I am sorry you missed Sir Joseph Laffan, as he could have told you a good deal about us. He spent the greater part of last winter in Paris, and we often had the pleasure of his company at dinner or in the evening at Aunt Fanny's

" Lady Isabella de Chabot is here, and her daughters ride with us sometimes. Her eldest daughter, Countess Olivia, is Lady of Honour to the Princess Clémentine. She says that the King's private fortune is not so great as is supposed, and that at his death and Mme. Adelaide's, all that the younger children will have is £6000 a year, which is not much for Princes and Princesses. I suppose you remember old Dowse[1] at Dungannon? He is just dead, and his pension of £50 a year falls in to Uncle Ranfurly. At the election the other day (though he was in a dying state) he insisted on being carried to the poll that he might vote for Northland. Uncle Ranfurly intends to take all his family over to Dungannon next year to spend the summer there, and also to lay out £3000 on building houses, in order to preserve the borough. Mama wrote to offer Mrs Bichet the choice of remaining with us on £40 a year, or retiring on a pension of £20, and she has decided on the former. Bichet we have done with. Uncle James takes Eulalie and her husband and child to Pisa with him. It is quite the fashion in our family to have father, mother, and child in the house together. Aunt Fanny has done so but we have now broken through

[1] The late Lord Ranfurly's butler.

the rule by parting with Bichet. I must now say adieu, having no time for more."

From the same.

"PARIS, *September 16th*, 1841.

"We are arrived here on the 5th, and have ever since been regretting the fresh sea breezes we enjoyed at Boulogne. Poor Susan is ill with a bilious fever, but I think she is improving a little, and the doctor says she will soon shake it off. Uncle Ranfurly has been ill too with a very bad attack of tic, the worst he has ever had. Mary has been officiating as bridesmaid to her friend Miss Denny, who was married the other day, to Mr Robinson, Sir Richard's son, a very good match for him. The happy pair have taken a house near Windsor and are gone down there. Uncle and Aunt James are very busy preparing for their departure, they leave the Place Vendôme to-day, and move to the Hotel Clarendon next door to Aunt Fanny in the Rue Castiglione, and on Thursday next they set out for Pisa. They intend to remain three years in Italy but I am sure Uncle James will get tired of it long before that, and I am in hopes he may come back sooner.

"I have a domestic misfortune to announce to you, 'if you have tears, prepare to shed them now!' Baron von Schlimm[1] has departed this life. He dropped down dead in a fit of apoplexy a fortnight ago. He was buried with great pomp in Mme. Boudoux's garden at Montmartre. So now all your old friends are disappearing. I think I told you that Miss Ross was married to her cousin, Mr Phipps. Their relations were all much against the match, but could not prevent it, so Miss Ross (that was) and her 'cher Tom,' as she used to call him, are now living in a boarding-house in some miserable country town in Brittany.

"Northland is gone to Dungannon to give his friends a dinner. I hear he is in great fashion in London, and so intimate with Lady Jersey and Lady Londonderry that he has only to say in the morning whether he

[1] Colonel James Knox's dog.

chooses to dine there or not. I have no room for more, and this paper will not bear crossing, so farewell. Do write to me soon."

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

(*Same date.*)

"Glad as I should be to see you, I think you are better in Canada for at least twelve months. I dread your coming to us to be *ennuyé*, and yet it must be so. We are obliged to practise the strictest economy. I go to market myself, lay in coals, keep the key of my cellar, and your mother watches over the kitchen; in short, it is the only way of making our income last. I have not yet parted with my horses, but will do so if necessary. It will be a great privation to your sisters.

"You will see by the papers that the Duc d'Aumale [1] was fired at, at the head of his regiment (17th Light Infantry) as he was coming into Paris. As yet it does not appear that the individual who fired had any accomplices, though some of the papers declare that there is a society called Communists who have vowed to destroy the Orleans race. Sir Joseph Laffan will be doubly valuable on his return, as his Western travels will be fresh; we know his Eastern ones by heart. We do not yet know who is to be our Ambassador, but for Bessy's sake I hope he may have daughters and keep a gay house. Mr Chappell expects to get an apothecary partnership soon, and says he will then come and claim his bride. Poor Emily is very low at the thoughts of going to Italy; she would give up father and mother to stay with us if it were allowed. We look forward to the Halifax letters to-morrow. I hope you observe that we never miss writing. I must say you are very good in that way."

From the Hon. Mrs E. S. P. Knox.

"PARIS, *October 2nd*, 1841.

"The turn of writing to you is left me, and I gladly use it. Susan is better, but has not yet begun to study.

[1] Fourth son of Louis Philippe, born 1822.

She talks of mounting Jessy to-morrow and taking one turn in the Champs Elysees. Isabella too was ill for a week, and after that her back got worse and we were obliged to call in one of the Orthopedic doctors, who wanted to have her given up to him, to live at his Establishment. This we positively refused to do, and then he ordered a bed on which she is to be strapped down several hours a day, and to sleep on if possible, also a pair of mechanical stays. We must bring her on by degrees, as anything is better than to grow up crooked. She is very anxious to recover, and leaves no pains untried herself, poor little dear! Of course this system must interfere a little with her education, but she has so much talent and industry combined, I daresay when she is grown up, she won't make a bad show.

"On the 23rd of last month your uncle and aunt, James and Emily, set out for Italy. The parting was a heart-breaking one to all the cousins; to none so much as Susan, who I really think loves Emily like a sister. There was a letter yesterday from Lyons; they had every sort of trouble. The very first day the carriage began to get out of order, though your uncle had spent more than £40 on having it repaired. The second day it got so bad the dicky was near falling off, and they had to get on board the Steamboat and proceed to Lyons by water among a horrid dirty crowd. They were obliged to stay at Lyons nearly a week, waiting for a pair of new wheels, Emily all the time sighing after 'Helder Hall.' There is no saying how very much we miss them, and we have very few people we know as yet. We expect Lady Kilmaine and her son Frederick Browne soon, and the Actons; Charlotte is a very clever and agreeable girl. Paris is grown quite a desert! Your Aunt Fanny is to have an increase in her family in February; Elise [1] is going to produce a baby for her amusement, which I think your aunt is very glad of, as she likes the little wretches. I am very glad it is not *me* who is in the scrape!

[1] Lady Frances Knox's maid married her butler, Adolphe Lebreton, and both remained with her until her death in 1861.

"Mrs Bichet was given the choice of remaining on £40, or retiring with an annuity of £20, and at last it has been found necessary to adopt the latter plan. She could not reconcile herself to the place without her husband, and in consequence many things have gone wrong, so we must part, though I cannot help feeling sorry. I have done all that it was possible to do to keep her, perhaps if I had taken less pains I should have succeeded better. It is this very day she is to leave us, and I do not like the leave-taking. I do not mean to take any successor, but shall be very active myself. My great object is to reduce the household expenditure so as to be able to keep the two saddle-horses till we leave Paris, and I do not despair of success. Nobody knows how much they can economize till they try, and every day now I find some way in which I can manage better. The chief thing is cutting off small sundries, which run up quicker than anything else.

"We hope to settle in London in May 1843, so if you come home next year, which I trust there is little doubt of, you will have only one winter in Paris. Some of us fancy there is a chance of your showing yourself here this week, and we have even been dreaming that you walked in! But I am afraid you would soon get sick of this dull place, so we must not wish for you yet. Lady Georgina Needham is here with Lord Kilmorey [1] at an hotel, but whether she remains or not is more than I can say. As far as manner and appearance go, his Lordship is very well; gentlemanly and good looking. Miss Osborne I fear will leave us at Christmas. What to do then I know not; I always like putting off disagreeable jobs and shall not see after a successor till the last moment."

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

(Same date.)

"Your mother has anticipated all my news, and I hardly know how to fill this page. But they say,

[1] Lord Kilmorey, Earl and Viscount, was born 1787, and married first, 1814, Jane, daughter of George Gun Cuninghame. He died 1880.

'*l'appétit vient en mangeant*,' and perhaps that may apply to scribbling. Paris is deadly dull; not that I care about that, but for Bessy's sake I wish it were otherwise. Your Aunt Fan felt your uncle's departure very much. She is the kindest and most affectionate creature in existence. Florence is now the destination of the James family. Emily was miserable at parting from her cousins; she wrote to Bessy from Lyons; telling her she had shed tears enough to float an egg-shell! Our establishment now consists of a lacquais, girls' maid, housemaid and cook, besides the groom. We have reduced two mouths, viz., M. and Mme. Bichet, and your mother has undertaken the household management, which I think she will do very well. Indeed, it is absolutely necessary for us to make a reform in our expenditure and do what the Chancellor of the Exchequer wishes to do —namely, square the incomings and the outgoings. Common sense tells one that if the latter exceed the former a crash must sooner or later come.

"Sir Richard Robinson is very much pleased with his son's match. They have taken a place near Windsor, and I believe he has sold out. Your Aunt Elizabeth writes that Lord —— has got into a scrape and has been dismissed the Queen's Household in consequence. Lords Heytesbury, Stuart de Rothsay and Cowley are all talked of for the Embassy—also the Duke of Beaufort, but nothing is known as yet. The Apponyis [1] are to be absent this winter. I hear that Carlo Rumboldt is coming home from India on sick leave. It is supposed that his sister will get a large fortune from Baron Delmar, with whom she lives; I believe she is a nice girl. Bessy's Italian master teaches her also, and makes her acquainted with all our concerns, but though we see her driving out almost every day we are not acquainted."

From the same.

"PARIS, *November 15th*, 1841.

"We jog on here as usual. Your Aunt F. dines with

[1] Austrian Ambassador to Paris.

us about four times a week, and we dine with her the other three. We have not been at a single party; but we gave a musical soirée one night. Balfe, who is a good singer, and Mrs Hampton [1] entertained the company. We mustered about fifty souls, and among them a friend of yours, Lieutenant Darell of the 85. Our acquaintance with this gentleman came through Miss Acton,[2] who met him at dinner, and talked of Canada and you. Mr Darell spoke of you in such high terms that Mrs Acton thought she could not do better than bring us together, and I must say we like what we have seen of your brother officer very much. Bessy has fished out of him that you are a very good fellow and much esteemed in the corps; also that you were working hard at Algebra and surveying, and were a promising officer. The only little drawback was the report of your constant smoking, which he said the doctors forbid. I presume you know that not unfrequently cancer is produced by this practice. It is a lingering and painful disease, and were I you, I would renounce for ever the obnoxious weed. You may remember that I took quantities of snuff at one time? I gave it up about five years ago, and since then not a grain of the article has entered my nose. Well done, resolution! Lieut. Darell says that your Adjutant is likely to give up, and that the Colonel has talked to you about taking it. I told him you had never alluded to it. I certainly should be well pleased if you held that situation for a year or two. . . .

"I am very much obliged by your kind consideration in offering to give up a part of your allowance. I should be sorry indeed to deprive you of it. Since the Bichets left we have been able to reduce very much, your mother manages admirably and we live quite as well, indeed, better than we did before. The girls would be very sorry to have Mrs Bichet back, she used to tease them very much. I expect to be able to retain my horses while in France. We have put our

[1] A sister of G. A. Osborne.

[2] Afterwards Mrs Baird of Stichill, mother of Lady Enniskillen and her sister, Mrs Frederick Villiers, known as "the golden twins."

shoulders to the wheel, look closely into everything, and will I think be able to make both ends meet at the end of 1842. You have no idea what dear and nice girls your sisters are, they take such pains to improve themselves that I am sure the money spent on their education has been well bestowed.

"Lord Cowley[1] and family have taken up their residence at Meurices. The Embassy is under repair and it will be several months before they can get into it. Lord and Lady Granville are at Nice, his right arm is paralysed, but he is otherwise well. We shall not soon get so gay an Ambassadress as Lady Granville. God bless you, my dearest Tom, you do not know how we all love you and how delighted we shall be to see you again."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

(*Same date.*)

"I am afraid I have undertaken an arduous task in asking for this sheet, for I see by Papa's letter that he has monopolised all the news. There is a Lady Maria Saunderson here, who is going to give a series of little dances every fortnight, and next month Aunt Fan intends to open her house and give us a ball. We hear often from Florence. Aunt James does not go out to parties, as she has no carriage, and Emily still pines after Paris. They like the climate very much, and say it is more like June than December. I think Miss Osborne will really be married in March, as Mrs Chappell has promised £2000 for the first good partnership that her son can find and I hear he is about one now. Miss Osborne will be a great loss to us, and I do not fancy having another governess in the house, though, of course, *I* shall have nothing to say to her."

From the same.

"PARIS, *November 30th*, 1841.

"We are anxiously watching the Gazette in hopes

[1] Created Baron Cowley 1828. He was the Hon. Henry Wellesley, G.C.B., brother to the Duke of Wellington, and married Lady Georgiana Cecil, daughter of the first Marquess of Salisbury. He died 1847.

of seeing your name down as Lieutenant, and I expect to be the first to announce the joyful intelligence to the Helder world, as I am generally the first down before breakfast, and therefore the first to see *Galignani*. Though this is now the end of November we have only been to one party. I have seen your friend Mr Darell several times; he came two evenings to our house, and Aunt Fanny asked him once to dinner. He was at Lady Kilmaine's one evening and sang, but I believe he has not a good voice. I told you last winter of Harriet Collier's being ill. She has a complaint in the muscles of her spine, and has been lying on her back for ten months. All the best doctors have been consulted, and different experiments tried, but all to no purpose. So now they intend to leave her to nature and not torture her with blisters, etc., as they have been doing all along. I went to see her the other day and was quite surprised to find her so cheerful. She is always moved to the sofa in the day, and likes people to come and see her. Lady Aldborough, an extraordinary old woman whom you may remember in Paris, goes and sits with her very often and tells her all the anecdotes of the day.

"Emily must certainly miss us a good deal at Florence; her evenings are particularly dull. Uncle James sits sleeping in his Douro armchair; Aunt James reading or writing and Emily (as Aunt James says) pining after 'my cousins'—not a very gay trio! No balls are to be given this winter at the Embassy at Florence; the excuse Lord Holland[1] makes is that it might hurt the Grand Duke's feelings, as he has lately lost a daughter.

"Papa has a good deal more to do now than he had. He always goes himself to buy the groceries and the coals, and sees them all weighed, and Mama acts the part of housekeeper, and looks after the cook, and the economy of the Ministry of the Interior. Our *ci-devant* ministers have not got places yet; they wanted

[1] Henry Edward, fourth Baron Holland, was born 1802, and sometime Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Tuscany. He died at Naples 1859, when the title became extinct.

to take their children away from school as they could not afford to pay so high now.

"Captain Simpson is in a good state of preservation and we have the gratification of meeting him every day in the Champs Elysees, on his beautiful cob. He generally sports a sky-blue coat. We missed it for some time, but one day, driving through the Marché du Temple, we saw a coat the very ditto of it, in an old clothes shop. I happened to mention this to Papa, and the next time we met our friend on the cob, Papa stopped him, and said, 'Well, Simpson, what have you done with your sky-blue coat? some ladies of my acquaintance say they saw one exactly like it in an old clothes shop, and they want to know if you have sold or lost yours?'

"The old gentleman denied both charges, and said that he had his blue coat on under his great coat, and then he began to expatiate on the beauty of the blue, and said that some ladies had told him that if it was possible to dye velvet that shade it would be quite the rage for bonnets. He says that he had a pair of inexpressibles of the same colour, and that when he was in London Lady Troubridge told him that he and Count D'Orsay were the only people who had the like! It was all I could do to keep from laughing, for of course Lady T. must have been quizzing the poor old gentleman, for this favourite blue of his is a very ugly colour. Aunt Fanny intends to give a ball at the beginning of January, that is to say, if she can collect enough bipeds to fill her rooms. Mr Tudor has also signified his intention of giving a ball, and told me that it should be on the 17th of January, as that was the anniversary of the day when he became a slave, adding, with his right hand gracefully placed on the centre flower of his waistcoat pattern, that 'it was a happy slavery!'

"Lord Cowley and suite are still at Meurice's. Miss Wellesley, I hear, was announced in London last spring as the future Lady Northland, but there was no truth in the report. I think Northland must be a general flirt, for it is constantly reported that he is going to be

married. When we were in London, Lord Downshire [1] asked Lord Limerick what Northland's fortune was, as he had been paying great attention to one of his daughters, and he therefore wished to know what his prospects were."

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

(*Same date.*)

"I have not seen your friend Mr Darell lately, though we have called on each other. He lives in the Rue Neuve de Berri. His report of you is very flattering; I hope you will always deserve the good word of your brother officers. I trust that if you do get the offer of the Adjutancy, you will not accept it without making up your mind to go through the business with credit to yourself and comfort to those over whom you are placed. You will manage badly if you do not get the length of your Commanding Officer's foot, and, if you are able to suggest any improvement, ***make him believe that the idea is his own.***

"Your Aunt F. is very well, and making preparations for Mme. Elise's baby. She doats on the little wretches. I am very much of O'Brian's opinion in 'Peter Simple,' that 'nothing comes from them but sour milk.' You will have heard that Harriet Gooch produced a daughter [2] on the 6th, and two days afterwards Louisa Alexander ditto,[3] which adds two more cousins to your stock.

"Bet and Susan are making great strides in the art of drawing. Isabella is learning Italian and Susy German. So I hope my three daughters will be excellent linguists. Isabella has taken to singing again, which she had dropped for some years. She has a sweet little voice. The wretch says 'Papa would rather hear me sing than Grisi.' Susan always accompanies

[1] Third Marquis of Downshire. He died 1845.

[2] Diana, who married, 1866, Alfred Morse, Esq., of Catton, Co. Norfolk.

[3] Blanche Katherine, who married, 1877, the Rev. Frederick Hammond of Laureston, Dover, and died the following year.

her on the piano, which is a '*talent à part.*' I am quite sure when you see your sisters again you will be delighted with them. They are everything we could wish, and though not handsome, are quite good looking enough. Our old friend Rear-Admiral Beauman is returned to Paris with his wife, who, though to all appearance well, has a complaint in her heart which may carry her off at short notice, and makes the Flag officer very unhappy.

"This day twelve months Bonaparte's body was brought to Paris. It was then a severe and very hard frost; to-day it is beautifully mild, and the sun shining full upon me as I write in my little cabinet, where Mr Bisset used to teach your young ideas to shoot. I mentioned to you a mortgage proposed to me by Capron. It has failed, and my anticipated increase of income with it, but everything is for the best. An *ordonnance* has appeared reducing one company in each regiment in France. Total reduction 90,000 men, a saving on the budget of 1842 of 30 millions of francs, or £120,000. The fortifications will stop for the winter, but M. Thiers involved them in great expense by his war cry last year. I hear that Louis Philippe has fainting fits occasionally, but I fondly hope that his life will be preserved for some years.

"Lord Cowley is to go to the Embassy immediately, and hopes are entertained that Lady Cowley will give parties. She has an only daughter; the sons are by the first wife, now Lady Anglesey."

From Elizabeth Jane Knox.

"PARIS, *December 31st*, 1841.

"I have been very busy lately writing invitations for Aunt Fanny's ball, which is to be given on Friday the 7th. We were afraid at first that we should have some difficulty in collecting *beaux*: however we have succeeded in getting a good many, thanks to the exertions of some of our friends who have asked all their dancing friends for us. There is a Parsee here, a fire worshipper, who is quite a Lion. His name is

Manackjee Cursitjee. He is just come to London and is going to Bombay, and he speaks English remarkably well. I was much amused at something he said the other night at Lady Maria Saunderson's ball. He was standing at the refreshment table drinking tea, and somebody whispered to another person that he was a fire worshipper, upon which he turned round suddenly and holding up his cup of tea said, 'I beg your pardon; for the present I am only a Tea-worshipper.' We asked him to Aunt Fanny's ball and he wrote her a very pretty note saying that he would have much pleasure in 'spending evening' with Lady F. Knox on the 7th. Another person whom we expect to have is Lady Cowley. Aunt Fan wrote to her, or rather Papa composed the note and I copied it. She said that she was going to give a dance for her nieces, and she would be much flattered if Lady Cowley and Miss Wellesley would honour her with their company. Lady Cowley wrote a very civil note, saying that she already had an engagement for that night, but that she hoped to be able to spend part of the evening at Aunt Fanny's. On Monday we go to a Reception at Court, and Wednesday to a dance at Mrs Duff's, so you see we shall have a gay week. Mama is going to take Isabella to Mrs Riddell's on Tuesday, where there is to be a small children's party, to see your friend Mr Darell conjure. Did you ever see him perform his tricks? He has shown off at several places here, and Charlotte Acton told me that one of the regular things he does each time is pretending to break his nose against the door! She says it always turns her sick.

"Harriet Gooch's baby is to be called Diana, after her great-aunt Lady Hamlyn Williams, and Louisa's is to be Blanche Katherine, the latter after Lady Caledon.

"We read in the paper the other day that 'Charles Scott Murray, Esq., M.P., was gone on the Continent under the care of his mama to finish his education'! There is to be only one ball at Court this year; they generally give several little private balls, but it seems

that last year the Ministers got anonymous letters saying that if the King did not ask the Deputies' wives to the balls, the Deputies would not vote as he wished them to do, so His Majesty has decided that none but *bals monstres* are to be given. I hear that his health is declining fast: he is subject to fainting fits and his legs swell. I have no room for more, and I daresay you have had enough."

CHAPTER VI

Lord Suirdale's unhappy Love Affair—Lady Frances Knox gives a Ball—Crowded Reception at the Tuileries—Americans in Paris—Earthquake at Florence—A Devoted Father—His Son becomes Adjutant of the 85th—Thalberg—Georges Dandin at the *Français*—A Sensational Sermon—Accident on the Versailles Railway—Sudden Death of the Duke of Orleans—Another Attempt on the Queen's Life—Marriage of Miss Osborne—Invention of the Daguerrotype Portraits—Engagement of Pauline Stronge to Captain M'Clintock, R.N.

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"PARIS,
"*New Year's Day*, 1842.

"I SEE that Lord Suirdale[1] and Orlando Bridgeman are gone to China in the 98th. The former fell desperately in love with Miss Hatton here about three years ago. His aunt Lady Katherine Bernard[2] under whose care he was sent him away immediately on discovering it. He went very properly, but said he, 'You will break my heart.' The youth is only nineteen now, and heir to £16,000 per annum. He is by Lord Donoughmore's (my old friend Pat Hutchinson's) first wife.

"My friend Beauman has been very ill; he was dreadfully afraid that his flag would be struck for ever, but I am happy to say that he has rallied. Captain Simpson continues to ride his old cob daily and grumbles at the Administration for not rewarding his important

[1] Richard John, eldest son of the third Earl Donoughmore, born 1823; married, 1847, Thomasina Jocelyn, eldest daughter and heiress of the late W. Steele; succeeded his father 1851, and died 1866.

[2] Daughter of the first Earl of Donoughmore, married, 1814, Thomas Bernard, Esq., of Castle Bernard.

services at Greenwich Hospital. He numbers in years about 75. Lady Dundonald lives here; her husband [1] is just come over from Portsmouth where he tells me his new steam engine has had great success, hitherto it has only been applied to pumping. His Lordship is a very clever fellow, but I fear he will do his fortune no good by his experiments. So thinks his wife. Tudor's house is splendid, and as there is now a dearth of Embassies, everybody is glad to go there. Even —— if she were here, would condescend to patronize it. Our friends the Chabots have succeeded to the Llandaff property in Tipperary: an estate of about £12,000 per annum with a debt of £100,000 upon it. Lady Elizabeth Mathews, the last of her race, died a short time ago, leaving it to them. Father Mathews has, I hear, got a good legacy from her.

"Bessy is quite full of the ball on the 7th. We have got all the élite of the young dancing men of all nations so I hope it will go off well. Yesterday was the first of the frost, but not severe, no snow as yet. Miss Osborne's affairs are still at sea; the little doctor cannot get a partnership and therefore will not engage in matrimony. In the meantime we are profiting by the care of one of the nicest and best little creatures that ever existed.

"Only think of an application to the Committee for relief for Mrs B. (daughter of Sir Robert C.), who used to be Emily's playfellow in the Rue Taitbout! Young ladies and gentlemen should take care how they make improvident matches. I flatter myself our girls are too wise to commit such an act of madness, and have heard too much of its folly."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

January 31st, 1842.

"As Papa has referred you to me for further details of the Paris gaieties, I suppose I am in duty bound to

[1] Thomas, tenth Earl, G.C.B., born 1775, and attained the rank of an Admiral of the White, and Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom. He has left a name of high distinction in our naval annals. He died 1860.

inflict a long letter on you. Aunt Fanny's ball was delightful, and we all enjoyed it excessively. We asked about two hundred people, but not more than a hundred and seventy came. The house was very nicely arranged, and as the court was too small to admit more than one carriage, none were allowed into the *porte-cochère*. The entrance was carpeted, and curtains put up to keep out the wind, so it felt very comfortable coming in. Only three rooms were open; the dining-room, drawing-room, and Aunt Fan's bedroom, where there were card tables for the chaperons. The rooms were rather crowded for about an hour and a half but never too much so to prevent dancing, which was kept up with great spirit till three o'clock. Nothing could have gone off better and it was generally considered to be the best ball that had been given this season. Of course I danced a good deal, so also did Susan and Isabella. We had a great number of dancing men, and indeed the last few days we refused several applications as we were afraid of being too crowded. We had one very vulgar Englishman, whom we could not avoid asking. I believe he was in the Carabiniers. He was introduced to us at Mrs Duff's ball, and he provoked Mama excessively by always calling her Lady Knox! And when she got up to go into the refreshment room, he came up to her and said, 'Lady Knox, do you want something to drink?' He excited Isabella's indignation that evening by pulling her 'pigtail' and saying to me, 'I suppose this is your little sister,' which was certainly adding insult to injury. You would have been amused if you had seen the expression of her face, for she turned round, and 'looked a small armoury of daggers' at him. What made Aunt Fanny's ball so popular was the excellent supper that she gave, and certainly the men did honour to it. One Frenchman was overheard saying to his neighbour, '*On mange joliment bien ici!*' and another made three regular suppers at different parts of the table.

"I went to the Reception at Court on the 3rd of January, but not to the ball that was given a fortnight

ELIZABETH KNOX
From a water-colour drawing

later. I was there last year and did not like it, so I made over my ticket to Aunt Fanny who went instead. It was dreadfully hot and crowded; a regular mob there, and next day several forks and spoons were found to be missing, besides a number of napkins. Mannickjee Cursitjee, the fire worshipper, was asked how he liked it, and he said, 'Oh it was as hot as hell! not that I ever was in that place, but I read a description of it in "Don Juan."' The Duke of Orleans has been giving a great many balls and Concerts but no English are asked, which I think a great pity. There is to be a fancy ball there next Saturday. The Duchess of Orleans is to be dressed as Anne of Austria, the Duchess of Nemours as Mary of Médicis, and their ladies of honour according to the costumes of their respective reigns. The Duke of Orleans is to represent Francis I. and all his suit the various great men of that period. It is a great loss not having any Embassies to go to. The other night I was at General Cass' for the first time, and I was very much amused with the unusual appearance of the Americans, who certainly do not seem blest with what Byron calls the fatal gift of beauty. Never did I see such a collection of plain faces as there was amongst the men. As to the ladies I was rather disappointed, as I had heard a great deal of American beauty. The prettiest girl there was Miss Thom, a daughter of Colonel Thom who, you may remember, used to give such magnificent balls, and she was dancing with ——, the dentist! Miss Macleod, a niece of Lady Kilmaine's, told me that the first question one of her partners asked her was—'Pray what ship did you come in?' which made her burst out laughing. We were at a ball the other day at Mrs Law's, who lived next door to us at Versailles. The rooms were rather small and very full; however I liked it well enough and should have enjoyed it still more, had it not been for the terror I was in lest the lustre should come down, for in the course of the evening two of the smaller ones gave way. The *bobêches* and everything came down with a great crash, which frightened me out of my wits, for I was very near the scene of action.

However no damage was done, except that one girl had a hole burnt in her gown and had a shower of hot wax down her neck, which must have been anything but pleasant. Harriet Gooch is in despair because her baby has red hair, and she intends to have it shaved as soon as she can. Mrs Trollope is just come from Florence, where she dined with Uncle James. She says Emily is looking beautiful, but seems melancholy, particularly when Paris is talked of. Uncle James likes Florence so much, and he is positively determined on remaining there three years. But I should not be at all surprised if he got tired of it and went on to Rome before that. Aunt James has begun to go out a little. She was at a magnificent ball given by Fenzi, the Rothschild of Florence."

From the same.

PARIS, *April 1st*, 1842.

"We are all going on much as usual here: there has been very little gaiety during Lent, but I think we shall have some now. To-night we are going to a ball at the Embassy, and on Monday is the English Charity ball which was completely set on foot by Papa. The tickets which are 20 francs each have not sold as fast as we could wish; however there will probably be a demand for them. The expenses are enormous, quite 9,000 francs, however it could not have been done for less. Papa makes himself very useful fo Lady Cowley, enquiring into all cases of poverty and applications that are made to her, and I believe she is tormented enough with them. She has been very civil to us, and has asked us to everything she has given. Many people are annoyed because she does not invite them, but her rooms being small she is obliged to limit her numbers, and only a favoured few are asked each time.

"Since I last wrote Aunt Fanny has increased her establishment, Elise having been confined of a boy. Aunt Fanny is delighted at having a baby in the house, and spends much of her time playing with it and washing and dressing it; a very interesting occupation (for those who like it !). I think she will find it rather

inconvenient travelling all through Italy with her large establishment, for she means to take the two children, two maids, and probably two men. Papa says she will break down her barouche if she overloads it, so I dare say she will end in taking a fourgon with her, which of course would much increase the expense.

"Aunt James seems to like Florence and has been mixing in society a little lately, which makes it much pleasanter. She and Uncle James went to Court the other day, and were presented to the Grand Duke.[1] They got very tired of the ceremony which was long and tedious. The Grand Duke is so very shy that he is quite miserable for two or three days before the presentation at the idea of having to speak to so many strangers. All the refreshments they give at Court consist of hot orangeade and *snow and water!* instead of ice, the latter not being allowed in Lent. Uncle James was so bored with his evening that he vows he never will go to Court again. They were all much frightened some time ago by an earthquake, which though very slightly felt was quite enough to terrify poor Em. out of her wits at the time.

"Wilbraham Taylor is to be married this week. He will be much better off than he expected to be, for Sir William Gosset has given him the situation of Housekeeper to the House of Commons which is worth £500 a year, and when the new House of Commons is finished [2] he is to have apartments there, and coals and candles for nothing.

"Bridges Taylor and his wife have been dining at the Duke of Cambridge's and the Duke of Gloucester's. When he was going away from Cambridge House one evening, the servants called out for his servant. Now as it happens he does not keep one, so of course he had none to bring. After a short delay he was told that his servant was not forthcoming, upon which he pretended to be very angry and said—'Hang that servant

[1] Leopold II., born 1797; succeeded 1824; abdicated July 21st, 1859.

[2] The old Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire 1834, and the new ones commenced 1840.

of mine, he is always out of the way when he is wanted,' and then taking Mrs B. on his arm he walked off and got into his fly. I am very glad to hear that you have got the Adjutancy, but I hope it will not prevent your coming home this autumn, as it would be a very great disappointment to us all."

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

PARIS, *April 2nd*, 1842.

"Yesterday's post brought me a letter from Cox & Co. stating that you had drawn on Feb. 5th £75 and they wanted money to meet this bill. I answered immediately, saying that £50 would be paid in on the 1st, and enclosing a check for £25, and desired them to let me know if that was sufficient. I should be dreadfully annoyed if one of your drafts should be dishonoured. I daresay you must have been put to some extraordinary expense to have so far anticipated your revenue. Were my means greater, I should be delighted to increase your allowance, but we live most frugally, never have dinner company. I have not yet put down my horses, but soon must. I am quite sure that your good sense and good heart will tell you not to exceed your allowance. But if by any unforeseen event you are drawn into doing so, do not run into debt but apply to your old father, and confide all your little misfortunes to him. He wishes to be more on the terms of a brother than a parent with you, therefore be open with him always.

"F. B. was here last month, and was drawn in by some sharpers to play. He lost £106, for which he gave bills at a year. His mother told me the whole story and I saw it was a regular fraud and undertook to recover the said bills which I succeeded in accomplishing. One of the parties thought fit to write the young man a most insulting letter which I insisted on his not taking any notice of as I had positive proof that the fellow was a bad one, and was turned out of Meurice's. I laid the case before several of my friends, Lord Aylmer among the number, and they sanctioned

what I had done. I wrote F. B. a letter which he can show his regiment, should ever a word against him be whispered at the mess. He winced most cruelly under the blackguard's epistle. I hope it will be a warning to him in future to be careful whom he gets acquainted with, and also not to play. Steady occupation, study, and reading are much more profitable pastimes than drinking, gambling, and the obnoxious weed. I must not moralise any more, or you will crumple up my letter and put it into the fire. Fire reminds me of stoves, and stoves of headaches. If you put a basin of water on your stove with a stick across it, and lay a rag over the stick with each end dipping in the water, the moisture is absorbed by the linen and the damp spreads in the room, and prevents that dryness of atmosphere which causes pains in the head and flushing. Try this, it was told me by a savant.

"We were at Lady Cowley's ball last night; we get on much better with her than with Lady Granville. Still I must always praise the latter as a kind-hearted charitable woman. On the 4th the Charity ball takes place, and Bessy anticipates much pleasure from it. She is, I may say, universally admired, not for beauty which she does not possess, but for her good manners, and sensible amiable conduct. Indeed I often think how blessed I am in my wife and children. It would break my heart if any of them went wrong, but that is a misfortune I cannot anticipate."

From the same.

PARIS, *April 16th*, 1842.

"In my last I told you of the scrape F. B. had got into with some gamblers. I thought it was all over, but one of the set, a Mr B., wrote a most plausible letter to the Colonel of the —th, calculated to place our friend in a very bad point of view. The adjutant forwarded a copy of this letter to F. B. calling upon him for an explanation, and informing him that if not satisfactory it would be referred to higher authority. Lady —— and her party had arrived at Genoa when

this despatch was received. They immediately fell back (to use a military term) on Geneva, and sent it on to me. I did not lose a post in writing to Colonel ——, stating that F. B.'s mother had informed me of the whole transaction, and that it seemed to me such an every day act of fraud that I insisted on Lady —— permitting me to recover the bills her son had given. This I had succeeded in doing through my solicitor. I took upon myself the whole responsibility of having recovered the bills, and had proceeded throughout with the concurrence of General Lord Aylmer[1] and other highly respectable and well-known residents in Paris. This letter, of which I sent Lady —— a copy, so put her mind at rest that she has continued her journey towards Italy, but I have as yet had no answer from the Colonel.

"Our ball on the 4th inst. went off admirably; profit to the Fund 6,940 francs or £277. An old brother officer of mine, and standing next to me on the list, Lord Leven and Melville,[2] arrived with his family last night. I had engaged rooms for them, and they propose spending some months here for the education of their daughters, whose ages correspond with those of our girls. My landlord has promised to renew my lease to May 1st, 1843, on the same terms. But you are never sure of a Frenchman till you get him on paper, and as '*mon homme*' has not yet come to the scratch I do not feel certain. When once it is signed I shall look out for a house at Versailles for July, August and September, and your Aunt F. will go there also. Lord Leven says he will follow me. I am anxious to know how the Adjutancy will suit you. I hear from military men that you will get a great insight into the business by holding it. . . . 'Suaviter in modo, Fortiter in Re' is a good motto. To succeed well you must have tact enough to keep everybody in good humour, and support you subordinates and sergeants, at least such is my

[1] Matthew, fifth Baron Aylmer, G.C.B., born 1775; died 1850.

[2] David, tenth and seventh Earl, born 1875; married, 1824, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Archibald Campbell, Bart., and died 1860.

idea. I know nothing about soldiering, I only judge from human nature.

"I have placed £25 to your credit at Cox's which I hope will supply the deficit in your exchequer. You are well aware of my circumstances, but do not go into debt or borrow. Confide in your father, who loves you as much as father ever did a son."

From the same.

PARIS, *April 30th*, 1842.

"Your letter of March 23rd arrived on April 23rd. The steamer it appears made the voyage across the Atlantic with one paddle, but did it in fifteen or sixteen days.

"So you are now acting Adjutant! at the age you are now at I commanded a ship of twenty-two guns and manned with 140 men, and had occasionally from three to four hundred troops embarked, and during eighteen months I was so employed I never had the slightest misunderstanding with my military passengers and kept on good terms with my own officers, and the crew, on paying off loudly cheered me, so I presume I gave satisfaction. I mention this only to show that you may keep everybody in good humour and good order without bullying or harassing them. It would flatter me very much to hear that the 85th never had fewer punishments or were in better order than during your administration.

"The Minister of Finance died suddenly on Thursday and was carried to-day to the Madeleine, where he is to remain a short time before he returns to his native Strasburg. Five thousand troops were under arms, Soult and another Marshal were pall-bearers and two or three hundred gentlemen in deep mourning followed the hearse. Several of the corps have got new clothing which I do not like, it consists of a blue surtout coat with waist belt and straps on the shoulders.

"To-morrow is the King's Fête and as usual there will be rejoicings; on Tuesday there will be a reception at the Tuileries and also a musical soirée at No. 2 Rue du Helder. Thalberg the great pianist is to play, and

Duprez of the French opera to sing. We expect a very fashionable society; Lord and Lady Cowley, Lord and Lady Leven, and Lord and Lady Beauchamp [1] are all coming. I like Lord and Lady Cowley very much; he is particularly amiable and unassuming; we were invited to dine there to-morrow, but I declined on the scorce of health.

"Bessy has written what will amuse you more than my epistle. She is such a nice girl and so popular; three years have made a great improvement in her. I observe that she prefers the conversation of middle-aged and elderly men to that of the gay and thoughtless. Everything is quiet here, fortifications progressing and railroads throughout France occupying public attention. How they will raise the necessary funds I cannot conceive. Money is the great stumbling block; finance must be attended to both by nations and individuals."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"PARIS, *May 1st.*

"The gaieties are not quite over yet, however I think they are dying a lingering death, and the balls do not go off with much spirit. I hear there is to be a ball at the Embassy in honour of the Queen's birthday and it is to be an 'Omnium Gatherum,' or as Papa calls it 'a sweep of the lodging houses.' I heard an anecdote the other day that may perhaps amuse you. A Jew died in India. His friends wanted to send his body back to England, but finding that that would be very expensive, they cut him up into little bits, salted him and put him into a barrel, with *Pork* outside. The ship had a very bad passage but reached England at last. A man came to enquire after the barrel upon which the captain of the ship said that he was very sorry, but that during the passage provisions had run short, so that they had been obliged to open the barrel and eat the pork which they had found extremely bad;

[1] John Beauchamp, third Earl, born 1783; married, 1813, Lady Charlotte Scott, only daughter of John, first Earl of Clonmell; succeeded his brother 1823, and died s.p. 1853.

however he was quite ready to pay for it. The poor man with a look of horror exclaimed, 'Mein Gott, you have eaten my bruder!'

"Emily has been ill; she has had eight leeches on her temples which were not sufficient to stop her headache, so eight ounces of blood were taken from her. We see a great deal of the Ladies Melville, Lord Leven's daughters; they are very nice girls about our own ages and we like them very much. Last night Lord Leven was given the King's box at the Français and I went with them to see 'Horace' and 'Georges Dandin,' that amusing play of Molière's that you used to be so fond of. The Duchesse de Nemours was confined two days ago of a boy who has been given the title of Count d'Eu. There is to be a fancy ball soon at Buckingham Palace. Northland is grumbling at the expense it will put him to, for though the invitations are not yet out, he knows that he is to be asked. He says London is very dull this year. There are to be fireworks and the usual rejoicings to-day on account of the King's fête. However we shall see nothing of them, except the Shows and the Mats de Cocagne on our way home from Church. Last Sunday there was a charity sermon at Marbœuf for the Orphan Asylum. Mr MacNeil, who is very celebrated, preached, but we were much disappointed, and did not at all like his sermon, which was in much too ranting a style, and also too deep and scientific for our comprehension. In the middle of it he drew a dreadful picture of death, the stiffening limbs, cold perspiration, glazing eye, etc., accompanied with an unearthly howl and expression of horror and disgust. Some young ladies were so terrified that they trembled for two days after! He is to preach again to-day and we are all hoping that he will not give us an hour and a half's sermon, as he did last time."

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

PARIS, *May 15th*, 1842.

"You will see by the papers the accident on the Versailles rail this day week. As far as is already

discovered the cause of the disaster was placing a ricketty four-wheel engine in front, with a large six-wheeled one following and an immense train with nearly seven hundred people attached to it. The water-works played on the 8th of May and all the world were in motion. Hardly had the half-past five back train reached the descent from Mendon, when the little engine broke down and was run over and smashed by the other. The first carriages caught fire, and the wounds and loss of life were dreadful. Your Aunt Fan was then at the Hotel Reservoir for change of air, and she made it a point that either your mother or I should visit her every day. On this unfortunate day Gisborne was at Versailles, and was on the point of going by this unlucky train, but your mother persuaded him to take the *rive droite* instead of the *rive ganche*; thus he was saved by mere chance. I have not heard of any English amongst the sufferers. Do you remember Colonel Rowley? His horse ran a hurdle race on the 1st and won, and was claimed according to agreement by Monsieur Gréfeuille for 5,000 francs. The following Sunday the same horse ran again under his new master, fell at one of the jumps and received a bruise of which he died a few days after.

"Young Disbrowe goes to Sandhurst in July; I believe it is getting into fashion. As the youth being Queen's page gets a commission in the Guards at sixteen, I do not suppose he will study much.

"I made acquaintance with a cousin of yours last night at Lady Aylmer's, Commander George Hope,[1] brother to Lord Hopetoun. I think I once introduced you to your new General, Sir James Hope. I have known him many years, he and Felix Calvert were on Lord Lynedoch's staff together. Lord Leven has got a house at last and goes into it to-morrow. He has been thirty days at an hotel, and such is the indecision of his nature that I thought he never would find anything to suit him. What a bore it must be on service

[1] The Hon. George Hope, son of the fourth Earl of Hopetoun, born 1811; married, 1847, the Hon. Anne Napier; was Captain R.N.; died 1854.

to have a senior officer of that vacillating turn. But he is a worthy good fellow, and Lady Leven a very nice person.

"I often think of you, and build castles in the air of your being such a first-rate adjutant. I picture you to myself taking such pride in the regiment, getting the length of your Colonel's foot, and quietly governing. Now I must conclude for to-night."

From the same.

PARIS, *June 16th*, 1842.

"We have taken a Mrs Michell's house at Versailles for three months from the 23rd inst. The weather has been so very hot that we shall all be glad of a change of residence, particularly as our house touches the Bois de Satory, just outside the barrier. I cannot say how much it pleases me your having the adjutancy; it gives you an opportunity of studying the human mind. By watching men's countenances you may discover some lurking intent of mischief or desertion, some grievance, real or imaginary, which you may have the means of setting right. Do your utmost to keep the men in good humour; my experience tells me that much more is to be done by that, than by the 'Cat,' a disagreeable scratching thing which generally brutalises. Sir John Burgoyne[1] told me that Mr Douglas[2] who married a great Welsh heiress, Miss Pennant (since dead) often said, 'I never was so happy in my life as when doing duty as Adjutant of the regiment.'

"Lord Leven was the means of getting up a meeting at Lawson's Hotel on Tuesday to address our Queen on her escape.[3] The Marquis of Westmeath[4] was in

[1] Sir John Montagu Burgoyne, ninth Baronet, born 1796; died 1858.

[2] Col. the Hon. Edward Gordon Douglas, born 1800; married, 1833, Juliana, eldest daughter of the late George Dawkins Pennant; assumed the surname of Pennant, and was the first Baron Penrhyn of Llandegai, Carnarvonshire.

[3] John Francis fired a pistol at Her Majesty, May 30th, 1842.

[4] Anthony Francis Nugent, ninth Earl and second Marquess of Westmeath, born 1805; married, 1829, Anne Catherine, elder daughter of Malachy Daly, and died .

the chair and business went off well, with the exception of old Major White bawling out, 'I propose that Lord Aylmer should take the chair'—this was after the Marquis was already in possession of it. However we all ran up to him, Lord Aylmer among the number and stopped his mouth. Your mother asks for the rest of my letter which I resign."

From the same.

73 RUE DE SATORY, VERSAILLES,
July 16th, 1842.

"The papers will give you an account of the death of the Duke of Orleans[1] on the 13th. It appears that near the Porte Maillot, Bois de Boulogne, the horses became unmanageable and he jumped out of the carriage. He was not actually killed on the spot, but expired an hour or two afterwards. H.R.H. is much regretted, as the French had an idea that he differed from his father in politics, and that when he came to the throne they would be indulged in war. The hatred to England is very great, it is kept smothered by the firmness of the King, but it will break out one of these days. I hope they will keep quiet till next May, when I take my leave of France for ever as a residence. It would be disagreeable to move should hostilities commence.

"Our lives here are passed very tranquilly. We see nobody but an occasional friend from Paris, ride every day in the beautiful environs and see the soldiers pass under our windows, drumming and bugling to their heart's content as they go to their exercise on the Plain de Satory. We had Lord Leven and his family to spend a day with us this week, and I believe they enjoyed themselves, but for my part I am oppressed with the 'grippe,' which makes me very uncomfortable and always predisposes to gout, which I have no fancy for.

"Your mother has undertaken to finish this, I shall therefore only say God bless you."

[1] Ferdinand Philippe, eldest son of Louis Philippe, born September 3rd, 1810; died, through a carriage accident, July 13th, 1842.

From the Hon. Mrs Edmond Knox.

(*Same date.*)

"Let the melancholy fate of the Duke of Orleans be a warning to you never to attempt to jump out of a carriage; had he sat quiet he would have been safe. It is a dreadful event, and has made even the Parisians grave. All the theatres were shut for two nights. Did you hear that Lady Selina Bridgeman was living at Catalani's Villa with your Aunt and Uncle James, and the two girls were as happy as possible together. Now Lady Selina says that the climate of Italy disagrees with her, and she is going to leave them in possession of the Villa, and go to Germany. Your Aunt and Emily are quite in despair, but it is very like Lady Selina to change her mind. They were spending their time very happily, reading, playing, singing, etc., and walking late in the evenings. Your uncle does not enjoy the country, which we do here very much, having an excellent house and garden, and the woods at our door. We have only nine months and a half to stay in France, and must then try our luck in London. But I am not afraid, the only drawback is having to sell the horses, which I fear must be done. They would fetch a better price in London, so perhaps we may take them over. Bessy rides beautifully. It is very flattering to hear as I do every now and then by chance how much she is liked in society. If she only gets on as well in London she will do, only unfortunately there it is not quite so easy. But your father is an invaluable assistant and never minds trouble; besides, he has so many old friends who like him and are always ready to help him. We got to the two best balls in London by this means, Miss Coutts and Lord Headfort. How happy we shall be when we have you at home to enter into our amusements and enjoy our successes! God bless you, my dearest Tom."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"VERSAILLES, *July 31st*, 1842.

"It is no easy matter concocting a letter from this

place, for we scarcely ever see anybody, and are not much in the way of hearing news. You, being a military man, would I suppose enjoy seeing all the troops pass before your windows at all hours of the day, from 5 A.M. to 6 P.M., as they do before ours. Sometimes by way of an amusement when the bold dragoons are riding by I sit down to the piano and play a military march as loud as I can. It is quite gratifying to see the ardour that beams from the eyes of these gallant defenders of their country as they look up at the windows! I hope your band is better than theirs, for I never heard anything so inharmonious as the tunes they play. One of their favourites is the air from the Gavotte, which always gives us an irresistible inclination to dance.

"I had a long letter from Mary the other day, with an account of the improvements Uncle R. is making at Dungannon. Part of the Park house is to be converted into a dairy, and forty cows bought to begin with. They are setting up three new schools—in short, they seem to be doing much good there. They never see any company, even at dinner, on account of the house not being in reception order; however, I think they like being there. The house is no longer to be called 'Northland House,' but 'Dungannon Park.'

"The Hopes are going to the Isle of Wight for the summer. They have been very gay this season, but I have heard of no results in the matrimonial line. I suppose, as Lady Blessington says in her last new book, the young ladies have learnt by experience that there is no truth in one half of the old proverb, 'Man proposes, God disposes,' as men nowadays never think of proposing except at écarté. Talking of marriages, Emily Knox[1] is to be led to the hymeneal altar in the middle of August by Captain Ormsby,[2] a Limerick man, who, like all gentlemen that are going to be married, is perfection itself.

"We had a large party down here on Friday; Lord

[1] Emily Lavinia, seventh daughter of William, Bishop of Derry.

[2] Major-General Ormsby, died 1869, Governor of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich.

and Lady Leven and their four children spent the day with us, and we took them over the Trianons and gardens, which kept them employed the greater part of the day. The Melvilles are very nice girls, and Lord Balgonie,[1] the youthful son and heir, a most well-behaved little boy.

"Did you see in the paper the account of the attempt on the life of the Queen?[2] You know it was by a hunchbacked boy, and I heard that when the police set out in pursuit of him, all the hunchbacks in the neighbourhood were arrested. There were no less than fifty or sixty hunchbacks assembled at the station house, and they were all quarrelling and fighting, each saying to the other, 'Now confess that you did it, and let us off.' I think it must have been a most absurd scene. If you do not answer this letter I shall say, 'Ingratitude more strong than traitor's arms.' But I will not anticipate evil, and remain ever your very affectionate.—E. J. K."

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"VERSAILLES, *August 1st*, 1842.

"A mail is due to-day, but I hardly expect a letter, as the Versailles Post Office is the most irregular one I know, and has always been the same.

"The Duke of Orleans' body was conveyed from Neuilly to Notre Dame the day before yesterday, there to lie in state. It is to pass through Versailles shortly on its way to Dreux, the family burial ground. We had a very large English meeting the other day to condole with the King and Royal Family on their recent loss. The Duke of Montrose[3] was in the chair. Lord Leven read the address, which was drawn up by Bishop Luscombe, and your humble servant, by request of Lord Leven (who was the father of the meeting),

[1] Alexander, Viscount Balgonie, major in the army, Knight of the Legion of Honour, born 1831; predeceased his father, 1857.

[2] A boy named Beau presented a pistol at the Queen, July 3rd, 1842.

[3] Sir James Graham, fourth Duke of Montrose, born 1799; married Caroline Agnes, youngest daughter of the second Lord Decies, and died 1874.

seconded it. There were no disputing voices and it went off very well.

"Did you see in the papers that Colonel —— had sent an insulting letter, with a halter and a cat and nine tails to his brother-in-law? He has been bound over to keep the peace. Soult has certainly very much improved the appearance of the French troops, they are now giving the men mattresses instead of paillasses. Does it come under the adjutant's duty to attend to the health of the troops? I often think how much sickness might have been prevented and how many punishments avoided by precaution. 'Prevention is better than cure,' is a true saying.

"God bless you, you can hardly imagine the extent of my affection for you, and you have never yet caused me a pang. I am sure you never will, but be careful always to keep a guard over yourself, and act as if everything you do would bear the daylight. In these times, how many things are brought before the public; a slight blot in your escutcheon would embitter your whole life. I know an officer whose picket was surprised and captured in the Peninsula and to this day it makes him fretful and unhappy."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"VERSAILLES, *August* 16*th*, 1842.

"About a fortnight ago Miss Osborne received a letter from Mr Chappell informing her that he had purchased a business and was now ready to enter into the holy estate of matrimony. He begged she would fix the earliest day; however, as she had to equip herself completely for the occasion, the 1st of September was the earliest she could name. So on that day they are to 'jump over the broomstick.' Papa has offered Mr Chappell our spare room for the two days he will be here before the wedding, so we shall have the advantage of seeing all the billing and cooing. The house they have taken is 27 Jermyn Street, St James', and they will let part of it for the first two years. We shall all have to go to Paris on the 1st for the wedding, which is to take place at the Embassy.

"The breakfast bell is ringing and calls me to a less intellectual occupation, so adieu."

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"VERSAILLES, *September 16th*, 1842.

"My letter of the 1st inst. informed you that Miss Osborne was actually married. Bessy will give you some detail of her movements since that event. I hardly expect a letter from you by this mail, as you were going on a tour, and I calculate that your horse will have knocked up and detained you. Talking of horses reminds me of my own troubles; old Palafox is now labouring under a swelling in his throat. It has somewhat subsided, but as it is in a position to choke him if it enlarges, there is always danger to be apprehended. It will be a sad blow to the girls, breaking in on our riding pleasures.

"Bessy intends writing to you; she is always jealous of my giving news. It cramps my genius somewhat, but she tells her story so much better that you will be the gainer. You will see that Miss Cochrane Sir Thomas' daughter,[1] is going to be married to the Duke of Luxembourg. He is nearly fifty years older than she is and might have been her father's father! She is paying dear for a French Dukedom. Palafox is recovering fast; it was an abscess in his throat which burst internally. Nothing could exceed the care of my Irish groom; he sat up with him two or three nights and to his skill I am indebted for my horse being saved. Having no faith in a French *vétérinaire*, I did not send for one. We have beautiful weather, and such abundance of grapes that we are giving them away in all directions. How I wish we could send them to you!"

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

(*Same date.*)

"I must confess, my dear Lieutenant, that it is very unsatisfactory to write twice a month to a person

[1] Sir Thomas Cochrane, G.C.B., was Admiral of the Fleet, and born 1789.

who only answers one's letters three times a year! I am very anxious to hear all about your trip on horseback, how you liked it and where you went, etc. We have only a week more to remain at Versailles which I am rather sorry for. Aunt Fan's chief amusement is going backwards and forwards to Paris by the railroad. She sends her carriage up the evening before and it meets her in Paris at the station and she drives about the streets to her heart's content and returns to Versailles in time for dinner. We heard from Mrs John Chappell yesterday for the first time since her arrival in London. They had a dreadfully rough passage from Dieppe to Brighton; it blew a very severe gale, and part of the time there was such a thick fog that they did not know where they were going to. They lost one paddle-box and had part of the bulwark stove in, and were obliged to work away at the pumps all night. Poor Mrs Chappell had not recovered from the effects of sea sickness when she wrote. She is delighted with her new home; the drawing-room is very prettily furnished in crimson, and the tables and chairs all rosewood.

"I have not heard from the Hopes for a very long time, which is quite a wonder, as Georgiana is generally an excellent correspondent. Perhaps there is some flirtation or courtship going on at the Isle of Wight, and that we may soon hear of one of them going to be married to the owner of a yacht.

"I act the part of governess to Isabella now, which I like very much as she is so pleasant to teach. But I should not have time to do much with her in winter, when I have masters and go out in the evening. Aunt James has sent Mama a present of a very pretty little alabaster bust of Emily. It arrived the other day and is a very good and pleasing likeness, particularly the profile. I think we shall have our three pictures done by the Daguerrotype, that new invention for taking likenesses in fifty seconds. These pictures are very cheap; only ten or fifteen francs apiece, and they are generally striking (but very ugly) likenesses. The only difficulty is keeping one's head still,

and not moving a feature for nearly a minute, which gives an unpleasant expression. I wish you would have your picture done that way and send it to us.

"I was very much amused and surprised the other day to hear the old cry of '*Des toiles, des mousselines, des batistes—marchand de toiles.*' I looked out of the window and saw the very same identical man and cart that we used to see ten years ago. Mama says he is not in the least changed. I hope that amongst your reminiscences of Versailles, you have not left out 'the cock at the palace.' Here I am at the end of my paper, so good-bye."

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"2 RUE DU HELDER, PARIS,
"*October 1st*, 1842.

"We moved our head-quarters to Helder Hall on Friday 23rd ult., As the weather had broken up we did not regret the change and here we are, please God, till May 1st 1843. Old Palafox is still on the sick list, the lump on his neck broke outside and I have every hope that it will heal in due time. Both your mother and I missed money out of our desks. As we suspected a man whom we had taken about a month before (an excellent servant) we sent him away and have now got Antoine Klein,[1] who is as honest as the sun, but rather slow.

"The papers say that if Canada remains quiet, and the war in China continues, troops will be sent from the former to the latter direct. I should be much disappointed at your being transferred across the globe in that way without our seeing you. But when a man enters the army he must take his chance. There is always a hope that the 85th may not be the chosen regiment, but if it is I console myself with thinking that 'everything is for the best.' When I look back on my own life and reflect, I find that many times what I have considered a great misfortune at the moment has turned out beneficial in the end. 'L'homme propose, Dieu dispose,' so we must be satisfied with the

[1] A former servant of his father's.

ways of Providence. Still I hope you will not go to the East just yet.

"Pauline Stronge is engaged to be married to Captain M'Clintock, R.N. He was Commander in January last and I suppose is so still. He is forty-two, she twenty-four. I do not believe he is encumbered with cash, but Isabella Stronge says they will be comfortable. Mrs John Chappell intends to give lessons on the piano in London, for which she is very competent, should her health admit of it. Their means are very limited and I am afraid they will have many pecuniary difficulties to contend with. It must have been that prospect which made the doctor look so unlike a man going to be married when here, as he certainly was very melancholy!"

From the Hon. Mrs E. S. P. Knox.

(*Same date.*)

"Bessy is occupied with Isabella who swallows up all her spare moments, so I take these folds to myself. The very idea of your going to China makes me heavy hearted. I hope in God it may not be so, and that next year I may see you. I long for that moment to a degree that is, perhaps, foolish. I always felt it was selfish wishing to have you in Paris, but in London when at last the moment of your return arrives, I think you may pass your time very happily. God bless and preserve you, ever my own dear boy."

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"2 RUE DU HELDER,

"*October 16th*, 1842.

"I enclose fifty wafers with your crest and initials, and will send fifty more next time. Sir Joseph Laffan is here; he regretted not seeing you. He caught the yellow fever on his travels and has been ordered to Fontainebleau to feed on grapes. His life was saved by the said fever, as had it not appeared he would have been swallowed up by the earthquake at San Domingo. Ernest de Padoue[1] has made a brilliant match in point

[1] Son of the Duc de Padoue.

of money and I hear she is a nice person. His sister Mme. Edouard Thayer has no children. Amédée lost his only child and has no prospect of more. Madame Amédée Thayer[1] was a daughter of General Bertrand, who accompanied Napoleon to St Helena, where she was also. Mrs John Chappell is very happy and much appreciated by her husband's family. She is such an amiable woman that I am not surprised at this. Lady Airey had a letter from her son Jemmy who is a hostage at Kabul, dated last June. He had been confined in a room 14 feet by 6 and 6 feet high for some months with seven others, one wounded. His health had not suffered, but he said he had grown very grey. He had been A.D.C. to General Elphinstone, I do not know his regiment.

"The James' are now moving to Siena, and the Ranfurlys to Brussels. I believe I told you that the house at Dungannon was in a most dilapidated state, and they cannot yet tell what it will require to repair it.

"All well at home, the girls blooming. We ride with Mr Tynte constantly. Last night he and his wife took Bessy to the Opera."

[1] Mme. Amédée Thayer is mentioned in Mrs Augustus Craven's "Récit d'une Sœur" as having been present at the death of Alexandrine.

CHAPTER VII

Return of Lieut. T. E. Knox—A Stormy Voyage—Arrival in Paris—A Gruesome Spectacle—He Visits Brussels and Waterloo—Death of Mr Hope Vere—Visit to Danesfield—Sandling Park—Dover—Lieut. Knox sails from Southampton to Rejoin his Regiment—Madeira and the Tropics—Barbados.

IN November, 1842, Lieutenant T. E. Knox applied for a year's leave, and four days after it was granted he started for England.

Being a very popular young officer, he received what we should nowadays call a hearty send-off. The regiment turned out and cheered him as he passed the barracks in the *Burlington* on his way to New York, and nearly all his brother officers came to see him embark. On the 19th inst. he reached New York and took his passage in the *Hendrick Hudson*, paying 100 dollars, "exclusive of liquors." The next day he dined at the Astor House, then considered the best hotel in the city. There he was much impressed at finding Madeira charged forty-eight dollars a bottle, a price certainly far beyond a subaltern's slender means.

He sailed from Sandy Hook, with a fair wind, on the evening of November 21st. There were only nine cabin passengers including himself, one being a M. Violet, a French adventurer, who called himself Count de Narbonne, and told many surprising stories.

"Our voyage," he writes, "was rough and stormy. A sailor was washed overboard and the bulwarks

amidships stove in. We were three days battened down in a terrific gale, and passed several ships injured and partially dismasted."

"*December 19th.*—Passed Scilly Light at night, and saw the Land's End to our great joy at 11 o'clock. A fine westerly breeze took us up Channel at the rate of 6 knots an hour.

"*December 20th.*—Made Portland Bill and took a pilot on board. Heard of the conclusion of the Chinese war.

"*December 21st.*—Landed in a Deal boat for fifteen shillings each at Hastings, after an absence of three years and a half from England. Dined and slept at the Anchor Inn.

"*December 22nd.*—Started by coach to London. Passed Battle Abbey, Tonbridge, etc., and arrived at the Golden Cross Hotel at ½ past 6. Went to see the Hope Veres.

"*December 23rd.*—Ordered a complete rig-out of clothes from Jones in Regent Street, having brought hardly anything home. Dined with the Hopes and went to the Haymarket with them. Charles Matthews, Mme. Vestris, Celeste, Farren and Buckstone acted.

"*December 31st.*—Left London for Boulogne by steamer.

"1843.

"*January 2nd.*—Arrived at home (2 Rue du Helder, Paris) at 11, and found all well and delighted to see me. Ball at Lord Leven's.

"*January 4th.*—Party at the British Embassy (Lord Cowley's). Introduced to Countess Apponyi and Sir Phineas Riall.

"*January 5th.*—Dined with Mr Osborne in the Rue du Londres. Thackeray the author was one of the party.

"*January 9th.*—Dined at Lady Kilmaine's. Went to the Italian Opera and heard Linda de Chamounix.

"*January 10th.*—Aunt Fanny gave a ball which went off very well.

"*January* 12*th*.—Musical party at Mrs Tudor's. A beautiful house. Avenue Matignon.

"*January* 14*th*.—Took a dancing lesson from Fauchet.

"*January* 16*th*.—Small party and round games at Lord Leven's.

"*January* 18*th*.—Grand ball at the Embassy. Introduced to Captain Count Chananeilles, Adjutant-Major of the 40th Regiment.

"*January* 24*th*.—Called on him at the Ave Maria Barracks, which were very dirty and not kept at all in good order. In Paris all the officers except the Adjutant receive lodging money and live out of barracks, and they appear in plain clothes when off duty. The men are entitled to their discharge at the end of seven years and few re-enlist. No soldiers' wives are allowed to sleep in barracks. The duty in Paris is severe on the men. The army now consists of 344,000 men and 84,000 horses. Ball at Baron James de Rothschild's.

"*January* 27*th*.—Walked to Montmartre to see Sophy (his sister's) grave. Went to a very good ball given by Mrs Grant, Lady Leven's sister.

"*January* 30*th*.—Saw Louis Philippe on his way to St Cloud in good health and spirits. A mounted officer at each door of his carriage and an escort of heavy dragoons and National Guard cavalry.

"*January* 31*st*.—Ball at Sir Thomas Carmichael's, Maison Valin, Champs Élysées.

"*February* 1*st*.—Ball at the Embassy.

"*February* 6*th*.—Ball at Count Apponyi's, the Austrian Ambassador.

"*February* 10*th*.—Party at Mrs Grant's. Round games.

"*February* 16*th*.—Heard of poor Dickson's death by a fall from his horse at Moulmain, and was very much grieved at the news.

"*February* 20*th*.—My father sold his two horses, Palafox and Jessy, for £44.

"*February* 21*st*.—The establishment of our Regiment and that of fifty-eight others lowered to 740 rank and file. The 19th, 90th, 95th, and 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade remain 800 strong.

LIEUT. THOMAS EDMOND KNOX, 85TH KING'S LIGHT INFANTRY

"*February 22nd.*—Saw Medhurst, an officer of the 10th Foot, walking about the Champs Élysées in his blue frock coat and sword. Rumbold and Carmichael remonstrated with him. The ball of the British Charitable Committee, of which my father is steward, took place in Erard's rooms.

"*February 27th.*—Saw Andrew Blackburn on his way to Italy, and would have gone with him if I could have scraped up enough money.

"*February 28th.*—Mardi gras. Very few good masks. Went to the Bal masqué at the Opera with Bushe.

"*March 16th.*—To the Pantheon with the Stronges. Ball at Sir Lawrence Palk's.[1]

"*March 20th.*—Went to Versailles with my sisters and the Stronges. My father took 12 Montagu Square for three, six or 9 years from a Mr Cumming, for £300 a year furnished.

"*March 22nd.*—Sat for my picture in uniform.

"*March 24th.*—Went to see two men, Norbert and Desprez, guillotined at the Barrière St Jacques, for murdering an old man. Mr Osborne accompanied me and we got to the place at seven A.M. and hired a window for five francs."

Lieutenant Knox returned from this gruesome expedition feeling exceedingly unwell, and quite unable to eat any breakfast. The most profound secrecy had been observed, and his sisters imagined that he had gone to fight a duel.

"*March 28th.*—Rode to Clichy; crossed the Seine by the Pont d'Asnières and keeping along the right bank passed Courbevoie, Suresnes, and St Cloud, and home by the Bois de Boulogne. Party at Lord Leven and Melville's.

"*March 29th.*—Saw three women in the pillory near the Palais de Justice.

[1] Sir Lawrence Palk, fourth Baronet, was M.P. for Ashburton; born 1793; married, 1815, Anna Eleanora, widow of Edward Hartopp, and daughter of Sir Bourchier Wrey, Bart.

"*March 30th.*—Saw a review by the Duc de Nemours of four battalions of the 22nd Light Infantry and 23rd. Their formations were slow and loosely done. Our party, Rumbold, Joddrell, Sewell and Carmichael, lunched at Passy and drove about the Bois.

"*April 7th.*—My father sold the old travelling carriage for £40.

"*April 21st.*—My father had the gout in both hands. The Duke of Sussex died.

"*April 26th.*—Went with Bathurst to the Invalides. The oldest pensioner is about 93 years of age and served under Lafayette in America.

"*April 28th.*—Rode to Sèvres with Bathurst, late Coldstream Guards.

"*April 29th.*—Left Paris at 9 A.M. by coach alone for Holland. Passed the towns of Louvres, Senlis, and Villeneuve. Dined at Compiegne, which is situated close to a large forest and is a favourite seat of the King's. Crossed the Oise here, and passed Noyon a very ancient looking town. Also saw Ham, the fortress in which Louis Napoleon is confined. Supped at St Quentin. Passed Cambray and Douay at night.

"*April 30th.*—Reached Lille, a fortified town, at 9, and remained till 1 o'clock when I went on by diligence to Roubaix. Took the rail to Courtrai, Ghent, and Malines and arrived at Brussels at half past seven P.M. The baggage was closely searched at Courtrai.

"*May 1st.*—Called on Uncle Ranfurly, who is living in the Rue Ducale. Saw the Tyntes. Visited the Prince of Orange's Palace, where they make you wear slippers for fear of injuring the floors. Went to the top of the Hotel de Ville, and had an excellent view of the surrounding country. Dined with the Ranfurlys.

"*May 2nd.*—Rode to Waterloo with Stuart. Saw the Church there with several monuments to different officers. Rode on to Mont St Jean, put up our horses at the Hotel des Colonnes and walked to the field, where in order to get rid of the importunities of the relic sellers, we bought a few which were probably not genuine. We saw the monuments to Sir Alexander Gordon and to the Hanoverian officers at the road-

side. Walked on to Hougoumont where we spent half an hour. This is about the only part of the field much in the same state as it was left after the battle, being still in ruins, and covered with marks of shot. Rode home through the forest of Soignies, having spent a most agreeable day. Dined with the Tyntes.

"*May 3rd.*—Explored the lower part of the town. Walked in the Allée Verte, the fashionable lounge. Dined at my uncle's; a small party in the evening.

"*May 4th.*—Left by train with Stuart for Antwerp. Put up at the Hotel du Grand Laboureur, and went sight-seeing with a guide. At the Cathedral saw Rubens' celebrated picture of the 'Descent from the Cross,' and several other very fine ones at the Museum. Obtained from the Commandant, to whom I brought a letter, permission to see the Citadel. Saw Rubens' tomb, and a group of statues said to be cut out of one piece of stone. Went into the Citadel, which is very strong, and saw the marks of the breach made in 1832. Visited the bomb-proof casements, which are said to be able to contain 25,000 men, and in which Chassé and his garrison lived during the last siege. There are very few buildings in the Fort, and but fifty guns mounted at present. The ditch is filled by the tide. Saw the 'British Queen,' which has been purchased by the Belgian Government. Stuart returned to Brussels in the evening.

"The Belgian infantry are tall, stout, heavy-looking men; not very soldier-like, dressed in single-breasted blue coatees, red collars, and blue cuffs with red slashes. Black trousers with red seam. High broad-topped Shakots with the Belgian arms and number of the regiment.

"*May 5th.*—Left Antwerp at 9 by diligence. Dined at Breda, a very strong town in Holland. Several officers of the garrison at the table d'hôte Arrived at Rotterdam, having crossed the Maas several times, in a ferry boat. The road from Breda to Rotterdam is made of small brick, and particularly smooth and good.

"*May 6th.*—Walked about the town. The canals

are all lined with trees, which gives it a cheerful look. Left Rotterdam by diligence with a Scotch family of the name of Copeland. Passed Delft, famous for its crockery, and reached the Hague in two hours from Rotterdam. Put up at the Hotel Bellevue, which overlooks the Royal Park. Went to the Museum and saw some beautiful pictures by the best Flemish and Dutch masters. The ground floor contains some Chinese and Japanese curiosities, also the dress William the Great, Prince of Orange, had on when he was assassinated and the bullet with which the deed was done, also the clothes worn by William III. of England. Drove after dinner to the King's Palace, called the House in the Wood. The ball-room is lofty, and is painted from top to bottom with allegorical subjects. The Hague is a clean-looking brick town, cut up with canals lined with trees.

"*May 7th.*—Saw the garrison at Church parade. The Dutch army consists of some 30,000 men. The troops I saw were clean, well dressed and well set up. The officers go about in green frock coats, with facings of the regimental colour, epaulets and cocked hats. There are thirty-three regiments of the Line. I saw Prince Frederick, King William II.'s brother. Called on Lady Disbrowe,[1] our Envoy's wife, to whom Colonel Disbrowe had given me a letter of introduction.

"Walked to Scheveningen, a fishing village on the coast about five miles from the Hague. There Mr Copeland and I had some excellent Schiedam. Returned by a magnificent avenue of trees, as straight as an arrow for nearly two miles, and passed some large cavalry barracks. My bill at the Bellevue Hotel was 13½ florins for two days.

"*May 8th.*—Left the Hague at 5.30 A.M. by omnibus for Valhooten, the present terminus of the Amsterdam 'Spoorweg' or railway. Reached Amsterdam at 9.30 and put up at the Alten Doolen in the street of the same name. Drove through a flat and hideous

[1] Anne, daughter of the Hon. Robert Kennedy, married, 1821, Sir Edward Cromwell Disbrowe, Envoy-Extraordinary to the Netherlands, who died 1851.

JAMES JOSEPH HOPE VERE, ESQ., OF CRAIGIE HALL AND BLACKWOOD
From a painting by Raeburn, by permission of James Hope Vere, Esq.

country to Brock, supposed to be the cleanest village in the world. It is small, containing about 800 people. The streets are narrow, and so clean that no horse or vehicle is allowed to pass through them. The front doors of the houses are never opened except when a birth, death or marriage takes place. The place has a very dull look, because of all the blinds being down. Drove to Saardam, six or seven miles off and saw Peter the Great's house, table and arm-chair. The house has been covered over by a brick building by the present Queen of Holland, and a plate was let into the wall by the Emperor Alexander I. The road home lay along the top of a dyke, and the sea occasionally breaks in and does much mischief.

"*May 9th.*—Arrived at Haarlem, a neat and well-built town. Saw some of the tulips for which the place is famous. Went to the Cathedral for morning service and heard the celebrated organ. In the evening arrived at Rotterdam.

"*May 10th.*—Left for London in the *Columbine.* Rough passage. My trip cost altogether about £11.

"*May 11th.*—Arrived at Blackwall in 22 hours. Went to 12 Montagu Square. Saw the Hope Veres: my uncle very unwell.

"*May 18th.*—Went down to Farnborough by the S. W. Railway with Sewell and walked over to the College with him. The half-yearly examinations going on. I heard the Euclid class. Saw Sir G. Scovell, Colonel Prosser, Colonel Wright, etc. Some few of them remembered me.

"*May 19th.*—My Uncle James Joseph Hope Vere died in Park Lane to-day from general break-up. Lady Elizabeth and the girls went at once to Norwood.

"*May 23rd.*—Dined at Berry Hill near Maidenhead with Uncle John (Knox) who has taken a charming place there.

"*May 25th.*—Met Northland. Uncle Hope buried at Kensal Green in a vault. Lords James and Thomas Hay, Mr Thomas Gooch, William Hope Vere, my father and I at the funeral.

"*May 28th.*—Went to Quebec Chapel, where we

have a pew for which my father pays 12 guineas a year. The singing very good. Dined with Henry Alexander in Bolton Row.

"*May* 31*st*.—Went to the Derby with Sewell. Rail to Kingston, thence to Epsom by omnibus. Saw the Derby won easily by Cotherstone, the favourite. The course as usual very full and gay and weather fine. Lost some money at roulette. Walked about eight miles to Vauxhall Bridge, where I unfortunately paid away a sovereign by mistake for a shilling at the turnpike.

"*June* 3*rd*.—Drove to Norwood to see the Hopes. Passed Kennington and Brixton Hall. Walked back about 9 miles.

"*June* 4*th*.—Lady Elizabeth's butler got drunk and was turned off, taking some wine and candles I pursued him and gave him over to the police. Appeared against him in the Borough police court, where he got one month in the house of correction.

"*June* 10*th*.—Went down to Gosport to see Dudley Hill, now Adjutant of the 75th Depôt.

"*June* 12*th*.—Went over to Ryde in a small boat of about 10 tons, hired by the 75th for £10 a month. Returned to Gosport in a steamer, and saw a wreck at the explosion of the *Royal George*, which shook our boat like an earthquake. Went back to town in the evening.

"*June* 14*th*.—Went to Berry Hill.

"*June* 15*th*.—Rode a pony of Uncle John's over to Ascot Races. Beautiful day. Met Ricardo, 7th Hussars, Fortescue, etc., Good racing.

"*June* 23*rd*.—Went to the Caledonian Fancy Ball in uniform. Everybody either in uniform or fancy dress. Met the Westerns. Tom Western as a Mameluke. Sewell, a Chinaman, etc. Enjoyed the ball very much.

"*June* 24*th*.—Called on the Westerns and Damers. Dined at Mrs Scott Murray's.

"*July* 3*rd*.—Staying at Norwood. The Scott Murrays came out to lunch there. Went back to town by coach. Colonel Ellison, Grenadier Guards, fell dead

from his horse on parade in the Park. Colonel Fawcett, 55th, shot dead in a duel by Monro of the Blues, his brother-in-law.

"*July 5th.*—Saw Prince Albert inspect the Scotch Fusilier Guards in the Park.

"*July 6th.*—The Queen's birthday kept. Saw the twelve flank companies of the Guards parade at the Horse Guards before the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Cambridge, the King of the Belgians, Prince Albert, Prince George, Lord Combermere, etc. The bands of the three regiments played together. Had a good view of the Duke who was much cheered. Drove to Norwood and saw the illuminations coming home.

"*July 13th.*—Mr and Mrs Chappell and Ernst the violinist dined with us. The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Lady Lincoln came to hear Ernst play.

"*July 14th.*—Went with Mary Knox and Bessy to see the 2nd Life Guards inspected at Wormwood Scrubbs by their new Colonel, Lord Londonderry. They made four squadron of twenty-five file and worked beautifully, charging at full speed up to the very carriage, to the horror of the ladies. Lord Combermere,[1] Sir Charles Dalbiac, and Sir W. Keir Grant, present.

"Took my sisters to Norwood for a week. Gave Jane Hope Vere a gold seal.

"*July 15th.*—Met Northland. My father, mother, Bessy and I went to Danesfield (the Scott Murray's) for a week. The party there consisted of Lady and Miss Cotton, Sir Archibald Murray, an old Guardsman, Mr Buller and the Rev. F. Murray, son of the Bishop of Rochester. The house and grounds much altered and improved since I was last here eight years ago.

"*July 16th.*—Breakfasted at ½ past nine. Church at Hambledon. Mr Murray preached.

"*July 17th.*—Bathed in the Thames. Danced in the evening.

"*July 19th.*—Received an offer of the regimental adjutancy from the Colonel. Drove to Henley, crossed

[1] Sir Stapleton Cotton, born 1772; elevated to the Peerage, in consideration of his brilliant services during the Peninsular war, as Baron Combermere; 1814, a Field-Marshal in the army; died 1865.

the Thames and visited Park Place, the seat of a Mr Maitland. There is a curious-looking boat-house, full of extraordinary statues and figures. The grounds are pretty but ill kept.

"*July 20th.*—Drove to Dropmore, Lord Grenville's place. The flower gardens are fine. There is a good view of Windsor Castle from here. The porter at Dropmore is aged 102, but apparently not more than 80. Crossed the Thames by Ferry at Medenham.

"*July 21st.*—Walked in the woods with my father. Drove after lunch to Hambledon. Saw some very fine yew trees at Mrs Hinde's place.

"*July 22nd.*—Left Danesfield after a delightful week.

"*July 25th.*—Went over the East India Docks with my father. Charles Scott Murray dined with us.

"*July 26th.*—Took my sister Bessy to Danesfield. The Bishop of Rochester and his family there, also the Spencer Stanhopes. Danced in the evening and had great fun. Drove to Medenham Abbey and the farm. Returned to town in the evening.

"*July 29th.*—Went to Danesfield early. Large party of twenty-two staying in the house. Lord John Manners,[1] Edmund Antrobus, Colonel Spencer Stanhope, etc. Dancing.

"*July 30th.*—The Bishop of Rochester preached. Walked to Henley with Antrobus and pulled back in a boat.

"*August 1st.*—Went to a great picnic at Taplow given by Mrs Law, the Recorder's wife. The Scott Murrays there. Pulled on the Thames for an hour, dined at Cliefden Spring.

"*August 4th,*—Walked to Norwood and back. Northland and Mary dined with us. Lady Kilmaine and the Levens came in the evening.

"*August 5th.*—Went with Lady Kilmaine, my mother and sisters to Hampton Court by road; saw the Palace, vine labyrinth, etc., and lunched with Captain Hamilton, 13th Light Dragoons.

[1] Afterwards Duke of Rutland; born 1818.

"*August* 10*th*.—Took Hannah Hope Vere to Beacon Hill, her sister Harriet's, near Woodbridge.

"*August* 11*th*.—Walked with Edward Gooch to Woodbridge, a small port on an arm of the sea. Drove over to see Lord Rendlesham's [1] park. Called on Lord T. Hay.

"*August* 12*th*.—Rode to Ipswich with Hannah. Lord Thomas Hay and the Rev. —— Betts at dinner.

"*August* 14*th*.—Walked to Norwood and back. Party at the Duke of Hamilton's. Saw Lords Aberdeen [2] and Brougham.[3]

"*August* 15*th*.—We left town for Dover. Went into lodgings, 28 Snargate Street. A great many Knoxes and connexions here, thirty-three in all.

"*August* 22*nd*.—Went over Dover Castle and the Galleries.

"*August* 23*rd*.—Went to Walmer on a velocipede with George Knox.

"*August* 26*th*.—Walked with a party to Shakspeare's Cliff which they are now tunnelling for the railway.

"*August* 31*st*.—Sailed to Deal and back with Charles Knox and my sisters. Landed at Walmer. Called on Jane Hope Vere, who is staying with Lady Dalhousie. The Queen went to Château d'Eu to see Louis Philippe.

"*September* 3*rd*.—Walked through the Shakspeare tunnel, 1701 paces long.

"*September* 5*th*.—Saw the Duke (of Wellington) who came over to see some projected improvements. He was received by a salute and guard of honour of the 19th Depôt. Went over to Deal with George on a velocipede. Met the Duke, whose horse shied violently.

"*September* 10*th*.—The Royal yacht passed on her

[1] Frederick, fourth Baron Rendlesham, born 1798; married, 1838, Elizabeth Charlotte, daughter of Sir George Beeston Prescott, Bart., and died 6th April, 1852.

[2] George, fourth Earl, born 1784; First Lord of the Treasury 1852; K.G. 1855. He died 1860.

[3] Henry, first Lord Brougham, the eminent statesman, born 1778; died 1868.

way to Osborne. Went to a circus where the battle of Waterloo was performed with the assistance of some of the 19th Depôt. Napoleon put the men through the manual!

"*September* 13*th*.—Went over to a ball at Deal. Danced a good deal. Met James the novelist.

"*September* 14*th*.—Drove to Sandling Park near Hythe with my mother and Bessy. Herbert Taylor and his wife staying with the Deedes. Brockman came to dinner.

"*September* 15*th*.—Walked over to Beachborough and saw Brockman and his brother. Went to Saltwood Castle, which was built in the 5th century.

"*September* 16*th*.—Walked back to Dover in three hours and sixteen minutes.

"*September* 21*st*.—Left Dover for Herne Bay by coach and went up in a steamer to London Bridge. Passed the Royal yacht at Woolwich, the Queen having just returned from Ostend.

"*September* 26*th*.—Walked to Highgate and Hampstead and saw Dick Whittington's stone.

"*September* 28*th*.—Jane sent me a handsome waistcoat worked by herself and covered with fuchsias.

"*October* 5*th*.—Went to Norwood and back. Hannah and Georgiana went to Lord Sherbourne's.[1] Got an embroidered card-case from Georgy, and Hannah gave me a gold pin.

"*October* 7*th*.—Ordered twenty-eight pair of brass shoulder knots for the band from Andrews in Pall Mall.

"*October* 13*th*.—Gazetted to the Adjutancy *vice* Patterson who resigns. Went to the Princess' Theatre.

"*October* 14*th*.—Walked to Norwood and back. O'Connell and Tom Steele arrested. Great excitement about Irish affairs, and a very strong garrison formed in Dublin.

"*October* 16*th*.—Went over the British Museum with Jackson. Saw the Elgin marbles. A letter from the Adjutant-General ordering me to Barbados.

[1] James, second Baron, born 1779; succeeded 1820; died 1862.

"*October* 19*th*.—Took a fore cabin (for which I paid £35) in the *Dee* for Barbados.

"*October* 23*rd*.—Went to the Royal College of Surgeons with Mr Chappell; saw the skeleton of O'Byrne the Irish giant, 8 feet 3 inches high, and other curiosities.

"*October* 31*st*.—The Alexanders, Northland, Mary, George and Anne Knox dined with us.

"*November* 1*st*.—Left London by mail for Southampton with my father. Slept at the Sun Inn. Shipped my baggage on board the *Dee* early and got under weigh by ½ past three, but grounded twice and did not get clear off till nearly dark. Got a roomy fore cabin to myself on the main-deck. There I lay very sea-sick for a day.

"*November* 3*rd*.—Out of sight of land. The *Dee* is commanded by James Helmsley, a H.-P. master R. N., carries a Lieutenant R. N. as superintendent of mails and about 94 men; her tonnage being 1,600 tons. A great many foreigners on board, in all sixty-five passengers, including Sir William and Lady Georgiana Codrington[1], Mr Shakspeare, Ferguson, M'Alister of Trinidad, Cavallos, a gentleman-like and intelligent Frenchman who had been wrecked in the Solway, etc. etc.

"*November* 10*th*.—Nothing particular occurred until we anchored to-day off Funchal, Madeira, and landed immediately. Had an excellent breakfast at the London Hotel, with fruit in profusion. Rode about the town before breakfast. The streets very narrow and paved with sharp-pointed stones. Started with Shakspeare to the convent of Nossa Senhora do Monte on a considerable hill above Funchal. A fine view from the Church which in itself contains nothing remarkable. Rode down a very steep hill; the Portuguese guide hanging on by the horse's tail. Bought some Madeira to drink on the voyage, but it was not good, being too new. The ponies are very sure-footed.

[1] Sir William Codrington, M.P., of Doddington Park, Co. Gloucester, born 1805; succeeded 1843; married, 1836, Lady Georgiana Somerset, daughter of the Duke of Beaufort; died 1864.

Saw a few Portuguese infantry of the 4th and 11th Regts. Their appointments are clean, the men small but active looking. The thermometer stood at 73° in the shade. Population about 130,000. Re-embarked at four. Sailed for Barbados at six. We had been just seven days and fifteen hours coming from Southampton.

"*November 15th.*—Entered the tropics. The sea for the last few days has been beautifully clear and blue. The weather warm, with occasional squalls of wind and rain. Wind nearly aft. Steamed about 8½ knots an hour.

"*November 23rd.*—Made Barbados at 11 and anchored in Carlisle Bay at 2. Found our head-quarters and three companies under French in the *Boyne* and went off to see them. Landed and put up in Bridgetown. Walked up to barracks more than two miles off. The *Inconstant* and *Wasp* lying here.

"*November 24th.*—Bathed in the sea with Shakespeare and Skinner. Reported myself to Colonel Archer, who is doing Colonel Hort's duty of Adjutant-General for him. Met Captain Drew, R.N., a friend of my father's. Dined at the Artillery and Engineer mess, and went to Phipp's dignity ball, where I danced a great deal.

"*November 25th.*—Joined the regiment on board the *Boyne*.

"*November 27th.*—Making little progress. The band played on deck.

"*November 28th.*—Sighted Guadaloupe, and Montserrat, and our skipper not being exactly aware of the situation of English Harbour was running us into Willoughby Bay when the bugles of our left wing on Shirley Heights warned us off in time, and we tacked and stood out.

"*November 29th.*—Anchored at the mouth of English Harbour, and the ship was wharfed in. Landed in the Fort Adjutant (Fitz Roy's) boat and walked to the Ridge Barracks (Antigua) where I found out left wing under Tennant, and about 120 of the 47th waiting to go home in the *Boyne*.

"Landed the men in the afternoon in the Dockyard, a most unhealthy spot, and marched to the Ridge. Two companies were sent down to English Harbour on their way to St Kitts' and the head-quarters occupied the barracks at the Ridge and Shirley Heights, the latter very much injured by the late earthquake. A very bad mess here, everything eatable being scarce.

"*November 30th.*—Very busy all day. The men allowed to wear smock frocks off parade. Took a black servant for 8 dollars a month.

"*December 4th.*—Called on Sir Charles Fitz Roy[1] the Governor, at his residence at Dow's Hill. Glass at 80°. Bought a bay horse for 160 dollars. Dined with Blackburn and Seymour at the barracks just outside the town. Rode home my new horse and got wet through.

[1] Sir Charles Augustus Fitz Roy, K.C.B., K.C.H., eldest son of Lord Charles Fitz Roy, born 1796; married, 1820, Mary, daughter of the fourth Duke of Richmond, and was Governor of New South Wales; died 1858.

CHAPTER VIII

Correspondence Resumed—An Indiscreet Visitor—Com-è-bello—Lady Stronge's Musical Parties—Opening of Parliament—The Duke of Wellington and Miss Hope Vere—Serious Illness of Lady Douglas—Lord Glentworth's Funeral—A Jolly Parson—Mrs Scott Murray and her Son—Presentation at Court—Marriage of Miss Hope Vere—Philanthropy and the Polkamania—Milton Abbey—Clifton—Sir Robert and Lady Sale—Lady Holmes and the Earthquake — Dancing Lessons — Rival Beauties — Lord Poulett—The Duchess of Kent—Emily Knox Draws her Own Portrait—Her Marriage—Sandgate—A Cheerful Saint.

From Elizabeth Jane Knox to her brother.

"12 MONTAGU SQUARE,
November 16th, 1843.

"I CANNOT tell you, *cher et obligeant* Thomas, with what pleasure I sit down to write to you. I do not wish to make you vain or conceited, or I should tell you how *very* much you were missed here, and how melancholy we all felt on the 1st after parting with our dear adjutant. We saw all the John Knoxs passing through London, for they kept their omnibus for half an hour at our door and came up to have a 'heavy tea.' Mabella and Selina slept here; the latter was looking wretchedly ill, but I hear she is better since she has gone down to Berry Hill. I am going there to-morrow for a week. I had a long letter the other day from Augusta (Scott Murray) from Venice where they were staying a few days. She gives me a long account of her travels and a description of the places she had seen, very like what one could get out of 'Murray's Handbook'! So I had a great mind in my answer to give her extracts from

Batcheller's 'Dover Guide.' She does not mention your name, but I took care in my answer to give her all the information I could about you, and I also told her that though we had spent a very pleasant week at Sandling, you and I both agreed that it was not to be compared to the first happy week at Danesfield. The Scott Murrays are to be at Naples till Christmas and then they go to Rome, but I don't know when they come back. We had a visit from Sir Archibald Murray[1] the other day; he told us that he was very uneasy in his mind at not having been able to pay Lady Cotton the eight shillings which she won from him at Danesfield. I suggested, of course in joke, his enclosing ninety-six stamps in a letter to her. I really think he took it seriously, for he said that Lady Cotton might be affronted at being paid that way! Louisa and Mary are at Aldenham on a visit to the Stuarts. They said that after all they were better pleased that you did not go to see them the day you left as they could not bear saying good-bye for good. I am sure they are very fond of you, indeed, you are a great favourite with all your cousins and relations. George Knox[2] said it was quite a pleasure to see a young man so devoted to his profession and going back so willingly to his regimental duties. I hope I am not making you blush!

"C. S. is very constant in his visits, though he has not inflicted any outrageously long ones on us since you left. He actually boasted afterwards that he had stayed with us three hours—on your last day! He dined with us a day or two ago, and we devised an excellent plan for obtaining a little respite from the eternal chatter of his tongue. We set him down to chess, and as then of course he was comparatively silent, we all agreed that we had never found him so agreeable.

"We have been to two musical parties at Lady

[1] Sir Archibald John Murray, who served in the Scots Guards, was born 1792; succeeded 1809; married, Eliza Hope Unwin, and died s.p. 1860.

[2] Son of the Bishop of Derry, born 1799, Lt.-Colonel Coldstream Guards. He died 1881.

Stronge's, which is a great deal of gaiety for this time of year. I heard from Mrs Tynte from Brussels the other day. She says that Mr Tynte's magnificent ideas of not being able to live in England on less than £6000 a year obliged them to remain abroad! I should be rather inclined to believe that there were other reasons.

"I think that Com è bello [1] is rather gone out of favour now that you are not here to keep him in by abusing him. He is so absent, stupid and awkward, that even papa gets out of patience with him. Pauline [2] is not confined yet, but they have been expecting the event ever since the 20th of October and are very impatient for it to be over.

"And now adieu, my own dear Tom; pray write regularly, and do not forget that I expect a share in the letters."

From the same.

"*December 31st*, 1843.

"I feel that I cannot spend the last evening of the year more profitably than in writing to my dearly beloved brother who is 'far far away, beyond the *say*' —so I take up my pen accordingly to give you all the news that I have scraped together since our last letters were despatched. You cannot think how delighted we were when your welcome letter from Barbados arrived. I think that the black ladies whom you describe as walking about with so little on would be much improved by the addition of 'a *berthe* and a *crispin*,' and as you understand so much about those articles of female attire, I should advise you to introduce the fashion.

"Jane (Hope Vere) is not yet gone to Strathfieldsaye, as Lady Dalhousie [3] has not been well enough to

[1] The man-servant.

[2] Mrs M'Clintock Bunbury.

[3] James, tenth Earl (afterwards Marquess) of Dalhousie, married, 1836, Lady Susan Hay, daughter of George, Marquess of Tweeddale. She died on her passage home from India, 6th May 1853.

leave town. Though it is nearly a month since Jane came back from Deal we have only seen her once, and then only for five minutes. She is always with Lady Dalhousie, who it seems cannot live without her. She goes there regularly at half-past nine every morning and does not return to Park Lane till ten o'clock at night! Aunt Elizabeth's inexhaustible topic of conversation now is Lord Dalhousie's perfections; she makes him out even superior to the poor man whose tombstone we saw at Montmartre, and who was '*bon père, bon époux, bon ami,*' *etc., etc.*—in short, she sings his praises until she is nearly black in the face. Poor Sophy has to be on duty every night at Lady Hamlyn Williams' and to read the old lady to sleep. Lady Selina Bridgman asked us to go to her to-morrow, to play at round games and charades with a select company of young people, but as Lady Leven's '*petits jeux*' have given us rather a horror of these amusements, we managed to get off the invitation. We went last night to Drury Lane to see Balfe's new opera, the 'Bohemian Girl,' and a pantomime. I was very much disappointed with the latter, which I thought very stupid. The only pretty part was the last scene, which represented a magnificent sea view with a large fleet, and amongst other large three deckers that appeared and sailed about was the *Victory*. The performance lasted from seven till twelve! As you may suppose we had quite enough of it, in fact we should not have stayed to the end only that papa had treated 'Com è bello' to the play, and we knew very well that he would not stir till it was over, so we should have had nobody to get us a carriage if we had left earlier. To our great surprise, who should walk into our box between the acts but Colonel Rowley! We were very glad to see him, and as he handed us to our coach we gave him a lift home and extracted all the Paris news we could out of him. He says the balls have hardly begun there yet, but there have been many parties and concerts."

From the same.

"12 MONTAGUE SQUARE,
15th February 1844.

"When I wrote last I think I told you that we were going to the opening of Parliament. It was a very fine sight and we enjoyed it very much. We had a good view of the Queen and 'all the Lords and Ladies' (but not the Miss O'Gradys). All the peers were in their robes and so were the judges, who also wore their immense powdered wigs. We had some difficulty in getting away from the House of Lords, as we had no gentlemen to take care of us, and the crowd was very great. Mama got almost frantic at one time, as she took it into her head that Isabella would be squeezed to death, though there was not really the slightest danger of anything so tragic. At last she made a touching appeal to one of the warders at the door, and when he found that she had four small children depending on her, he kindly consented to put us in a place of comparative safety. Just then we saw Northland, who had come in search of us, and with his help we got out of the crowd into the street and then walked to the carriage instead of waiting till it drove up, which would have kept us an immense time. Hannah (Hope Vere) went to the House of Lords with Lord Douro [1] and the Duke (of Wellington). He sent his carriage for her, and she picked him up at Apsley House, and then had a tête-à-tête drive with him down to Belgrave Street where they called for Lady Douro. She had another tête-à-tête drive with him coming home, and enjoyed it excessively, as you may suppose. I believe he made himself very agreeable and talked away to her, and all the time the people were cheering him as he went along. William [2] came to us yesterday in great glee to tell us that he had been recommended to the Queen for a commission in the 49th and he expects to be

[1] Lord Douro, eldest son of the Duke of Wellington, was born 1807; married, 1839, Lady Elizabeth Hay, daughter of the eighth Marquess of Tweeddale; succeeded his father 1852.

[2] William Hope Vere of Craigie Hall and Blackwood, married, 1857, Lady Mary Boyle, sister of the Earl of Cork, and died 1872.

gazetted next week. I never saw anyone so elated as he was. He says that a little later he intends to try and exchange into the Guards. They would not take him in the Life Guards because he was not tall enough. It was Lord Dalhousie who got him his commission from the Duke. We hardly ever see the Hopes now, they are so completely taken up with Lady Douro and Lady Dalhousie. Jane is living with Lady Dalhousie for the present in Hyde Park Gardens. I hear that Henry Damer is at Rome and is going to hire a fine palace and give a magnificent ball before the Carnival.

"We had expected Henry, who has come up from Hadleigh for a few days, but yesterday he had a letter from the doctor with a bad account of his wife's health,[1] and he immediately went home in great alarm. I am afraid she is in a very bad state of health, and poor Henry is most unhappy about her.

"We were very gay last week and actually had two dinner parties. The first was a family gathering. The second was for Mr Deedes, who brought us a pheasant and a hare from Sandling, so we thought the least we could do was to ask him to dinner. C. S. pays us longer visits than ever now. On Sunday he sat here two hours and thirty-five minutes by the clock. You can imagine how tired we got of him. In the *Standard* some days ago papa's name was down as being appointed to the *America*, a fifty gun frigate. Mama was in a fidget for a day or two, as she thought that perhaps it was true and that a letter would come from the Admiralty. I suppose it was a mistake as we have heard no more.

"I suppose you will have seen in the papers that Lady Douglas[2] was confined the other day of a dead son. It is a great disappointment to all the family, but Lady Douglas was so very ill and in such danger that they have thought more of her than of the child.

[1] She died of consumption, 1846.

[2] William Alexander, Marquis of Douglas, and afterwards eleventh Duke of Hamilton, married, February 1843, the Princess Marie of Baden, youngest daughter of the reigning Grand-Duke of Baden.

Lady Lincoln and the Duchess have written twice to mama, giving bulletins of Lady D.'s health. And now my 'beloved object,' as her Grace is pleased to call you, I will release you from this long-winded letter."

From Elizabeth J. Knox to her brother.

"12 MONTAGU SQUARE,
February 29th, 1844.

"I hope you will not get tired of the sight of my handwriting, for I cannot resist writing by every mail, as two letters go for the shilling, and mine therefore costs you nothing but the trouble of reading it.

"The papers will inform you of Lord Glentworth's[1] death, a most happy release, for he had been suffering dreadfully for a long time. There was a very fine and expensive funeral, and Lady Glentworth and several of his aunts attended it. Your friend the Reverend Count Delafeld[2] read the service. He certainly is what you called him, viz., 'a jolly parson!' I met him at Mrs Calvert's the other day, and though he had just returned from Lord G.'s funeral and gave us an account of it, he managed to introduce a laugh or something laughable in everything he said. He enquired very particularly after you, and from you branched off to Aunt Elizabeth, and asked 'how she got on without her husband?' Susan and I were much amused when he got on that subject, as we could not help thinking of how he pitied Lady Elizabeth for her misfortune in losing her husband, 'just at the beginning of the London season!' He told us that the night before Lord Glentworth's funeral the coffin was laid out in state and the room lighted up and all the servants and most of the relations assembled, and Lady Glent-

[1] Edmond Henry, Baron Glentworth, eldest son of the first Earl of Limerick, born 1809; married, 1836, Eve Maria, second daughter of Henry Villebois of Marham House, Norfolk, and died s.p. February 16th, 1844.

[2] Lady Cecil Jane Pery, sister to the first Earl of Limerick, married, 1828, Count John Leopold Delafeld, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, who died 1866.

worth appeared for the first time in her widow's dress, and sat at the foot of the coffin while Mr Delafeld read the evening prayers and lessons for the day. She wanted him to read a sermon for the occasion, but the jolly parson objected.

"Mama heard the other day from Mrs Tudor, who said that the Charity Ball was very badly managed and turned out a most shabby affair. It was given in a very small new theatre, in the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne. I hear it was a dreadful squeeze. There has been very little gaiety going on amongst the English in Paris, and Mrs Tudor, who generally keeps such a gay house, has only given one ball this year, and this one, she took care to inform us, was honoured with the presence of Lady Cowley and Miss Wellesley. I think that the little people must be rising in the fashionable world! Louisa Disbrowe writes her grandmother word that there are only three dancing Englishmen in Paris, so Susan and I have set it down in our minds that these are Mr Bruce, 'little Leeds,' and that much-admired '*dou-tong*' waltzer, Mr D'Arcy. The Disbrowes come over in June to Lady Kilmaine's; poor Colonel Disbrowe is, I am sorry to say, very ill, and always more or less in danger when he gets one of his bad attacks."

From the same.

"*March 15th*, 1844.

"You cannot devour our despatches with more avidity than we do yours. But unfortunately we digest them very fast, and soon after the West Indian steamer has arrived, we begin to feel a craving desire for more food in the shape of a letter from our dear adjutant. When mail day does arrive the excitement caused by the postman's knock is tremendous, and the young and handsome 'Com è bello is *accablé de caresses*' (as you would say), if he brings up a ship letter. We have been very busy during the last week, making purchases to an alarming extent for our Court dresses, as the first drawing-room is to be on the 25th, and we intend to be presented. You would be 'perfectly

petrified'[1] if you could see the amount of finery that comes pouring in at all hours! It is almost worse than during the last month in Paris. One comfort is that it all comes out of our own pockets, and our going to Court will cost papa nothing, as Aunt Elizabeth lends us her carriage and servants. Louisa Alexander is to present mama, and mama presents us. The Calverts are so shocked at the Queen's holding a Drawing-room in Lent, and what they consider still worse, fixing the 25th, which happens to be the Annunciation. They seem to think that Her Majesty will come to a sense of the *enormity* she is committing, as Head of the Church, and put off the Drawing-room. However, that remains to be seen.

"I had a long letter from Aunt James this morning from Naples, giving a very interesting account of all that she had seen at Rome. They were in the same hotel with the Scott Murrays and went to drink tea with them. She says that they were all so kind and friendly and talked so much and so pleasantly of us all individually that Aunt James was quite delighted. She also met Henry Damer very often when she was in Rome. The Damers are not to be in town for a fortnight; poor Louisa[2] has been seriously ill with a kind of inflammatory fever from which she is only just recovering, and Caroline[3] writes that they have been very uneasy about her. I believe that Henry Damer[4] intends to keep a very gay house this spring, and give balls and parties without number. I hope you will think of me to-morrow, the 16th.[5]

"I heard such a sad account of poor Miss Ellen Leeds from her brother-in-law, Sir William Montagu. He says she is in the last stage of a consumption and not likely to last more than a week or ten days. I am so sorry,

[1] A favourite expression with Lady Elizabeth Hope Vere.

[2] Lady Louisa Damer, married, 1853, John Chichester Knox, son of the late Right Hon. George Knox.

[3] Lady Caroline, married, 1847, Admiral Sir George Vincent King, K.C.B., and died 1851.

[4] Their brother, afterwards Earl of Portarlington.

[5] Their birthday.

for she seemed such a nice girl. I think the last time I saw her was at the Charity Ball in Paris when she sat with us all the evening. Don't you recollect how annoyed she was when the old dancing marquis [1] came to ask her to waltz with him? She is at Hastings now and all the family are with her.

"Poor Jane Knox, Henry's wife, is very ill indeed. She was very near dying a fortnight ago, and took leave of Henry, but after that she got better under the care of a London doctor who was sent for. Since that she has had a bad relapse, and the last account we heard was that she was all but given over. Jane Hope is still at Lord Dalhousie's, where they have got scarlet fever. I am afraid poor Jane will catch it. They will not take her in at Park Lane for fear of infection."

From the same.

"12 MONTAGU SQUARE,
March 31st, 1844.

"Poor Mrs Scott Murray is quite miserable about her son,[2] and wrote to Lady Agnes Buller that she 'would rather have seen him carried to his grave.' He writes to his friends that he never felt so happy in his life, and that to see his mother's intense grief is the only drawback. It is expected that Mr Murray will vacate his seat in Parliament in favour of Lord Chandos, the Duke of Buckingham's son, who comes of age in September.

"We enjoyed the Drawing-room particularly, and have determined if possible to go to the Birthday, which will be a still prettier sight. Papa certainly cannot complain of the expense of our going to Court, for we paid for our dresses out of our own allowances without even having any part of our 'wages' advanced. Don't you think that reflects great credit upon my management and economy, though I say it that should not? After all the heavy expenses of this quarter I have still got three pounds in hand. Susan cannot

[1] Probably Lord Huntly.

[2] Mr Charles Scott Murray had lately become a Roman Catholic.

say as much, having been obliged to borrow the sum of two pounds from *the Jews*. Aunt Elizabeth lent us her carriage, but could not spare her footman, so to Susan's and my great annoyance we were obliged to take Com è bello! However, to do the little wretch justice, he turned out wonderfully smart, with a pair of old silk stockings of papa's (dated 1816). They were washed for the occasion, and by some mistake had been coloured pink, added to which they hung in bags on the diminutive and crooked legs of the handsome wearer. It was very gratifying to find that the 'poor creature,' as mama calls him, had some proper pride about him, for he actually bought himself a bouquet on his own account and stuck it in his buttonhole. We saw a good many people we knew at the Drawing-room, amongst others, Captain Hamilton, the bold dragoon. I did not think his uniform nearly as handsome as that of the 13th, but perhaps it was shabby from age. He expects that they will have to leave Hounslow very soon, and be sent either to Exeter or South Wales. The prettiest uniforms I saw were those of the Scotch Archers, but as I could not describe them in technical terms, it is no use my trying to do so at all.

"Northland came back the other day; I hear that he is looking very ill. The Damers arrived last night, and we went to see them to-day and paid them a long visit. They have got a beautiful house in Cavendish Square. They all seemed delighted to see us, and made us promise often to go to them in the evening, but it will not be as easy as last year, on account of the distance. Henry Damer is travelling in Greece and not expected home till the end of June.

"We dined last night at Sir James Caldwell's, where there was only one person I knew, and that was Mr Portal, whom you must remember meeting at Danesfield. He took me down to dinner, and we talked over that pleasant week; in the evening there was a little music, and altogether I liked the party.

"We have been given a private box at the French play twice lately, but the last I was unlucky enough

to miss, as I was dining at Lady Kilmaine's. We have had no *gaieties* yet; young Lady Kilmaine gave a dance, but (the wretch!) did not ask us. Emily Browne [1] is decidedly the great London belle, and is more admired and run after than ever. She is to stay with Lady Kilmaine till June, and then will be sent back to the parsonage in Ireland, as the Disbrowes come to Lady Kilmaine, and there will not be room for all. Poor Emily does not like this plan, as you may imagine, but Lady K. is determined to keep to it, so that Louisa Disbrowe may have a fair turn of going out. I am sure that the two cousins hate each other like cat and dog! Lady Kilmaine expresses it in a prettier way. She says that 'they are jealous of her affection,' but I know it is more than that.

"Your friend Lord Huntly is going to be married to a Mrs Carnac; at least that is the 'on dit' but it may not be true."

From the same.

"12 MONTAGU SQUARE,
May 1st, 1844.

"There have been so many deaths lately in the fashionable world that a great many houses will be shut up. I am sure Count Delafeld must sympathise with the mourners as it is 'just at the beginning of the season.' I am afraid the Damers will give nothing. It so happens that Sir John Pechell [2] is in a shocking state, and not expected to live, and as he is a very great friend of Mrs Damer's, she will not think of opening her house while he is so ill. He is not likely either to recover or die for some time, and probably will linger on all through the season, so we have not much chance of gaities at Gainsboro' House!

"We see a good deal of your friend Lady Lincoln. I was there for an hour and a half yesterday and heard

[1] Emilia, daughter of the Hon. and Rev. Henry Browne, married the Hon. Chas. Lindsay, M.P., and died 1873.

[2] Admiral Sir John Pechell, Bart., was born 1785, and married Julia Maria, daughter of the ninth Lord Petre. He died 1849, and was succeeded by his brother.

her and Sir John Harington [1] sing duets together, which they do most beautifully."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"*May 16th*, 1844.

"I am obliged to content myself with a note sheet to-day, as mama complains that she is never allowed paper to write to you. Sophy Hope Vere has, I suppose, told you of all the arrangements for the interesting ceremony which is to take place at St George's, Hanover Square to-morrow.[2] Poor Hannah seems rather nervous about it, as on account of the Duke's [3] giving her away the church will probably be crowded. Papa and mama are to be of the wedding party, and go to the breakfast, but we three only go to the church to see the ceremony. I hear that 'cousin Keith,' as we call him, is somewhat wild and extravagant, but as Hannah is so steady and sensible it is to be hoped that she will be able to keep him in order and reform him. We have got Uncle James and Uncle Ranfurly in the house; the former has bought an eighty years' lease of the house in Chesham Place, which is scarcely built yet, but it is to be finished for him. It seems rather foolish to take a house so long beforehand, but you know that when once he takes a thing into his head, it is not easy to get it out. I am sorry to say that Chesham Street is an immense way from us, which will be very inconvenient.

"Mrs Scott Murray is getting up her spirits a little, and has begun to go out. Charles has consented always to read morning and evening prayers at Danesfield, and that is a great comfort to her. She is in hopes that he will marry a Protestant." [4]

[1] Sir John Harington, D.L. for Co. Middlesex, born 1821, died s.p. 1877.

[2] The marriage of Hannah Hope Vere to Keith Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth.

[3] The Duke of Wellington.

[4] Mr Charles Scott Murray married, 17th September 1846, the Hon. Amelia Fraser, daughter of Lord Lovat.

From the same.

"CLARENCE VILLA, CLIFTON,
August 14th, 1844.

"Jane (Hope Vere) is at Ems with Lord and Lady Douro. I cannot recollect if any of us told you of the present that Lord Loftus [1] gave her. It was an open carriage for her to travel in in Germany, or rather to come back in when she left Lady Douro. The Duke of Wellington made a great fuss because there was a Viscount's coronet on the carriage. He said that it would not be at all proper for Miss Jane Hope Vere to be seen travelling in it unless the coronet was rubbed out. Lord Loftus said 'he would be d—d if it should.' But how the matter ended I do not know. I must say I think the Duke was right, and it was certainly rather an odd present for his Lordship to make. I suppose we shall not be in town for the wedding, as it is to take place in October. I shall be rather glad to be out of the way, for it is mortifying to be in the same place and not to be asked.

"The 'Governor's' philanthropic mind is always employed in the praiseworthy work of ventilating the poor milliners' and dressmakers' apartments and the female servants' dormitories in St George's Hospital! However, perhaps by the time you come home the ventilation mania will have blown off. I am sure if you were here you would be infected by the *Polkamania*, which has raged very fiercely amongst us, indeed, all over London this year. It is a very pretty dance when well done, and the music is so lively that it is impossible to sit still when one hears it. Mama picked up the step even before we knew it, and we often make her dance it with us. You would have been 'perfectly petrified' if you had seen papa yesterday, suddenly '*reprenant ses jambes de quinze ans*' and starting off in the Polka, which to our great astonishment he danced perfectly as to time and step, though he had never attempted it before. However, I must confess with all due filial reverence that the effect was what

[1] Her future husband.

George would call 'very comical.' Papa has told you of our intended movements; the visit to Milton[1] I expect to enjoy particularly, and when we return to town we are to go to Danesfield, and after that Susan and I to Barham, so we shall have a good deal of country air this year. We all like Clifton so much, there are such pretty walks, and I am sure beautiful rides too, if we only had horses, which, alas! we poor *dayvils* cannot afford. I have promised Isabella the rest of my paper, and she will be foaming at the mouth if I encroach on her property, so, my dear Tom, adieu."

From the same.

"CLIFTON, *September 13th*, 1844.

"Papa received a letter the other day from Mr Tynte, announcing the interesting event which had taken place in his family, viz., his wife having produced a daughter. Another startling novelty contained in his letter was that he himself had just come into a fine estate in Monmouthshire valued at £160,000. In consequence of this agreeable addition to his pocket money, he, his wife and bairns have got over their fear of sea sickness and intend coming over next month to settle in Somersetshire, where I believe they are to inhabit one of the elder Tynte's places, and our friend says that he hopes to see us there. I think it would be very amusing to go and spend a fortnight there next winter, if they really do come over, and if they press us to pay them a visit. If any of us did go, it would be Papa, Susan, and me. Mr Milbourne Tynte has lately become a landed proprietor by the death of his aunt Mrs Bagot, and as he is just of age he comes into possession of his estate at once. I daresay he will leave the army, as he never liked it. Harriet Thompson[2] and her husband spent a fortnight here, and we saw a great deal of them. He is a good-humoured man, lively, and I believe very clever and good, but unfortunately he has

[1] Milton Abbey, Dorsetshire.

[2] A daughter of the Hon. Mrs Calvert, married to a clergyman.

no civility, or delicate attentions (or indeed any attentions at all) for the 'sect.' For instance, he used to let me bring him his tea, milk, sugar, bread and butter, etc., from the other end of the room, and never even made a show of being shocked, but sat very quietly and let me help him. Then in many other instances, such as getting over stiles, up and down donkeys, etc., '*mon Révérend*' would stand calmly looking on, and never dream of offering any assistance. The Thompsons have taken part of a house in Great Marlborough Street, for which they are to pay £180 a year, furnished. Mr Thompson, being curate of St James', is obliged to live in that part of the town and it is very difficult to get anything cheap. Mary writes me word that Stuart likes Derry very much. He wrote her an account of Sir Robert and Lady Sale's arrival there, which caused a great sensation. The town was going to give them a dinner, and the 85th the same, and Stuart was asked to some ball given in honour of them also.

"Jane Hope Vere is to be back from Ems next Monday and joins her mother at Brighton, and they go up to town for the wedding towards the end of the month. Mr Arbuthnot (the Duke's friend) is gone to fetch Jane. The Duke[1] did not think her brother William sufficient chaperon for Jane to travel with on the continent, and he even talked of going for her himself! However, then it was settled that Mr Arbuthnot would do instead.

"We went to Bath the other day, just to see the town which is really very pretty. We were in hopes of seeing the Duchess of Hamilton and Lady Lincoln there, but they had not arrived. Mr Beckford,[2] who died at Bath last May, has left his house and indeed all his worldly goods to his daughter, and she is now coming to Bath on business. I am so sorry that it is just when we are going to leave Clifton, as we should have seen her often, Bristol being within an hour's rail of Bath."

[1] Duke of Wellington.
[2] Father of the Duchess of Hamilton.

From Isabella M. C. Knox.

(Same date.)

"A tragical event happened yesterday which was very near depriving you of a sister. Bessie and Papa were walking near the Zoological Gardens here, when she took it into her head to go into them by a gate which is only meant for people to go out by. The consequence was that in trying to get through she was completely caught and looked just like a bird in a cage. Papa finding it impossible to extricate her from her perilous position, took a long round and went to another gate to ask for help. Meanwhile poor Elizabeth was left a prey to the curiosity of all the passers-by, who, of course, took her for an inmate of the establishment, and it was currently reported that she was a new kind of Ourang outang recently imported from America. Of course all this was trying to the feelings of the poor 'animal,' and at last she worked upon the feelings of two little boys and persuaded them to try and let her out, when with great difficulty they managed to squeeze her through a small opening in the iron railing. She had some trouble in persuading them that she was not what they took her for, but they were partly convinced by seeing that there was no *ticket* over the cage."

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

(Same date.)

"Bessie has told you of Tynte's good fortune and his prospect of getting over his sea-sickness. He gave me an anecdote of the Prince, who has a palace in the Avenue Matignon, and another in Portman Square. It seems that the Princess has found out his Highness tripping, and as she does not approve of a coadjutor she has cut down his pocket money to three francs a week.

"I went to Weston-super-Mare yesterday, and took a house there for a fortnight from the 17th. I got into conversation at the station with a policeman who was in the 2nd Dragoons Guards in Canada; he was a native of Tipperary. The bell announced an ap-

proaching train and our discourse terminated abruptly. The said train in which I mounted was late, and to make up time proceeded at a most rapid rate, *thirty-three miles per hour!* I timed it by the mile posts.

"You will see by the papers that Parliament has been prorogued, and the disputes with France amicably settled. The Queen is gone to Scotland, and Dan O'Connell is liberated by the decision of the Law Lords. I cannot but think that the Government secretly wished his release.

"A little spaniel claimed our hospitality on Sunday night, but the barbarous footman turned her out, however, she made herself at home at breakfast on Monday morning. I gave notice at the Police Station, but nobody claims her. She follows us out walking, and we are beginning to get fond of her. You know Isabella's devotion to all animals; she is in dread of the owner forthcoming.

"I have been elected a member of the Council of the Naval School at New Cross for the sons of officers. An attempt to get up a similar school for your profession has been tried and failed. Adieu, my dearest Tom. Ever your affectionate Governor,—E. S. P. K."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"LONDON, *October 11th*, 1844.

"My dearest Tom,—

"Your joint letter to Papa and myself reached us at Milton after having at first caused us some alarm, for by some mistake the postman forgot to deliver it with the other letters. We saw by the papers that the West India mail had come in two days before, and *no letter* for us! We were at breakfast at the time, and tried to conceal our uneasiness as well as we could. But you would have been flattered if you could have seen the disturbed looks of your five beloved relatives, and how they suddenly brightened up when Mrs Damer's butler came in with a packet of letters for us, which the Blandford postman had forgotten in his bag. I know it is foolish to be so easily alarmed, but we cannot

help it, and only hope you will continue to write regularly, for it is the comfort of our lives.

"We spent a most delightful week at Milton Abbey. I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much. It is a most beautiful place; the Abbey, or rather church, joins the house, and is wonderfully preserved and quite entire. It was founded by Athelstan. The only old part of the house is the Hall, which is magnificent and was formerly used by the monks as a Refectory. The house is enormous, and the grounds quite lovely. The house and Abbey lie in a valley surrounded by trees and hanging woods. There was company for two days during the time we were there. A Mr and Mrs Tyler and their son and daughter, and Captain Archdall of the Enniskillens, a one-eyed heavy Dragoon who is also M.P. for Fermanagh. We danced every night, polkas, waltzes, and all sorts of amusing country dances, and if we had a quadrille we put on masks to enliven it. In the day we took long walks, or if it rained we played at battledore and shuttlecock in the Hall, which is a most delightful place for it. Papa always took an active part in all the amusements and danced away at a great rate in the evening. He shines particularly in the polka, though perhaps M. Fauchet might think his steps 'trop saccadés.' I wish you were here that we might teach it to you, and I am sure you would soon be a distinguished *polkist*. I never saw a couple dance it better than Susan and Henry Damer, and their *deux temps* is equally perfect. The Damers always inquire most tenderly after you, and send their love. Nothing could exceed their kindness to us at Milton, and they certainly did their best to contribute to our enjoyment.

"I am so glad that we shall all meet again at Danesfield [1] and we are looking forward with much pleasure to our visit there. We left Milton Abbey last Friday at eight o'clock in the morning in the coach which came from Blandford. We desired the guard to play on the horn as we were driving away, and to the in-

[1] Mr Scott Murray's place in Buckinghamshire.

finite delight of the Damers, he struck up that Irish air which you call 'Oh blest is the soul of an Irishman.' They all declared that it was 'most thrilling.' We got to Southampton in time for the three o'clock train, and arrived in town by six, after a very prosperous journey.

"We have not seen many people yet, as the weather has been bad, and we cannot get about much.

"Lizzy[1] wrote her sister Lolotte an account of the earthquake at Demerara, which must have been very alarming. They were all woke up in the middle of the night, and had to rush out of the house *en chemise*, without even having had time to put on slippers or a dressing-gown. The house was rocking like a ship in a storm, and this lasted four minutes. Lizzy says it was like a horrible dream, and the first thing which brought their minds back to the sober realities of life was a great black sentry coming up and solemnly presenting arms to them, as they stood in their night attire and bare footed. I hope you will pay the M'Leods and the Lights a visit; you will be treated *en prince* at both places.

"Aunt Fanny and suite are coming to the E. S. P. K. arms in Montagu Square instead of going to lodgings as she intended. I hope we shall be able to find her a house in Park Street. If she cannot get one there she talks of going to the Belgrave Square quarter, and that would be a most inconvenient distance for us."

From Captain the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"*Jan. 15th*, 1845.

"My dearest Tom,—

"I am going early to the City to-morrow morning, therefore write to-night for fear of not being in time,

[1] Lady Holmes, wife of the Governor of Demerara. She had been brought up entirely abroad, and in speaking English her mistakes were most amusing. When riding a donkey one day he went faster than she liked, and being told that he was only cantering, she cried "Oh pray, men, make him *decanter!*" To one of my aunts she complained tearfully one day—"So and so is very hard-hearted; he does not render the affection which I carry to him."

for be it remarked *en passant* that I have never missed a single mail since your departure. Brook Taylor dined with us about a week ago; he asked much about you. He says that you are one of the best adjutants in the service, for you are very strict, but just, and much liked by the men. Stuart says he expects to go out to you in March or April. His mother frets, but keeps it to herself. They all hope that if he does go out he will be in the same island with you. Count —— is getting on well but he still pines after his little girl who died last spring. I told him that I always considered that *le bon Dieu* ordered everything for the best and for some good purpose, however we might think to the contrary at the moment, and that we ought not to fret at the ways of Providence, or suffer ourselves to repine at its decrees.

"If I write any more news I shall be blown up by Bessie for forestalling her, therefore I shall draw my letter to a close. They all went to Lady Aylmer's last night where Miss Knox was asked to play, and as there had been nothing but squalling before, she determined to astonish their weak minds, which she did to the full extent of her vanity. Shall I send Nelson's letters, a new and very interesting book just out? also 'Les Mystères de Paris?' Answer this. Often you forget to respond to my queries from not writing immediately on their receipt.

"Ever your affect. Governor,

"E. S. P. K."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"*26th January* 1845.

"We expect to have Mabel for a few days next week, and by way of a little amusement for her we intend to take her to the House of Lords for the opening of Parliament, which is a very pretty sight. Only think of Uncle Ranfurly having yielded the point of ***waltzing***, which you know he never would allow my cousins to do. Aunt Ranfurly is delighted at having gained the point, and the girls are practising waltzing as hard as

they can, and dance every evening. Elizabeth and Juliana took lessons every day that they were in town, and when we go down to Barham we are to instruct them in the Polka. We ourselves are going to have lessons from Mme. Michaud Davies, to learn the Mazurka and the Cellarius (a new kind of waltz). We shall have a good deal to do when you come home to instruct you in all the fashionable dances.

"We are all busy improving our minds with masters, and I for one quite enjoy going back to school days, and having to prepare German and Italian translations. My Italian master insisted on teaching me the mechanism of making verses, which makes me think that I must look as if the Gods had made me poetical! He expects me when once I have got the rules into my head to translate poetry into good rhymes and from that to greater things. In short, you may expect me to become a second Petrarca. We are all going to-night to the Haymarket to see a very good play called 'Old heads and young hearts,' also 'Graziosa and Percinet,' a pantomime which I dare say will be amusing."

From the same.

"LONDON, *Jan. 31st*, 1845.

"Aunt Ranfurly cannot bear the name of the West Indies, and I am afraid she will be miserable if Stuart goes there, which it seems that he is likely to do in the spring. Susan and I spent ten days at Barham [1] and enjoyed our visit so much. The Alexanders, Northland and Granville were there. We danced every night, principally practising waltzing and the Polka and always ending with a cotillion, and as I always had to lead it, I contrived to have amusing figures. I made myself as useful as I could (not being ornamental) and gave Nina [2] a music lesson every day and also helped Juliana with her practising. Aunt Fanny took us to Barham, and fetched us back, so we had no travelling expenses. Aunt F. patronizes

[1] Barham Lodge, Herts, where Lord Ranfurly was living at that time.
[2] Lady Adela Knox.

Isabella and talks of taking her with her in her trips to Brighton, Tunbridge, etc. I suppose that as every dog has his day, mine will come in due time, but meanwhile I am quite satisfied that poor 'Boots,' as we now call her, should have hers.

"We hear that Kate[1] and Emily are the rival beauties at Rome. Lady Stronge writes that Kate has admirers without number, but as yet no serious ones, which she says is just as well, as she is 'ower young to marry yet.' However, I should not be at all surprised to hear of a match. The Stronges intend remaining abroad some time, I suppose to economize, as they found keeping open house at Tynan rather expensive. Mama wants to write a few lines, so I must give up the rest of my paper."

From the Hon. Mrs E. S. P. Knox.

(*Same date.*)

"My dearest Tom,—

"The German book I have sent you is one I have not read myself for it is in such request I have never been able to get it at the Library. It is by a celebrated author; I am only afraid it is too easy to do you much good. Your Aunt Elizabeth (Hope Vere) and Georgina went to Somersetshire before Christmas, to Hinton St George, Lord Poulett's,[2] and there they are still, though all the company visitors have departed long since. Whether anything will come of it is yet unknown, but I very much suspect it will at last end in a match. Your father is hurrying us to get his despatches sealed so I can only add my love and blessing."

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"LONDON, *May 1st*, 1845.

"We expect the James'[3] in about a fortnight; they were to be in Paris yesterday or the day before.

[1] Miss Kate Stronge.

[2] John, 5th Earl Poulett, s. 1819, d. 1864.

[3] Colonel the Hon. James Knox, his wife and daughter.

KATE STRONGE
From a picture by Richard Buckner

Emily had a fall from her horse a few days before they left Rome, and she hurt her knee in a very dangerous place. The doctor said she might have been lame for life, however I am happy to say she is quite well again now. I believe there was a great friendship going on at Rome between Emily and a Mr Dundas.[1] It has been generally reported that they are to be married, but I fancy that it never came to a proposal. But I should not be surprised if it does end in that, as Mr Dundas is coming over soon. The Stronges are to spend the summer in the neighbourhood of Naples. Kate seems to think that there is no place in the world like Italy and I am sure she will not like coming home again. Poor Pauline is in great affliction, having just lost her eldest girl who was about eighteen months old. The Damers are settled in Belgrave Square, which is a long way from here, and we cannot now walk to them of an evening as we used to do. We were at a rather stupid dinner at Vice Chancellor Wigram's last night. There were so many elderly lawyers, which in my opinion did not tend to making it agreeable. I for one was unfortunately placed, I went down with the Recorder, and sat between him and a prosy old Baron of the Exchequer, and next to these there was a fat old Vice Chancellor, and a Bishop. The Recorder, Vice C. and Baron did nothing but talk 'shop' across me all the time, so you may suppose I was rather out of my element, and I could not help thinking how much more at home I should have been if military shop talking had been going on; even the old story of 'Johnson of ours, and Thompson of yours' would have been preferable. In the evening we went to a large party at Lady Haddington's (the first Lady of the Admiralty) and I found it very amusing as I met numbers of people I knew. Lady Wicklow has asked us to a ball on the 9th, which I daresay will be very good, and Mrs Damer talks of giving a ball on the 14th.

"We went the other day to pay Lady Douglas

[1] Robert Dundas of Arniston, her future husband, now Sir Robert Dundas, Bart.

(Princess Marie of Baden) a visit, and to our consternation who should we find there but the Duchess of Kent and her ladies in waiting! We were presented in due form and then all sat down in a formal circle, and Her Royal Highness amused herself by talking alternately in German to Lady Douglas and in English to Mama. We heard her ask Lady Douglas to two parties that she was going to give, and at last she said to Mama, 'I am afraid you don't understand German?' upon which we said that we did. Altogether it was an awkward and disagreeable visit, and I was very glad when it was over. Making our retreat was as bad as anything for we had to slide out down a long room and I was the only one who had presence of mind enough to make a curtsey at the door. The Loftus' are to arrive next week. They expect Lord Loftus to be returned member for Woodstock, in Lord Blandford's place. I believe that Keith Mackenzie never means to rejoin his regiment again, but how he is to manage that I do not know."

It was about this time that Emily Knox, who was then at Rome, wrote a portrait of herself for the amusement of her cousins.

"I have a chubby red face," said she, "blue eyes with no eyebrows to speak of, a Knox nose, a mouth generally open, brown hair, etc. If not decidedly handsome, I am as least 'eminently genteel.' Now for *mon morale!* That's more difficult to describe, as they say people never know themselves. I am not shy, generally tolerably talkative if I happen to be in the humour; if not, rather difficult to get on with. I am what Paddy calls 'cute,' and by watching my betters, am not only very much amused at times, but by pondering over their sayings and doings, I learn a good deal and get practical hints as to my own behaviour."

The above "portrait" was far from doing justice to the original, who was at this time a strikingly handsome girl, and very talented. Her simplicity of char-

EMILY KNOX
From a painting by Capalti in the possession of Sir Robert Dundas, Bart.

acter was also very attractive, and she was to the end of her life a most staunch and faithful friend. In a letter from Monsieur Gauthier, her old German master, there is a pretty description of a visit that she paid him when he was very ill, and how the sight of "*cette belle et bonne demoiselle*" came like a ray of sunshine to brighten his last days of sickness and loneliness. A plaintive note in her voice contrasted strangely with the exceeding gaiety of her disposition; it is a voice that I remember distinctly, after many years.

From Elizabeth J. Knox.

"SANDGATE, *July 30th*, 1845.

"Here we are settled in our summer abode, or rather I should say our marine residence, which is agreeably situated, facing the sea and so near that it is within a stone's-throw of it. We were all delighted to get out of London, and we are enjoying the quiet of this place particularly. It is quite a relief to have no morning visitors and to have one's time to oneself for reading a little and improving one's mind. The weather is very cold, and the sea so rough that it is impossible to bathe, however I hope that in a few days it will improve. Our hours here are very primitive, we breakfast at eight, have luncheon at half past twelve, and dinner at half past four, which gives us time for an evening walk, and we all go to bed very early. Aunt Fan, Uncle James and Co. are settled at Tunbridge Wells, and I am happy to say that Emily continues to improve and gain strength. If she goes on well, I suppose the marriage will take place about the 8th or 9th of September at Tunbridge Wells, and of course, we shall go over for it. Papa's and Mama's wedding present to the bride-elect was a very handsome writing-desk, beautifully fitted up. It cost twenty guineas, so you may suppose it was very complete. Mrs Dundas Durham (the mother) gives her a horse and a

diamond ring, and she has had numbers of other presents. Mrs Taylor is come over from Italy expressly to be at the wedding, and returns to Naples immediately after. I think I told you that we have put off going to Danesfield till October. As to going to Milton Abbey, I am afraid we have not much chance of that, as it is such an expensive journey. A certain relation of ours has thrown out hints that an Irish Earl is paying great court to one of her daughters, but the young lady cannot make up her mind to accept and the elder sister is employed as negotiator. The fact is that this Earl is supposed to have very little fortune, and our friend asked Papa if he could find out *how much*. We have since heard that he has between £4000 and £5000 a year, which I suppose would be considered enough. You must not take any notice of this if you write to any of them. To tell you the truth I am in general very incredulous about stories from that quarter, and I have not much faith in this —however time will show.

"Isabella, who is always so full of jokes and fun that we call her our jester or clown, was amusing herself last night throwing a lucifer upon the carpet and then exclaiming that it was a pleasure to see 'a match on the *tapis* in our house,' and when she was warned to take care of an explosion she said that it certainly would be awkward if it went off! I have promised her the rest of my paper; so adieu, dearest adjutant; you must not expect much news from Sandgate as it affords none of any kind.

"Ever your very affectionate,

"E. J. K."

Very few of Isabella Knox's letters have been preserved and to me that is a matter of real regret. Nobody ever saw the ludicrous side of things as she did, or could describe them with more vivacity and charm. She had blue eyes, quantities of golden hair, and a clear and beautiful complexion. Her sad misfortune stunted her

growth indeed, but it did not affect her mental development. She was very intellectual, an admirable musician, and a most brilliant talker, and when young, I believe, her face was so pretty and so full of expression that the deformity of her figure was hardly noticed in comparison. In the family it was never by any chance alluded to. If she was painfully conscious of it herself, no one was ever allowed to know it. The delight of her life was to make others happy. Her sense of humour must have helped her through many a dark hour. I remember a story she used to tell of a journey she took in an omnibus on one of her many charitable expeditions. It was a bitterly cold day, and my aunt, in order to keep out the snow, had put on a pair of galoshes. In the omnibus she tried to take them off, but was surprised to find that one of her feet had apparently lost all sensation.

"It must be frost-bitten," thought she, seriously alarmed. Not until the indignant looks of an old gentleman who sat next to her aroused her attention, did she discover that it was *his* foot and not hers at which she had been so determinedly pulling!

Another time, quite in later years, my two aunts were travelling in Germany together, when the guard suddenly appeared and asked, "Are the two old ladies going all the way to Cologne?" Aunt Susan looked blankly at Aunt Isabella. Where were the two "old ladies"? It is true they were old themselves, but neither of them in the least realised the fact. "Why, he means you and me! I suppose we *are* old ladies!" cried Aunt Isabella at last, and she used to relate the little adventure with immense enjoyment.

There are saints of all kinds, young and old, pleasant and disagreeable, but I am sure that a more perfect saint than this little aunt of mine never lived. I don't think any of us knew what pain she suffered sometimes, and never was so heavy a cross as hers carried more gallantly. "I don't believe you *wish* to get better!" I said to her reproachfully during her last illness, and the smile with which she answered told me I had guessed the truth.

CHAPTER IX

The 85th Land in Ireland—Fate Overtakes Lieut. Knox—Marriage to Lucy Maunsell—Home Service—Birth of Twin Sons—Visit to Paris—The Measles and the Revolution—Abdication of Louis Philippe—The Republic is Proclaimed—Report of the King's Death—Smith O'Brien—Irish Rebellion—Outrageous Threats of John Mitchel against Lord Clarendon—Mitchel Transported—Shameful Hoax Played on the *Times*—Smith O'Brien taken Prisoner by the 85th—Drogheda and the Battle of the Boyne—Lord Waterford—A Change of Uniform—Admiral Knox and his Daughters Visit Glamorganshire—The Eisteddfodd—Lady Hall of Llanover — The Irish Lady Morgan — Visit to the Scott Murrays at Hambledon.

ON March 24th 1846 the head-quarters, colours and band of the 85th Light Infantry left Barbados, embarking in the *Cressy* for Ireland, with orders to land at Cork. They had an uneventful but prosperous voyage, and on the 21st of April sighted Ireland, and took a pilot on board at Kinsale.

The first news the regiment heard on landing was that of the battles of Aliwal and Sobraon, and the death of Colonel Taylor, who was killed in action.

They were ordered to Limerick, always a favourite quarter. Fate generally overtakes us at quite unexpected moments. As the adjutant of the 85th marched through the city on a fine spring morning, with a light heart and vigorous frame, he little knew that a pair of lovely Irish eyes were watching him from a window of the

Archdeacon's house in George Street, while his future wife whispered to the friend at her side, "Do you see that tall man with reddish hair? I feel absolutely sure that that is the man I am going to marry!"

I happened to be present when many years afterwards, Mrs Fetherstonhaugh, the friend in question, reminded my mother of this strange presentiment. The first meeting took place three days later at a flower show, and and in about six weeks from that day Lieutenant Knox was on his way to London, hoping to gain his father's consent to his engagement to Miss Lucy Maunsell. His sanction, he records in his journal, "was given with less reluctance than I expected." His father would probably have hardly approved of his marrying as a subaltern, but the same month he was gazetted to his company, and that without purchase.

Ireland was in a very disturbed state just then. The potato crop having failed, the population was in a melancholy state of distress and misery. The great famine of 1846 very shortly followed.

My parents were married at Limerick Cathedral on the 22nd of October 1846, by Archdeacon Warburton, uncle of the bride. All the officers of the 85th were present in full uniform and the honeymoon was spent at Killarney. The regiment was shortly after moved to Birr. On the 7th of November Captain E. S. P. Knox was gazetted a retired Rear-Admiral, his pay being twenty-five shillings a day.

Probably owing to the unsettled state of affairs in Ireland, the young couple had three or four different homes during the first year of their married life. It was in a field officer's quarter in Beggar's Bush Barracks, Dublin,

that their twin-sons were born on October 20th, 1847.

Captain Knox announces the event to his family as follows :—

"*Oct. 19th*, 1847.

"My dearest mother,—

"I begin this letter not knowing what may be the end, but trusting in God that all may be well with my own darling wife, who is now at the time I write in great suffering, though the doctor assures me doing very well. I have had no sleep all night from anxiety of mind : how I wish you were with us just now, though I trust before I close this letter she will be well over her troubles."

"*Wednesday*, 11 A.M.

"Lucy passed a very bad night and her doctor requested me to send for Dr Kennedy, the great ladies' doctor. At a little before nine this morning your first grandson came into this world of troubles. I rushed off to announce it to some of our fellows, who were starting off to the Phœnix Park for a drill, and on my return I found number two just arriving, much I confess to my horror and dismay. Lucy is now very well and strong, considering her suffering of thirty-three hours. Both the boys are blue-eyed, and they are very much alike. To please Lucy I have just sent for the parson of the parish to baptise them. I am going to call the first Thomas Francis Edmund and the second William George.[1] I hope you will approve of the selection. I don't think Willy will live very long. I am getting so fond of them, though, much annoyed at first. My father was anxious for some distinguishing name. Shall I call one Thomas *Beggar's Bush* Knox? All going on uncommonly well. I am so thankful to God for having spared my darling wife to me."

[1] Now Sir William George Knox, K.C.B.

Admiral and Mrs Knox let their house in Montagu Square the following winter and took an apartment at 118 Faubourg St Honoré, where their son and his wife came to visit them early in January 1848, bringing their eldest baby to introduce him to his grandparents. The season was a very gay one, but unfortunately Elizabeth and her sister Susan caught measles when it was at its height. Isabella, who felt very dull without her sisters, consoled herself by sending them amusing little notes descriptive of her gaieties. The following will serve as a specimen :—

"I started from my domicile last night about ten. My toilet I believe you know; my fuchsias looked beautifully languishing. I tapped myself on the shoulder as I was going down stairs, saying, '*Allons, mon garçon, c'est toi qui représente ta famille. Courage! Signalons nous.*' We arrived in time to get very advantageous seats in the ball-room.

"First Valse, Mr Arnett (*possesseur d'une fortune considérable*).

"First Polka, *L'inconnu de l'Ambassade d'Angleterre* (whom on account of his extremely youthful appearance I shall call Monsieur Duvet).

"Third Valse. Alfred de Vanvinet (*tout en nage*). Intermède (*Trajet indirect vers la salle à manger. Regards furtifs pour tâcher d'apercevoir du souper. Désappointment. On se console avec un verre d'orgeat*). Frantic inquiries after the invalids on the part of Mr O'Conor, Miss Airey, Lord Frederic Hallyburton, Mr Graham Browne (absolutely beside himself !), Mrs Gould, etc.

"More inquiries, less distracted but still very anxious from Miss Heneage, Miss Prideaux Brune, etc.

"E. C. behaved not like a man of birth, but like a dirty, disgraceful, detestable, dastardly diplomat as he is. He never even bowed, or took the slightest notice of me. He took the Fontenelle family into the refreshment room, danced twice for certain with mademoi-

selle, and consigned himself to a cool corner for the rest of the evening. As for Monsieur Duvet, he pointed out Mme. Guiccioli as she was crossing the room, asked if I knew who she was, and not satisfied with vague answers on my part, persecuted me by saying *at last*, 'But you know she was the *friend* of Lord Byron!' Imagine my horror. The little man was very amusing. He said in a state of ecstasy over the Polka, 'Oh it makes go to *Heavenne!*" Miss Brune was quite magnificent in cherry colour, with beautiful little sleeves and white flowers. M. Alfred de Gramont was devoted to Miss O'Conor. Mr O'Conor to Miss Erskine. Adieu till to-morrow. I am yours most devotedly."

This letter is docketed in her mother's handwriting, "Account of the last ball in Paris, just before the Measles and the Revolution."

Captain Knox in his diary mentions however one more ball at the Jardin d'Hiver for the British Charitable Fund. Over nine hundred tickets were sold, and the entertainment was a great success.

The plot, however, was thickening, and everything ripe for the crisis which was near at hand. On the 20th February troops were collecting to prevent the great Reform banquet which was fixed to take place on the 22nd. Some of the English who took fright had some difficulty in making their way to the railway station. Elizabeth and Susan Knox, who were by this time convalescent, could see from their window the barricades that were being erected in the Faubourg St Honoré, and the mobs which paraded the streets up to a late hour of the night. Three days later Louis Philippe had abdicated and the Republic was proclaimed. The Duc de Nemours arrived in London, having left in a great hurry without his wife.

The King and Queen were missing for several days afterwards.

On the 26th of February there was a report of Louis Philippe's sudden death; this however was contradicted the next day.

1848

"On February 29th my father, who was then in London, 'called on Smith O'Brien, a reserved kind of man, some connection of the Maunsells.'

"*March 6th.*—There was a large meeting in Trafalgar Square, which was dispersed by the police after a few windows and lamps had been broken.

"*March 8th.*—Trifling riots in the city, and large bodies of police called out.

"On the 14th of March Captain and Mrs Knox returned to Dublin, the regular leave season not having been shortened by the unsettled state of things in Ireland.

"*March 16th.*—Out practising street firing in the Phœnix Park under Prince George (of Cambridge) with six hundred of the 75th and 85th and four troops of Enniskillens and Lancers with artillery.

"*March 17th.*—St Patrick's Day. Under arms and in readiness to turn out all day. Great excitement in Dublin; preparations being made for an outbreak. The guards doubled at the Bank and Castle, and two hundred men quartered for some weeks in Trinity College. Half the officers only in each regiment allowed to go to the Castle Ball.

"*March 21st.*—Twelve squadrons of the Bays, Carabineers, Enniskillens, 7th and 17th Lancers reviewed on the esplanade in front of the Royal Barracks.

"*March 22nd.*—Smith O'Brien, Mitchel and Meagher arrested, but they were afterwards liberated.

March 23rd.—Inspected on the esplanade by Sir E. Blakeney.

"*March 24th.*—The castle guard augmented to one captain, one subaltern and forty-four infantry, and one

captain, one subaltern, and thirty dragoons, in consequence of the outrageous threats of John Mitchel against Lord Clarendon in his paper, the *United Irishman*.

"Mitchel continually insisted on the adoption of the most diabolical and repulsive measures, and with the utmost *sang froid*. Every Saturday his journal contained a letter to the Earl of Clarendon, Her Majesty's Executioner-General and Butcher-General of Ireland. Plans of insurrection were freely propounded, the nature and efficiency of street fighting were copiously discussed. Ladies were invited to throw vitriol from their windows upon the Queen's troops, and to fling empty bottles before the cavalry that they might stumble and fall. Precise instructions were given, week after week, for the erection of barricades, the perforation of walls, and other means of attack and defence in the war against the Queen."[1]

"*March* 31*st*.—The 57th regiment in a most mutinous and insubordinate state arrived to reinforce the garrison.

"*April* 3*rd*.—Reported to Prince George that a Repeal Club had deposited their arms next door to us. The 57th (or Die-hards) left for Enniskillen.

"*April* 6*th*.—Street firing in the Royal Hospital.

"*April* 15*th*.—The garrison all confined to barracks, the confederates having to appear before the Court of Queen's Bench.

"*April* 18*th*.—My company moved into the military prison, Arbour Hill.

"*April* 20*th*.—Confined to barracks. The marines and sailors marched up from Kingstown, an outbreak being expected.

"*May* 2*nd*.—Great garrison field day. Twelve squardrons of cavalry and seven battalions of infantry out besides horse artillery.

[1] Cassell's "Illustrated History of England," vol. viii. p. 28.

"*May 13th.*—John Mitchel again arrested for felonious writing in the *United Irishman.*

"*May 24th.*—Infantry brigade of six battalions under Prince George.

"*May 26th.*—Mitchel convicted, great excitement.

"*May 27th.*—The Queen's birthday kept. About 120 men of each regiment left in barracks and the rest out in the Park.

"Mitchel sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, and quietly escorted to the steamer by a squadron of the carabineers whom he had a few days previously accused in his paper of being ready to join him. He sailed in the *Shearwater* the same night in irons.

"*July 18th.*—The Repeal Clubs at last denounced by government as illegal.

"*July 24th.*—Rumours of an outbreak in Waterford. All officers' leave cancelled.

"*July 25th.*—Garrison confined to barracks by wings daily.

"Commencement of the search for arms. An outbreak is expected.

"*July 26th.*—The Habeas Corpus Act suspended until the 1st of March next. Great excitement in Dublin, and rumours of risings in the provinces. Two troops of the 17th out patrolling last night. A policeman was stabbed in the streets and died.

"*July 27th.*—The sentry at Aldborough House fired at. Several seizures of arms made by the police.

"*July 28th.*—A squadroon of the 17th and two hundred of the 85th under Prince George made a sudden night march on Dunshaughlin, where it was reported that the rebels had assembled, but they returned without having found any one, after having marched twenty-four English miles in six hours.

"*July 29th.*—A shameful hoax was played upon the *Times* newspaper, a report having got in that the rebellion had broken out, the troops had been defeated, and that many regiments—especially the 3rd and 31st —had gone over. This report reached America, where it created great joy amongst the democrats. The 9th and 35th were ordered over. The 74th and two

companies of the 60th were ordered off to Kilkenny, and at two o'clock we received the order to start for Thurles, leaving recruits, sick and heavy baggage behind with the Surgeon, Quarter-master, and Edwardes [1] under my command.

"*July 30th.*—I tried hard to accompany Head-Quarters. News of Smith O'Brien's defeat at Boulagh Common.

"*August 2nd.*—Lord Hardinge arrived with a kind of roving commission to assist Sir E. Blakeney.

"*August 3rd.*—Great full dress field-day for Lord Hardinge. Rode out on Parratt's grey to see it.

"*August 4th.*—Regiment moved for a night from Thurles to New Birmingham. They suffered from excessive rain for the whole six weeks they were under canvas, but nevertheless were very healthy. Some arms were dug up in a field behind our house.

"*August 6th.*—Smith O'Brien brought in prisoner, and lodged in Kilmainham. He was taken at Thurles Station, and M'Kenzie of the 92nd captured him.

"*August 7th.*—The Limerick and Kerry mail was robbed near Abbeyfeale by the rebels who are said to be in force under O'Gorman.

"*August 11th.*—Great field day for Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Napier, who took the salute.

"*August 13th.*—Went to Drogheda to see our detachment. Walked to the battle ground of the Boyne with Tennant; it is about three miles from the town. A pillar commemorates the spot where King William crossed the river, which is deep and rapid. James' position a very good one.

"*September 9th.*—Marched into Waterford at 1 o'clock. The Head-Quarters arrived immediately afterwards. Sir Charles O'Donnell in command of the garrison which consists of a troop of the 4th Light Dragoons and six and a half companies of our regiment.

"*September 12th.*—A despatch having arrived from Portland stating that the Police Barrack had been attacked, the troop of the 4th and 20 officers and

[1] Sir Henry Edwardes, Bart. He retired as a Lieutenant, 1853.

290 men of ours marched at nine o'clock for Curraghmore. Passing through Portland we perceived signs of the fight, and plenty of blood on the road. But there were no rebels to be found, either here or at Curraghmore. Halted in the Park where we were joined by about eighty of the Buffs and a squadron of the 4th Dragoons under Sir James Dennis.

"The Buffs and police set off in jaunting cars to scour the woods, and having told off Todd and a strong company to remain, we had a good heavy lunch at Lord Waterford's, whose house was well fortified and victualled for a siege, and marched back to Waterford bringing in five or six prisoners. We arrived at nine P.M., having had a march of twenty-four miles.

"*September 14th.*—Todd's party returned having had a few shots at the rebels in the woods of Curraghmore.

"*October 9th.*—Smith O'Brien, Meagher, Donoghue and MacManus, the leading rebels, were sentenced to death for high treason, but this sentence was only nominal."

Lord Waterford, who is mentioned as so hospitably entertaining a part of the regiment, was Henry De La Poer Beresford, third Marquis, born 1811. He was killed by a fall out hunting in 1859, at Corbally, near Carrick-on-Suir. He married Louisa, daughter of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, 8th June 1842, and co-heir with her sister Lady Canning.

My father here records a change of uniform, no doubt of deep interest to the regiment at the time.

"Blue frock coats are now discontinued and shell jackets with sling sleeves taken into wear. The coatee open with a blue embroidered waistcoat to be worn at mess, shell jackets no longer being permissible on that occasion. We still wear lavender trousers in summer; they do not look bad, but are difficult to keep alike in hue. We take soldiering easy. —— —— is away hunting perhaps half the week, then comes back late in the evening, and tells off the accumulation

of prisoners in his hunting clothes. His great delight is to be with one of the three Marquises in these parts, Waterford, Ormond, or Drogheda."

It was in the autumn of the same year that Admiral Knox, accompanied by his eldest and youngest daughters, paid the long-talked-of visit to Mr and Mrs Tynte in Glamorganshire. Always an admirable correspondent, the Admiral wrote home every day.

"CEFN MABLY, *October 5th*, 1848.

"My dearest Wife,—

"We left the docks at Bristol about ten o'clock yesterday morning, and it was about three hours before we disembarked at Newport. I expected rough weather, as it blew a gale the night before, but the passage was comparatively pleasant, as the wind blew off the land. We found a carriage ready at the landing place, on which we placed our luggage and came here. No company in the house but to-day we expect Lady Morgan and some others; to-morrow some of the 14th regt. to shoot and dine.

"Take care of your knee, and make no more *faux pas*, particularly in my absence. We are very comfortably put up, and I think the air here is delightful. We go on the 10th to Abergavenny, as guests of our present host."

"CEFN MABLY, *October 6th*, 1848.

"The post comes in at eleven and goes out at one, so that time presses. Mr Wallop Brabazon, brother of our hostess, arrived yesterday, and as far as I have seen of him I like him. At dinner we mustered sixteen; Mr Octavius Morgan, and his nephew Henry Milman, the parson of the parish and several others whose names you never heard of completed the number. I heard Isabella's little voice; she sat between the old bachelor Morgan and his nephew. In the evening the piano was put into requisition. Isa played 'Yankee

Doodle,' and Bessie one of her show pieces, and afterwards the duet of 'Robert Bruce.' The success was tremendous! Mr M. is a great amateur and I was amused by his marking the time with his hand as if he felt every note. He complimented the performers to their hearts' content, and said it was the most delicious treat he had had for a long time. Nothing can be kinder than our host and hostess, and we are very comfortable.

"Lady Morgan did not turn up: she is indisposed, and it is uncertain whether she will come or not.

"It rains to-day. I am writing in my own room; the girls are billeted on the next floor and have a nice apartment with a sofa on which Isabella rests herself.

"Adieu, dearest and best of wives."

"CEFN MABLY, *October 8th.*

"Yours of Friday reached me in due course yesterday; when the rail is established (perhaps two years hence) on the western side of this channel, *i.e.* from Gloucester to Newport, the time for correspondence will be much extended.

"We had sixteen at dinner again on Friday; all were fond of music and expressed great pleasure on hearing two young ladies play. Mr Dodsworth kept them playing one thing after another the whole evening. The Colonel (Barlow) said that his lieutenant had broken out in a new place, as he was not aware before of his passion for music. Yesterday was fine, and Mrs Tynte drove us in her barouche to Cardiff, where we visited the Castle and saw the room and the bed that Lord Bute died in.[1] Lord James has the power of living there, and has an allowance of £1000 per annum for superintending the agents.

"Nothing can be kinder than Mr and Mrs Tynte. The girls are to wear hats at Abergavenny, and Mrs

[1] John, second Marquess of Bute, Lord Lieutenant of Glamorganshire, born 1793; married, first, Maria, eldest daughter of the third Earl of Guilford, second, Sophia, daughter of the first Marquess of Hastings. Lord Bute died 1848, leaving an infant son.

Tynte is going to give them some Welsh stuff to make gowns. The children are dear little things, three boys and two girls: they are very clean, tidy and orderly.

"Self [1] takes good care of me.

"God bless my dear Wife."

[illegible] October 5th.

"Sunday was a fine day; we went to church in the carriage, but to-day is very wet. We were to have gone to Tredegar, but it is postponed, *sine die*. To-morrow we all go to the Angel Inn, Abergavenny, where our host has provided us with accommodation, etc. On Friday there is to be a Ball at which (being *costumé*) Tynte wishes me to wear my uniform (of this more hereafter), and on Saturday we return here. On Monday the 16th, in the afternoon, we shall go to Newport to dine and sleep as the boat sails at seven: it would be too great a pull on Isabella to start from this and travel eight miles. We shall D.V. be in [illegible] time for the eleven o'clock up-train which according to the book arrives at Twyford at 4.32. The down train is due at 5.12 which will allow us to have a carriage or carriages ready to convey us to Hambledon.

"As Tynte is Chairman of the Committee of the [illegible] at Abergavenny, and expressed a wish that I would go in uniform, I did not like to refuse, and hope to get it down safe, if you will follow the directions. Please to forward it as soon as possible.

"The tin box with the uniform, also the corked hat, to be stuffed well in the wooden box in which it now stands, corded and directed. Two pieces of wood to fasten on the sides of the sword to secure it against fractures. Directed (by night train) to 'Admiral the Hon. E. S. P. Knox, care of C. Kemys Tynte, Esq., M.P., Angel Inn, Abergavenny.'

"If on Monday next anything should turn up likely to prevent your joining us on Tuesday write to me under cover to the Station master, Bristol, with a few lines to him from yourself saying that I expected to be in time for the 11 o'clock train. . . ."

[1] His manservant.

Most inconvenient days those must have been, when telegrams were unknown!

"CEFN MABLY, *October 11th.*

"Dearest Wife,—

"Just received your letters of Saturday and Monday. "Self, Adèle, and some of the Tynte servants set off at eleven for Abergavenny, and we proceed in two carriages at half past one or two. The day is fine, though the wind is high, which to us does not matter. In answer to your queries, if you cannot borrow a box, I suppose you must buy, but save money if you can.

"We had no dinner company yesterday. Bessie played as usual, and sang 'Corbeau' and 'Chaperon Rouge' which they seemed to like. I see you had a fit of the blues when you wrote yesterday, but 'cheer up' (as Tom says) 'all may yet be well.' I have received a letter from him to-day of the 7th. All well. He finds Waterford much cheaper than Dublin, and the band is improving under Basquit.

"I shall write to-morrow from Abergavenny if I have time, but as I believe we shall have to listen to some Harp music, I may be detained beyond the post hour. I grudge the expense of conveying my uniform backwards and forwards but I could not refuse it. Tynte said—'Send it to my tailor's and it will come with my things and cost you nothing,' but I did not choose this. Bring my little dictionary with you; you never returned it. Did I give you the key of my *secrétaire*? I cannot remember what I did with it.

"God bless you and Sukey."

"ANGEL INN, ABERGAVENNY,
"*October 11th.*

"I have only time for a few lines to say that we arrived here safely yesterday, having had a pleasant journey through a pretty country. We also had a good dinner and are well lodged. Mr and Lady Louisa Tenison[1] came in the evening; she is a daughter of

[1] Lady Louisa Anson, daughter of the first Earl of Lichfield, married, 1838, Edward King Tenison, Esq., of Kilronan Castle, Roscommon.

Lord Lichfield. The day was beautiful. We had a grand procession, and then went to a Hall [1] with a name I cannot write. There was singing and speaking, etc. etc., and we are only just home. It went off very well. Tynte was President, and acquitted himself well. Lady Hall [2] has asked us to her house this evening, and I believe we are going. I brought Isabella home to lunch at two o'clock, and when she went back Bessie and Mrs Tynte came home with me for the same purpose. The box is arrived safe, and on Friday I shall have to wear my uniform.

"I wish I had time to write more."

"*October 12th.*

"I am just come in from the Eisteddfodd, though it is not quite over. We went last night to Llanover by Lady Hall's invitation; the hall is very fine. A few couple danced there for an hour to a harp and violin, and we were home by twelve. We go there again this evening when I hear it will be fuller.

"Lord Northampton [3] desired to be introduced to me, as he knew Ranfurly. The Prussian and Turkish Ambassadors are staying at Llanover, also Lady Morgan of Tredegar [4] and her daughter who is going to be married to a Mr Styles, a fine handsome young man without any money. The Irish Lady Morgan was there also, and Mr Hallam of the Middle Ages, Sir Robert Browning, etc., and other names that I forget. We have had a fine day, and spent it at Cymreligyddion Hall. To-morrow night there is to be a Fancy Ball in that

[1] For the Eisteddfodd, held that year at Abergavenny.

[2] Augusta, daughter and co-heir of Benjamin Waddington, Esq. She married, 1823, Sir Benjamin Hall, Bart., of Llanover, who was created, 1859, Baron Llanover. The title became extinct at his death in 1867.

[3] Spencer, second Marquess of Northampton, born 1790; married, 1815, Margaret, daughter of Major-General Clephane of Torloisk, N.B., and died 1851. He filled with high honour and credit the office of President of the Royal Society.

[4] Rosamund, only daughter of General Godfrey Mundy. She married, 1827, Sir Charles Morgan Robinson, who was raised to the Peerage as Baron Tredegar, 1859.

barn (for it is little better) and on Saturday we return to Cefn Mably. Mr Tynte treated Self and Adèle to the Hall to-day; whether they enjoyed it or not I cannot say. Part of the proceedings were interesting.

"Mr Jones, the ex-Paris attaché, has taken the name of Herbert and is the husband of Miss Hall [1] the heiress of Llanover. Sir Benjamin is in London, and expected to lose one of his eyes, but her Ladyship it seems is not nervous about him, and entertains company at home.

"I know nothing to alter our plans of leaving Cefn Mably on Monday. I shall send back the box of uniforms from this, it cost eight and sixpence coming."

"ABERGAVENNY, *October 13th*, 1848.

"My dearest Jenny,—

"I am obliged to snatch a moment when I can to write to you: we are going to drive somewhere, and I may not have time on my return.

"In *primo*. The girls are in great force and very happy: no ailments to complain of, ditto your worse half. We went to Lady Hall's last night, where they danced till half-past twelve, ending with 'Sir Roger de Coverley.' Bessie played once, but as the fiddle was giving signs of life in the Hall, little attention was paid to her. The Irish Lady Morgan [2] started from her seat and came to the piano to listen; she said she recognized the artist's touch immediately. Lord Fielding [3] sang to his wife's accompaniment. Lady

[1] Augusta Charlotte Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Benjamin and Lady Hall, married, November 1846, Mr J. A. Herbert of Llanarth.

[2] "Lady Morgan (Sydney Owenson) was before the country as an author for nearly half a century. She was born in Dublin in 1783. Before she was sixteen she was the author of two novels. Her third work, 'The Wild Irish Girl,' brought to her the fame for which she longed, and made her a celebrity. In 1811 she married Sir Charles Morgan, a Dublin physician. For a number of years she enjoyed a pension of £300, conferred on her by Earl Grey."—"Cassell's Illustrated History of England," Vol. vii. p. 378.

[3] Rudolph Fielding, Viscount Fielding, born 1823; married, 1846. Louisa, only child of the late David Pennant; succeeded his father as eighth Earl of Denbigh, 1865. Lady Fielding died at Naples 1853, aged 24.

Hall invited us to visit her at Llanover on Saturday but we could not accept for many reasons.

"Mrs Tynte has given my girls Welsh gowns and I have got one for Susan, and ditto for my own Jenny. The two latter go back to London in my uniform box. I have renewed my acquaintance with Lady Charles Somerset [1] and she begged that I would bring my girls to see her in London.

"Nothing can exceed the kindness of the Tyntes. We have a very nice lively girl with us, Miss Palmer, grand-daughter of the Rev. Mr Coles, minister at Cefn Mably; she sings and amuses our children.

"I write in such haste that I hardly know what I am about, expecting every minute to be summoned to go out. To-night I shall be *en grande tenue* for the first time as an Admiral, and to-morrow morning the box will be forwarded to London as it came. Isabella likes flirting with married men. Query, is that proper?

"Adieu, dearest and best of wives, you are a precious treasure to me in my declining years."

"CEFN MABLY,
"*October 15th*, 1848.

"We left Abergavenny at 1 P.M. and lunched at Llanover, where we remained an hour. There was a large party assembled. I believe I told you that Lady Hall had invited us to pay her a visit, which of course we were obliged to decline. We reached this at six—all well.

"The ball went off beautifully, the girls danced as long as they had legs to stand on, and enjoyed it thoroughly. I think it has improved Isabella, to judge from her looks.

"I have ordered out a carriage from Newport to-morrow. We shall dine and sleep at the hotel. The *Swift*, the prime steamer on the station, sails at seven A.M., and D.V. we shall be at Bristol by ten and take the 11 A.M. for Twyford, where we shall be due at 4.39.

[1] Lord Charles Somerset, son of the fifth Duke of Beaufort, married secondly, 1821, Mary, second daughter of John, fourth Earl Poulett.

We shall expect to meet you there and have the carriage ready to convey us to Hambledon.

"*Contingencies.*—No. 1. Blowing too hard to be able to cross the channel on Tuesday, in which case a five hours' journey by land will throw us back to arrive only at Twyford at seven, in which case we should dine there and get to Hambledon in the evening. No. 2. Should you get a letter from Mrs Scott Murray putting you off, send a brown paper letter by the first train on Tuesday directed to the care of the station-master at Twyford. As we could not go on without tickets we should be obliged to get out and take the 5.30 train, which arrives at Paddington 6.41. We must trust to Providence for all other contingencies. Au revoir, best and dearest of wives.

"*P.S.*—Suppose you write to Mrs Tynte on Monday, thanking her for her kindness to your old husband and daughters? She is very fond of Bessie, and so is her worse half."

Some unforeseen contingency evidently did arise, for Elizabeth's journal records the fact that they met Captain and Lady Caroline King at Twyford instead of her mother and sister, who only arrived at Hambledon in the evening. The visit seems to have been a lively one, with much dancing and music and round games.

"*October 20th.*

"Rainy day. Sat with Caroline (King) all the morning. In the afternoon we drove to Danesfield and Marlow in spite of the rain. Augusta, Mr Weyland, Sir John Duckworth [1] and I in the pony carriage. Mr Vansittart and Mr Barker dined here. We played at the Family Coach and then danced. I sat by Sir John Duckworth."

[1] Sir John Thomas Duckworth, Bart., of Wear House, Exeter, born 1809; succeeded his father 1817; married, 1850, Mary, daughter of the late John Buller, Esq.

" October 21st.

" Rainy morning. Played a good deal with Captain King. Afterwards had a game of Cuckoo Maroo. In the evening we all dressed up: Isabella with powder, Susan as a peasant, I as a Spaniard, etc. Charles Murray dined here. I sat by Sir John Duckworth at dinner. Gay evening—dancing."

" Sunday, October 22nd.

" Raining almost all day. Went to morning and afternoon church. Towards five it cleared up and we took a nice walk. Pleasant dinner. In the evening we played at consequences and various games."

" October 23rd.

" Pouring rain all day. Sat and worked and played in the drawing-room. In the afternoon looked over prints, and taught Sir John the Polka Mazurka. The Marjoribanks dined here. There was a raffle in the evening and a great deal of dancing—*very* amusing."

CHAPTER X

Henry Barry Knox—Hadleigh Rectory—Bishop Taylor the Martyr—Marriage of Elizabeth Knox—A Busy but Happy Life—Death of her First-Born Son—Captain and Mrs Knox sail for the West Indies—Death of the Duke of Wellington—His Funeral Sermon—The Admiral at Mannheim—The Grand Duchess Stéphanie of Baden—Unsettled State of Europe—Birth of a Daughter at Hadleigh—Ernst—Lady Augustus Loftus—The Eastern Question—A Severe Winter.

MENTION has frequently been made in these pages of Henry Barry Knox, Rector of Hadleigh. He was second son of the Right Hon. George Knox, and therefore first cousin to the Admiral. He had always lived on a very intimate footing with that branch of the family, and he had been four years a widower when early in the year 1850 his engagement to his cousin Elizabeth took place.

In addition to his extreme goodness Henry Knox had what the French call "*un charmant caractère*;" gay, kindly, affectionate, and with a sweet and placid disposition, which the storms of adversity could never sour, though they had turned his hair prematurely white. He looked much older than he really was. In point of fact he was seventeen years Elizabeth's senior, but no disparity of age could affect their exceeding happiness.

Hadleigh is a picturesque little town a few miles south-west of Ipswich. Most beautiful is its church, and the

HADLEIGH RECTORY, SUFFOLK
From a photograph

rectory, which stands in the churchyard, is big and imposing. Built of red brick and adorned with two towers that date from the fifteenth century, it has interesting historical associations. Dr Rowland Taylor was the incumbent in 1555, and it was Archbishop Cranmer who had appointed him to the living. He " favoured him on account of his attachment to the reformed principles. Throughout Edward VI.'s reign Taylor was unmolested, and was truly a living epistle which could be seen and read of all men, his daily life carrying out all he preached, and bearing witness of his love towards his Master and His work." [1]

Soon after Mary came to the throne Bishop Taylor was tried for heretical opinions and condemned to death. His sentence was that he should be burned on Aldham Common. He went joyfully to his execution, and on the spot where he suffered a stone with a short inscription briefly describes his martyrdom.

Elizabeth and Henry Knox were married at St Mary's, Bryanston Square, on April 8th, 1850, by a very dear friend and cousin, the Bishop of Down and Connor.[2] During their honeymoon, which was spent in Paris, Elizabeth no doubt told her husband many stories of earlier days, and pointed out her favourite haunts in that gay capital.

When they came home to Hadleigh, she at once started on a very busy life. All the morning was occupied with teaching her little step-daughter Louisa. Then in the afternoon there were poor people to be visited, in Angel

[1] Foxe's " Book of Martyrs," p. 329.

[2] Afterwards Primate of Ireland. He was Robert Bent Knox, son of the Hon. and Rev. Charles Knox, born 1808. He married Catherine Delia Fitzgibbon, and died 1892.

Lane or Poverty Street—quaint local names very appropriate to the misery she came to relieve, and the comfort her sympathy and kindness brought to many a wretched home. The day ended very often with an evening walk in the fields with her beloved husband, a blessed refreshment after a day devoted to hard work. In the meantime neither her music, her correspondence, nor her social duties were neglected. It is no wonder that "very tired" is the pathetic note sounded oftenest in her diary.

The society of a small country town is proverbially narrow and given to petty gossip. Fifty years ago, when people travelled comparatively little, and took but faint interest in public events, it was probably dull and "local" to a degree. To the rector's wife, a clever and cultured woman, used to the best society of London and Paris, her new associates must have seemed at first very far from congenial. But neither in her diary nor in any of her letters does there appear the smallest assumption of superiority. Either hers was a most adaptable nature, or else, like her mother, she was extraordinarily humble.

Louisa Knox, the rector's only child, was seven years old at the time of her father's second marriage, a bright, merry little thing too full of spirits not to be troublesome at times. "A great defect in my management of Lou is want of firmness," writes her step-mother to her sister Isabella. "I am trying hard to get the better of this, and never to let her argue with me. Now let me give you one piece of advice. When you give an order *never give your reasons!* There is something very dignified and imposing in this method, which I have lately tried with great success. I have long come to the con-

clusion that Mrs Chappell was quite right when she used to say, 'don't argue,' though it was one of the bitterest pills you and I had to swallow."

> "We had our clerical dinner here on Tuesday, and I put on my clerical attire (viz., black velvet) and had the honour of dining with eleven clergymen. I always like the clerical dinners, and am no ways abashed at being the only lady. You know that I never was troubled with shyness."

Elizabeth describes the abundance of roses that grow in the Rectory garden by the river, and how she delights in arranging them in every possible way for the adornment of her rooms. Her letters are full of content and cheerfulness; there is never even a hint of regret for the gay world which she exchanged for her present quiet life. "I am afraid of tiring you all by writing so much of myself and my happiness," says she. During the first summer of her married life her brother's only daughter was born, and he asked her to be Godmother, which gratified her very much. Captain Knox was at Preston when he received the news, and he announced it at once to Lord John Taylour[1] and Eyre Massey,[2] two brother officers who were dining next him at mess. "Have you got a daughter? then let us drink her health," said Eyre Massey, by whom the toast was accordingly proposed." My birth took place at Limerick, where my father had left his wife and family while the regiment was being moved to England.

[1] Lord John Taylour, son of the second Marquess of Headfort, born 1831.

[2] The Hon. Eyre Massey, born 1830; succeeded his father as fourth Baron Clarina, 1872. Died .

Early in 1852 Elizabeth Knox tasted for the first time the supreme joy of motherhood. But her little son was so tiny and so delicate that it was thought best to baptise him at once. He received the names of Henry Fitzherbert. Ten days later she was kissing the little dead face in its coffin. A terrible pang it must have been, but hers was too loyal a nature for repining. As soon as she was strong enough she went resolutely back to her work, with this sacred sorrow buried deep in her heart. If she was kind and full of sympathy before, she was probably doubly so because of what she had gone through herself.

In the autumn of that year Captain Knox exchanged into a West India regiment with a view to promotion, and he and his wife sailed for Jamaica on November the 16th. He quite intended going down to Hadleigh to take leave of his sister, but some unforeseen circumstance made this impossible. A letter written a fortnight later expresses her keen regret.

"HADLEIGH, *November 30th*, 1852.

"I cannot tell you how very sorry I was not to see you before you sailed. I had been looking forward so much to your coming down, and it was such a disappointment when I received your short note to say you could not come. I have thought so much of you and Lucy, and am very anxious to hear of your having got over your voyage safely. You know I am a dreadful coward about water, and I never like any one I care for to be long exposed to the perils of the sea.

"What a pity you missed the Duke's[1] funeral! We paid him all due honour and respect here, for the bells tolled a muffled peal all day, and all the shops were shut. We had service in Church at seven o'clock in the evening and an immense congregation. I be-

[1] The great Duke of Wellington.

lieve no less than 3000 people. We had appropriate music, of course, and it certainly was very good. Mrs Robinson, late Mrs Alfred Shaw, whom you may have heard of as a public singer in former days, kindly lent her assistance, and sang most beautifully in a solo and duet. Henry preached a military and funeral sermon, to the great delight of old Deeks, who stood entranced in the middle aisle all the time ready to shoulder his crutch and 'fight his battle o'er again.' He has since told Henry that he was perfectly correct in his account of the Peninsular War, and that he followed him through it all.

"I hope that you will write to me regularly once a month, and if you like I will return the compliment. I wish this were better worth the postage, but I am racking my brains in vain for some more news for you. Adieu, my dearest Major. Ever your very affectionate,—E. J. K."

By this time Admiral and Mrs Knox had given up their house in Montagu Square, and having taken charge of their three grandchildren, they went to spend the winter at Mannheim. From thence he writes to his son early in 1853:

"I hope our girls are satisfied with this place. They have had two balls a week lately, besides the play, and now and then a little tea shine at home, at which we are obliged to give the folks some solid food, as they dine at two. We have now changed our hour to five, as everything is so early. Invitations are for seven o'clock, and if young ladies are not in time they may lose cavaliers for the whole night, as they make up their books immediately. The Grand Duchess Stéphanie is still absent, and except to her invitations, I never go out of an evening. Your mother is writing, so I do not enter upon the nursery; all I can say is that Eddie and Ally are in rude health and very much admired.

"We have had no cold weather so far and very

little rain; the town is healthy. I take my two walks every day, work at German with a master three times a week, and what with the *Times*, *Galignani*, and some book in hand, I never find myself at a loss, the long evenings I pass alone are not at all disagreeable to me.

"The Emperor Napoleon is very much disappointed at not getting a wife. I believe our Stéphanie has failed with her other grand-daughter, the Princess of Hohenzollern. Austria and Prussia wish to thwart the new 'Kaiser.' I feel quite provoked with the Derbyites for trying to obstruct the return of the new ministers. They tried their own hands and failed, which is no reason why the business of the country should suffer. It seems that Oxford University is almost the only borough that can be kept open beyond two days, and the Carlton Club are doing their best to prevent the return of Mr Gladstone, who as Chancellor of the Exchequer would be better employed at the Treasury. I am delighted to hear that Lucy is well and likes the climate. My kindest love to her."

In May the Admiral writes:

"We leave this for Baden Baden on July 1st having engaged apartments on the Graben opposite to the Hotel de Hollande for four months, *i.e.* to November 1st. Your mother and Isabella will go to Paris on the 16th of this month. They will get a billet close to your Aunt Fan's where no doubt they will dine every day. She will come here about the time your mother returns, principally to see the children, remain a fortnight, and then proceed to Grafrath to have her other eye couched.[1]

"Pau disagreed so much with the Earl that he and Juliana set off for Boulogne, where they and the Alexanders are now located. I hear a better account of him; they apprehended apoplexy, but Dr Scott

[1] An operation necessary for cataract, but not in this instance successful. Lady Frances was frightened by a wasp, and raised her hand to her eye which she was forbidden to touch. The sight was lost in consequence.

says he is doing well. Bessy is going on very well, and hopes to have an heir to the Deanery in June.

"Mabel [1] has kindly promised to go to her, which is a great comfort to her mother.

"Do you remember an Honourable Mrs Upton at Spa, the mother of a Miss Hewitt? She has produced a son and heir for the title of Templeton,[2] the only male in the family. She is about fifty, fat and jolly; her daughter is engaged to be married to our Baden divine."

The Admiral's next letter speaks of rumours of wars which were destined to have a serious ending.

"You will see by the papers," he writes, "that there is great uneasiness about the Russian and Turkish quarrel. There is a report here that the French are going to call out 100,000 more men. If this is true it will increase the Emperor's deficit which he was so anxious to square. Nicholas will have much to answer for if he sets the world in a blaze again."

The same letter announces the birth of a grand-daughter at Hadleigh, who was christened Emily after her godmother, Mrs Dundas of Arniston.

From Admiral the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"*August 13th*, 1853.

"Dearest Major,—

"You are quite right to look well into your affairs. I consider Finance and Stomach much on a par, for if either gets out of order the whole frame gives way.

"A letter from Portarlington to-day from Schwalbach where her ladyship is bathing and drinking the

[1] Mabella, eldest daughter of the Hon. John and Lady Mabella Knox, married, 1858, Count Wilhelm von Zeppelin, uncle to the famous æronaut. She died 1887.

[2] Henry Edward Upton, fourth Viscount Templeton, was born 20th April 1853, succeeded his Uncle 1890.

waters. He will come here, he says, in September, he seems to be longing to get among his old friends. His present residence is rather dull, and his Lordship likes to be amused. We have beautiful weather here, not too hot. The children are always in the open air, and I assure you none could look healthier or happier than they do.

"I suppose you have read the accounts of the Chobham Camp and also of the French one. I observe that previous to a day's manœuvres, the General gives out in orders what he intends to do, so that the officers are fully acquainted with all details. This appears to me a good plan, and I should not be surprised if it were adopted in the Royal Army at St Lucia. Bessy has probably informed you of her arrival in Ireland, and that the precious baby crossed a smooth sea without being the worse for it. What a lucky fellow Henry was to get such a wife as Bet!"

From the same.

"BADEN BADEN, *August 29th*, 1853.

"Portarlington ennuyéd himself *à la mort* at Schwalbach, so his wife told him to pay his friends the Knox's a visit. He spent four days here and returned yesterday. He lived with us (save sleeping) and we did all we could to amuse him.

"Ernst is here, and ready to play his violin with Isabella whenever she wants him. He used to do so formerly with Bet, but he was not aware till he came here that her sister was a *demi-artiste*. Our Mannheim friends express the greatest desire to get us back this winter, and indeed my girls were very popular.

"Jane Damer [1] is engaged to be married to Colonel Dunn, but there is not enough money as yet. Two old Aunts of somewhere about eighty-four years of age must die in order to make them comfortable. But I do not know how it is, these old creatures live a long time, particularly when their kind relations

[1] Eldest sister to Lord Portarlington. Lady Jane died unmarried, August 26th 1853, a fortnight after the date of this letter.

think they would be better in Heaven. I hear that Johnny and Louisa are absorbed in each other at Florence. Mrs Damer has the children. Previous to the marriage one day Louisa would say, 'I shall die if I do not have them (the little Kings).' 'Certainly,' said Johnnie, 'I highly approve of it.' The next day her ladyship would say, 'We cannot be plagued with them.' 'Of course not,' said our John. So it went on from day to day, and now as I say the grandmother has the children."

From the same.

"*September 29th*, 1853.

"The children are in high health and spirits; ready to jump out of their skins, but at the same time tractable and obedient. Ally has been to Court, and was presented to the Grand Duchess Stephanie, who admired her very much, and gave her a pretty little china canary bird. The boys will soon pick up French. I hope you will always be kind to them. You used to tell me that if you ever had a son you would treat him as I treated you. Only think how unhappy I should be, if you had turned out a scamp, especially if it had been from my indifference to you. Benazet the head of the gambling establishment here gave a great 'Chasse' the day before yesterday to which he invited me, but I did not go. Dinner was given to 200 persons. Two stags were brought from France; one was killed and the other escaped across the Rhine.

"As you probably read the *Times* you know more of politics than I do, who only see Galignani. I fondly hope we shall have no war. I suspect that the Emperor of Russia only wants to destroy the power of those who govern the Sultan *malgrè lui*.

"Our policy (according to my ideas) would be to get up a good fleet, have militia in training, and the country in a good state of defence, ready for all eventualities.

"Give Lucy my kindest love. GOD bless you both."

From the same.

"BADEN BADEN, *October 13th*, 1853.

"There has been a letter from the mate Henry[1] still in the *Virago* in the Pacific. While off Vancouver's Island he employed himself surveying hitherto unexplored bays, by which he has ascertained that ships may now enter and anchor in security. One bay he has named 'Knox Bay'; and the two headlands 'Octavius' and 'Arthur.'[2] I fear he has not much chance of promotion, though he is two years and a half a mate. It appears to me that the Emperor Nicholas has pushed his bullying too far with the Turks, but I trust it will all end in smoke. Your mother has extracted a promise from me to go to London on the 1st of May and stay there two months. We must get a cheap house on the north side of Oxford Street, the golden dreams of a residence in Belgravia must be given up for our income is not equal to that!"

From the same.

"*October* 29th, 1853.

"On the 1st of November we move to Mannheim there to remain till May D.V. Then your mother says we must go to England. I am quite satisfied to return home, but I am afraid we shall not find it convenient to remain there—however we shall see. The children are uncommonly well, and when they have gone to drink tea with Lady Augustus Loftus'[3] young ones, we have been told that they are very well behaved. Lady A. would not have asked them a second time if they had not been so. The James Knoxes are still at Arniston with their saddle horses. They go for a year to Spa next May. The Dundas' have constant visitors, and your Aunt is obliged to do the honors, as Emily is playing sick, and taking care

[1] Henry Needham Knox, his nephew, son of the Hon. John Knox.

[2] After his two brothers.

[3] Emma, eldest daughter of Vice-Admiral Henry Greville, R.N., married 1845 Lord Augustus Loftus, G.C.B., Ambassador Extraordinary at St Petersburg, son of the second Marquess of Ely.

of herself. Baden is almost empty; the gambling shop shuts up on the 31st. That and the previous day are the only ones on which the townspeople are allowed to play. Upwards of 42,000 visitors have been registered this year, the largest number on record, but the quality not of the best. I do not anticipate war, and I trust nothing will take place to stop the regular reliefs. Everything is dearer this year from the deficient harvest. Paris, I hear, is worse than London in this respect."

From the same.

"MANNHEIM, *November 12th*, 1853.

"We moved here from Baden on the 1st inst., and are very comfortably put up at Staatsrath Brunners. He is a Privy Councillor of the Grand Duchy, but from what cause I know not, does not belong to the Haute Classe here. We occupy the first floor here called 'Zweiten Stock.' I should think our situation is healthy, but we are more distant than last year from the centre of the town. We have now got everything comfortably in order, and our rent (including hire of things but without linen and crockery) will be exactly £15 a month.

"The cholera seems to be steadily progressing in England, and fastens principally on unwholesome localities. You well know how much I have talked about the necessity for drainage and ventilation and I consider you a disciple of my school. When I first took my seat on the Board of St George's Hospital I was a perfect stranger, so much so that the secretary was sent to ask my name, and I hope during the years I attended there, I was instrumental in bringing about reforms and improvements, which when first proposed were not considered necessary. I mention this, so that you must not be put down at the Council Board, if you do not carry everything at once. Patience and perseverance, with honesty of purpose, are sure to succeed in the end."

From the same.

"MANNHEIM, *December 13th*, 1853.

"We live very quietly here; the ladies go to the theatre and concerts occasionally, but there are no parties. During the Carnival balls will be given in private houses, and as we received many invitations last season, I must give an entertainment at the Hotel de l'Europe which will cost me £35 or £40. I grudge spending money in that way, but I see no way of avoiding it unless the Grand Duke or some of the Royal Family should die. They fully expected this time last year that his time was short, but he still hangs on, and I hear nothing about his health now. His brother the Regent is said to be clever and does the work very well, and is a bit of a soldier. He is in a mess with the Archbishop about Church matters. The priests look well to the main chance, and are trying to do away with the arrangements that were made about forty-five years ago, when the German Empire was abolished by Napoleon I. I am quite puzzled about the Eastern question. Sometimes it appears that it would soon be settled and then all is at sea again. A younger brother of Prince Gortschakoff lodged under us at Baden last summer and is Russian Minister at Stuttgart and Frankfort. I did not know him, indeed these Northern barbarians herd much together and do not mix much with Western Europeans. But the children were on friendly terms with some of the Czar's juvenile subjects, who having almost all English nurses speak our language with ease.

"The Wray[1] has paid very well this year, you must never part with the property when you get it. Are you aware that you will have to pay legacy duty on all you succeed to, land or not, though previously settled. This was made law last session."

From the same.

"MANNHEIM, *December 29th*, 1853.

"I am glad there is a prospect of your coming home, but I hope you will not arrive before May or June as

[1] An Estate in Limerick inherited from Lady Ranfurly.

the weather is so severe. My thermometer in the open air registers 6° or 7° below zero. The ground is covered with snow but not deep, the Neckar is frozen over and the bridge across the Rhine removed. Our accounts from Paris, Scotland and England report the weather to be excessively cold and everything very dear. We used to pay 22s. per ton for coals and they are now 38s. and bread is nearly double. I am very glad we are abroad this winter as though things are dearer than last season, we are able to exist without 'dipping' which was the case at home.

"The children are progressing in French, and now understand everything that is said to them in that language. Ally certainly is a most engaging child and everybody loves her. She is very quick, and if allowed would soon learn to read. She repeats hymns very well. Susan quite adores her, and it will be painful to her to give her up. The Aunts impress upon all their young minds religious truths, and they will not have suffered by being absent from the paternal roof.

"You made an apology for writing a short dull letter; I must make the same excuse. I never speak to a soul hardly, and one day is so like another that my resources are dried up. I envy you being in a warm climate this year."

CHAPTER XI

Ritt meister von Baumbach—A Domestic Tragedy—War Impending—The Admiral has the Gout—Three Months a Cripple—Marriage of Ernst to Miss Levy—The Knoxes at Boulogne—Cholera Everywhere—Sudden Death of Lord Jocelyn—The Camp at Boulogne—Visit of Prince Albert—Battle of Inkermann—Elizabeth at Hadleigh—Last Visit to her Family—Her Illness and Death—Return of her Brother Five Weeks Afterwards—Death of the Duchess of Hamilton—A Long and Faithful Friendship—Active Service in China—The Taku Forts—Lingering Illness of the Admiral—His Death—An Ideally Happy Marriage.

From Admiral the Hon. E. S. P. Knox.

"MANNHEIM, *January 12th*, 1854.

"THE first dance is to be given to-night by some neighbours of ours, the Vanderhovens; I hear mine is to be at the Hotel de l'Europe on the Rhine, but they have agreed to dispense with my company. I have given up the pomps and vanities of this world, and wish to pass the remainder of my days in quiet. What with my German, the *Times*, and a book, I never feel at a loss, and I desire to see nobody. But I rather miss my friend Captain Peake, who lived exactly opposite to our present house; from him I used to hear all the naval news which interests me much. I have no more to say to the profession than you have, still I like to know what is going on. With all due respect to you soldiers, whom we could not dispense with, if our wooden walls fail, England is lost. It is gratifying to find that we are getting up a beautiful steam screw fleet, and that the officers employed seem to be selected for merit. My friend F— has got

himself into a mess in the East, and they say he is to be recalled; he is unpopular both by land and sea. It might have been judicious not allowing his men to go on shore, but he could also have smoothed down his refusal. A man in command should study human nature. I flatter myself that you know how to manage the tempers and dispositions of those under you, it would sting me to the quick to hear that there was any tendency to mutiny with your men. Northland is expected home in the summer, and has been recommended to try Guernsey as his doctor tells him England is too cold for him.[1] Adela Goff has received every kindness from Lady Cowley in Paris, and has been presented to the Empress Eugènie, who is painfully shy. I think Nicolas has set his heart on getting Constantinople, and that he will abide his time, but England and France acting so well together has rather put him out. Perhaps he may now listen to reason. I wish it was all settled, for I do not wish to see war commenced, one never knows how it will end. Ten per cent. income tax will not be agreeable. There has been some report of Lord Raglan succeeding Lord Hardinge, but as he has just appointed a new A.D.C. I suppose it is not true."

From the same.

"MANNHEIM, *February 26th*, 1854.

"We jog on here much as usual; balls have been scarce this Carnival. On Tuesday there is to be what they call a picnic or paid breakfast at a cabaret on the Rhine, where they begin to dance at twelve, and after a more like dinner than breakfast at five, they come away and go to the Theatre at eight to see the masks, which will terminate the amusements of the season. To dance in Lent would be considered most wicked. Isabella's great friend here is a Madame de Baumbach, whose husband, a very nice fellow, was a Ritt meister in the 3rd Baden Cavalry. He is just promoted to the

[1] He died May 20th, 1858, less than two months after he had succeeded his father as third Earl of Ranfurly.

majority in the 2nd Regiment at Bruchsal, which takes them away, to our great regret. We have now little more than two months to remain here, after which we shall paddle down the Rhine, and expect to be in London about the 5th or 6th of May. I think I shall take my German man over with me. We have found him for eleven months an excellent servant.[1] He speaks English well, also French and Italian, and I have never heard the maternal one give one solitary growl about him. He is perfectly sober and does not smoke. Any details you can send me either about yourself, the garrison, or the Colony, will be very acceptable, for wherever you are, there my thoughts are always turned. The 'Haute Classe' in Germany is in favour of the Czar; the rest for the Turk. I think Nicholas has miscalculated. He thought the opportunity had come for putting into effect the long cherished wishes of Russia with regard to Constantinople, but his difficulties will be great. GOD bless you and Lucy."

Madame de Baumbach, who is mentioned in the above letter, had an extraordinary and most unfortunate experience a few years later. In consequence of a malicious accusation on the part of a servant, she was tried for the attempted murder of her husband, by putting some arsenic in a glass of beer he was about to drink. They were to the end of their lives a most devoted couple, and Herr von Baumbach indignantly denied the charge. After a delay of some months the poor lady was unanimously acquitted, but it was long before her nerves recovered the strain to which she had been subjected. ED.

[1] Michael Müller, the servant in question, remained in the family until 1875, when after my grandmother's death, he retired on a pension. He was a faithful and devoted friend, especially to the younger members of the family.

From Admiral the Hon. G. S. P. Knox.

"MANNHEIM, *March 18th*, 1854.

"You will see by the papers what excitement there is in England about the war, but notwithstanding all I still hope it may end in smoke. The extensive armaments, both naval and military, in France and England, the enthusiasm of the people and ready supply of money must all tend to make the Emperor Nicholas pause before he commits himself to hostilities in an unrighteous cause. Prussia was said to be wavering, at least the king was either talked over or frightened by the Czar. The story here is, that he sent for his Prime Minister, Mantenfel, and told him that he should support Russia. The reply was that the feeling of the country and its interests were entirely the other way, and if that was H.M.'s determination, Mantenfel must tender his resignation. The king thereupon stamped his foot in a great rage and retired. But after some hour's reflection he again sent for his Prime Minister, and told him he could not accept his resignation, and would adopt his views. It is not supposed that Prussia will declare war directly, but that she will be prepared if necessary to join the Western powers. Bet writes me word that there has been for some time a talk of dividing the Bishopric of Norwich, and making Hadleigh into a little 'See'; she fondly anticipates seeing the mitre on Dean Henry's brow one day.

"You will see Lord Londonderry's[1] death in the papers. I calculate on Lord Cathcart[2] getting the 2nd Life Guards, but have no idea who will get the Garter. I used to know Captain Morell's father formerly in Paris. He is a French Count, but having married an Englishwoman, Miss Pole Carew, and the

[1] Third Marquess of Londonderry, a distinguished soldier and diplomatist; born 1778, died March 6th, 1854. He obtained the Garter vacant by the death of the Duke of Wellington.

[2] Charles Murray, second Earl Cathcart; born 1783, died 1859; a General Officer, at one time Commander of the Forces in Scotland.

son probably having been born in Great Britain, he is I suppose eligible to serve in our army."

From the same.

"MANNHEIM, *March 30th*, 1854.

"I fear I was quite wrong in my conjectures as to there being no war; at present it seems all but declared. Austria and Prussia have joined together for some purpose not quite clear. They would both wish to prevent hostilities, but have neither the money nor the resolution to declare which side they will take.

"I am writing this on the sofa, as I have had the gout in my foot for a week. I would have cured it myself with Mr Chappell's prescriptions, but your mother would send for Zeroni,[1] much against my will, and now God knows when I shall be on my legs again. We had a little party last night, but I was in bed all day. These German doctors are very fond of sending people there.

From the same.

"MANNHEIM, *April 12th*, 1854.

"I have been for the last three weeks laid up with gout. I only commenced carriage exercise yesterday, having two men to carry me down and place me in the Drotscke where I am stretched on a cushion. I am slowly but gradually improving, and hope to be able to leave this on May 1st. Müller is very honest and sober, and not what Adèle calls a 'causeur.' Last time we were in Montagu Square I hired a most respectable-looking butler, highly recommended, but in less than a week he was twice beastly drunk at noon.

"It appears that Austria and Prussia have agreed to join the Western powers, but they have been playing fast and loose so long, there is no depending on either

[1] I believe Dr Zeroni's invariable remark to a patient was, "*Il faut qu'une maladie prenne son cours.*" This is indeed true of small as well as of serious ailments.

of them. Have you seen the prints of Kronstadt in the 'Illustrated?' If Charles Napier attacks these forts, he must fire his shells into the port-holes point blank. I was sorry to see that there were some symptoms of mutiny on board the *Cumberland* (late flag ship to Sir George Seymour) on being ordered to the Baltic. I am obliged to write on my back, so you must excuse this scrawl."

The Admiral's attack of gout proved more stubborn than he expected; he remained an invalid for many weeks, and the journey to England was delayed in consequence. He writes from 41 Montagu Square on June 16th.

"Alas, I have been for three months a cripple. I am now somewhat better, and hope soon to be on my pins again, but as yet they will not support me. I have taken only one drive since I last wrote: carried in a sling by my faithful German and the footman. I have seen nobody, as I cannot go to the Club. The children are very well, and enjoy the Square. Bill is I understand the sharpest, and Eddy the handsomest and most admired of the boys, but Alice is the beauty of the family. Our present intention is, if I am well enough, to go to Boulogne on July 17th. England is dreadfully dear, and if I remain much longer I shall be on the wrong side of the ledger. The Russian forts are so formidable, both in the Baltic and the Black Sea, that I doubt if we shall attack them."

From the same.

"41 MONTAGU SQUARE,
15th July, 1854.

"Ernst[1] has announced his intention of marrying a Miss Levy, who with her mother was travelling about with him. He played and she recited Molière one

[1] The celebrated violinist.

night at our house before the Grand Duchess Stephanie and a select company."

"14 GRANDE RUE,
August 15th 1854. BOULOGNE, s/M.

"Your mother left London on Wednesday, the 2nd, intending to cross and have a house ready for us here. But the Fates decreed otherwise. We found her at Folkestone, and all sailed together on the 3rd. The trajet was pretty smooth, but the packet crowded to excess, and it rained hard. Orange (a commissionaire) got me permission to pass without going through the passport office, as I was so very lame. Joseph Goff [1] met us on the pier, and announced Mary Knox's [2] intended marriage to a Mr Page Reade, a Suffolk gentleman, who lives within half an hour's rail of Bessy. He is a widower of forty-five, and has one son at Harrow. I understand the Ranfurlys are satisfied with his arrangements, but I do not know what his rent roll is. Next month the parties are to be tied together by the Bishop of Down at Dungannon.

"The James Knoxes are to leave Arniston for Paris very soon, *via* Southampton and Havre; they have three horses, and they calculate on saving £20 by taking that route. Your Aunt Fanny lends them her house in Paris till she returns, which will be towards the end of September.

"We are very well put up here; our house is one door off the corner looking to the Market Place, and not far from the Rue de l'Ecu. The Goffs have a country house at Ostrohoe, a small village off the Paris Road. Adela has two children and seems very happy. They are coming in to us this afternoon to see the procession; it is the 'Fête de l'Assomption' and also Napoleon's Day. There are two camps here; the largest is on the far side of the Column and extends

[1] Mr Joseph Goff of Hale Park, Hants., married 1850 Lady Adela Knox. He died 1872.

[2] Lady Mary Knox, married September 1854 John Page Reade, Esq. of Stutton, Co. Suffolk.

a long way. Some are in huts built of mud, others in tents; I hear the former are not so healthy as the latter. The second camp, said to contain 10,000 men, is on the other side of the Liane to the left of Portel and on sandy soil. It took me three hours to go there and back in a carriage. They would not let us drive through, but a captain of Infantry civilly came up and offered to conduct us on foot, which I was obliged to decline in consequence of the tenderness of my understanding. I believe the idea of the troops has kept many English families away, for there are very few here, and I see bills in all directions. We pay 500 francs a month for this house, including the hire of some furniture, and we have it all to ourselves. Provisions are not so cheap as in Germany, but I think we shall find it more economical than England. We have two servants less than in London, a footman and kitchen maid. The children enjoy the fair, which is now in full swing.

"Lord Jocelyn's[1] death was very sudden; he was only ill a few hours with cholera. There have been a few cases here; as far as care of diet, etc., you may depend on your young ones not being neglected.

"Your last was from Martinique; I was there a short time in 1809. I was then about the seventeenth Lieutenant of the *Neptune*, Admiral Cochrane's ship, but shortly after was appointed to the command of the *Pulltusk*. Charles Napier had her previous to me, and had on the men's hats a Russian drawing a Frenchman's tooth! Times are altered now. I shall be glad to see you both safe back. I trust that Providence will take care of you."

From the same.

"14 GRANDE RUE, BOULOGNE, S/M.
August 31st, 1854.

"The Emperor's horses and carriages have arrived, and he is expected to-day or to-morrow. The Hotel

[1] Robert Viscount Jocelyn, son of the third Earl of Roden, born 1816, married Lady Frances Cowper, and died August 12th, 1854.

de Brighton is fitted up for him, and wooden stables on the opposite side of the street. The said Hotel de Brighton, when we arrived here in 1822, was occupied by a Colonel Spicer, and five years ago it was a boarding-house. It is beyond the railway terminus. Prince Albert, they say, is to be here on Friday, and there is to be a review near Portel on Saturday. The kings of Portugal and the Belgians are coming, but the grand review is to take place at St Omer. We have engaged a carriage for the first one, and as it is an Englishman who has promised it, I hope we shall not be thrown over. High prices will be given for conveyances, so there is always the danger of being out-bid.

"I am glad you made a trip to Martinique, and were so well received. I trust the next West Indian mail will bring a good account of the cholera from St Lucia. It is all over the world. There has been some here, but Dr Scott says now only a few cases. Do not quack yourselves with laudanum; I see that some officers in the East have killed themselves with it.

From the same.

"Boulogne, s/m. *September 15th*, 1854.

"Since I last wrote Boulogne has been all alive. You will see by the papers that the Kings of Portugal and the Belgians have been here, but they took their departure before Prince Albert came, *on dit* that it was so that he should be the greatest man. Every honour paid to H.R.H. who was accompanied by the elite of the cavalry of England, under Sergeant Graham and twelve men of the Life Guards and Blues, who by the way were very much admired. The said Sergeant, who is a very expert swordsman, cut through a bar of lead, to the amazement of the Imperial Guides, who are a fine set of picked men, and well got up. The Guides have one of the finest bands in the world, every individual is an artist. They now play every afternoon at the Etablissement, to the great delight of the musical world. The sham fight came off on the right and left of the Calais road, five or six miles from here. I had

engaged a carriage to go to it, but the fellow threw me over, and I could not go without paying an exorbitant price. Even if we had gone we should have seen very little, as I was unable to walk, and there was no gentleman to escort the ladies over the hills. We missed our Major much. The Emperor mounted the foreign officers who came over.

"The *Victoria and Albert* was much admired, and everyone was allowed to go over her. Captain Smithett[1] piloted her in. Captain Denman, who was at Spa when we were, is the Captain. The departure of the Prince about midnight was I hear very fine. None of us were there, but I saw the cortege landing, when the Emperor and all the party passed close to me.

"Mrs Chappell is now with us; I took her up to see the Western Camp the other day. It is not much visited in comparison of the other. A captain of the 55th showed the lions to our ladies, and I sat down in his tent; he was uncommonly civil. I have my feet rubbed twice a day by a Sœur de Bon Secours, and I am much improved, but not yet able to walk independently about the town. We have very little cholera here. Orange, the Commissionaire, died suddenly the other day, but I believe not of that complaint. In London it is very bad, Mr Chappell gives his wife dreadful accounts, worse than what appears in the papers. A beautiful harvest well got in here, as in England."

From the same.

"5 MARINE PARADE, DOVER,
15th November 1854.

"We left Boulogne on the 3rd inst., and had what your mother called 'a desperate passage.' She was ill, but the day was fine, and as the wind was northerly the boat pitched a little. We slept one night at the 'Ship,' and on the 4th established ourselves in this house, where we are very well lodged at 4½ guineas a week. Adéle is no longer with us, which seems to

[1] Afterwards Sir Luke Smithett.

have given much satisfaction to the other servants. I believe she bullied them a good deal. Isabella is at Hadleigh: her Duchess [1] had to go to London, which shortened her visit to Easton Park. You will see long lists of killed and wounded in the papers, as well as deaths from cholera. After all, I almost fear that the expedition will fail, as we have not a force sufficient to conduct the siege, or fight the relieving armies.

"Henry Stuart [2] died intestate, consequently his land goes to his brother, and his personality between his brother and sister. The Bedford people have invited young William Stuart to stand for the borough, a proof that they liked his uncle. Lady Ranfurly was much cut up by her brother's death, but he was a great sufferer, and nobody expected him to live long.

From the same.

"DOVER, *November 30th*, 1854.

"Isabella is invited to Hambledon on the 6th December, and will remain until the 14th. Charles Scott Murray is in Rome; he has been building and endowing Churches and spending a great deal of money, which his mother thinks might have been better employed.

"I have desired our newsman to send you a sketch of the investing corps before Sevastopol by Captain Biddulph, R.A., and I hope you will receive it safe and free. The Imperial Guard I forwarded from Boulogne. As you read the *Times* I can give you no more news than it contains. You will see that our loss on the 5th [3] was tremendous. The Dowager of Kilmaine had four grandsons there, all untouched. Georgina Hope Vere's intended [4] does not appear in the *Gazette*, so I hope he is safe. Hatton [5] I see is come out at last in the

[1] The Duchess of Hamilton.

[2] Mr Henry Stuart, born 1804; son of the Archbishop of Armagh, and some time M.P. for Bedford, died October 26th, 1854. He was brother to Lady Ranfurly.

[3] At the Battle of Inkermann.

[4] Colonel C. Townshend Wilson.

[5] Lt.-Colonel Villiers Hatton.

Prince Albert. I daresay his little wife will put up at her widowed father's, Sir William De Bathe.[1]

"I should not be surprised if we were to officer a Turkish army, as we did the Portuguese in former days. Would you take a regiment in that service? The Staffordshire Militia quartered at Dover have given three hundred volunteers to the regulars. I expect a large augmentation of the Army and ten per cent. income tax.—Ever my dear Tom's affectionate father, E. S. P. K."

Elizabeth Knox's correspondence with her family was somewhat interrupted by her domestic duties.

"I have scarcely had a moment to myself," she writes to her sisters from her Rectory. "Or rather, to tell the truth, my spare moments are all taken up by that darling baby. I am ashamed of myself, for I feel that she engrosses me more than she ought, but I cannot help it. I wish you could have seen her just now, in her pretty little grey pelisse, white victorine, blue satin bonnet, and pink cap, sitting up so erect and proud, and her little cheeks as pink as her ribbons. It certainly will be a great happiness to show her to you in the spring, please God, if we are all alive. I shall be very jealous if you love Tom's children more than mine. I am so glad that Ernst makes honorable mention of me. Pray say something for me to him—some *affectueux souvenirs*. How I should like to hear him again! I should have enjoyed your *soirée musicale* in spite of Her Serene Highness, or Royal,[2] I believe she is. I am sorry to hear that Lady Douglas has turned Roman Catholic. If the Duchess asks us to Easton we shall certainly go. We should both like it very much.

"I suppose you know that Portarlington went to his mother as soon as he heard of Jane's death. I

[1] Sir William Plunkett De Bathe, K.F.M., born 1793; married, 1820, Mary, eldest daughter of Thomas Earle of Spekelands, and died 1870.

[2] The Grand Duchess Stéphanie of Baden.

heard from Louisa[1] just before Jane's death. She seems so very happy; there is no prospect of a family yet. They are living very quietly, but she says 'dear Johnny never seems bored.' She practises a great deal, and Johnny has made her resume the Carnaval de Venise, which he is particularly fond of. Elizabeth and Juliana at my suggestion have taken up the Schools at Dungannon and go there twice a week to teach classes.

"Do you know that I am getting so large and fat that I am ashamed of myself. An old woman whom I was visiting yesterday exclaimed, 'Lawks, ma'am, how lusty and comfortable you do look!' I certainly never was better in my life.

"Tom sent me a box of West Indian preserves. The carriage was 12s., and as I only got six little pots, it was not a very good bargain.

"Our new School is to be opened on Thursday next, and the boys are to have a dinner there. The Inspector is coming next month, and I think he will be pleased with the School, for really it is a very nice building. It is wonderful how we succeeded in collecting so much money. The parish has not contributed anything so far, nor have we had a sermon for it. I fancy we want quite £60 more.

"I had a pleasant letter from Emily Dundas with an amusing account of her baby. It is thriving most satisfactorily, weighs eight pounds and is twenty inches long. Emily says it looks so absurd when she goes into the nursery to see three tall women, eighteen feet of nurses attending upon twenty inches of baby!

"One of our eagles ate the other up the other night and nothing was found but a few feathers. It happened to be the very time that the Bishop of Down was staying here, and it was he who gave them to Henry, fourteen years ago. I wish the other would commit suicide.

In August 1854 she writes from Lowestoft to her sister Isabella:

[1] Lady Louisa Damer, married, 1853, John Chichester Knox, ex-captain of Dragoons. The engagement took place at Hadleigh.

"Much as we should have preferred being at Boulogne with you all, I think it may be better as it is, on account of having to sleep in London on the way, just now when the cholera is raging. I am ashamed to say I feel dreadfully nervous about it; that awfully sudden death of Lady Jocelyn[1] frightens one. Did you see in the paper that Captain Rowley,[2] a brother of Sir Charles, also died of it?

"How very bad the accounts are from the East.

"When do you think that you will come to us? I can scarcely think it possible that I am to have you! it seems too pleasant to be true. I shall have more time to be with you when Lou has her daily governess, *Nous ferons des duos ensemble.* I have got a pianoforte here, and practise in the evenings. Mary wrote me a few lines expressive of great happiness. Miss Susan Dashwood is going to be married to Mr Cholmondeley,[3] nephew and heir presumptive of the Marquis. Lord Cholmondeley[4] is an elderly man, who has been married twice and never had any children. But as Miss Rowley remarked, his present wife *might* die, and he might marry again! The family are much pleased with the match.

"I am delighted at the prospect of having Mary (Page Reade) so near us. Stutton Hall is only ten miles off. I believe it is a very pretty old house in the Tudor style, and the grounds go down to the river, which is a sort of branch of the sea. When the tide is in it is a very pretty place, but most dismal when it is out, as you look down upon a swamp! The Rector of

[1] She was Lady Frances Cowper, youngest daughter of the fifth Earl Cowper (extra Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen). She married Robert Viscount Jocelyn, 1841, and died 1854.

[2] Richard Freeman Rowley, Captain R.N., in 1828 married Julia, daughter of John Angerstein, M.P., of Weeting Hall, Norfolk.

[3] Charles George Cholmondeley, born 1829; married, 1854, Miss Susan Dashwood, daughter of Sir George Dashwood. Mr Cholmondeley died December 1869, before his uncle's death.

[4] George Horatio, second Marquess, born 1792; died s.p. May 1870, and was succeeded by his brother.

Stutton is Mr Mills, who is married to Mrs Anstruther's[1] sister, and they are very nice people, but I am sorry to say Mr Page Reade is not on terms with them. I hope Mary will reconcile them, for it does seem such a pity to quarrel with one's Clergyman. Mr Page Reade is a very low Churchman and Mr Mills just as high, which I daresay does not tend to improve matters between them. Mr Reade is obliged to live six months of the year at Stutton, otherwise he forfeits the property. I am in great trouble how to manage getting a wedding present for Mary, as I can see nothing here, and should like to choose for myself. I wish you could see Baby making curtseys. Mrs Jackson[2] taught her, and it is most amusing to watch her and Baby curtseying to each other. She shows great powers of imitation and walks upstairs on all fours at a rapid rate."

The Admiral and his family returned to England in the autumn of 1854, taking up their abode for the winter at 3 George Street, Montagu Square. Elizabeth must have paid them a visit there shortly after Christmas, for the very earliest picture in my mental scrap-book is one of her and her child, who stands on a table, while her mother, smiling and happy, supports the little creature, over whose head her long fair curls are drooping. This was probably her last visit to her beloved family. She was then in delicate health, and a letter to her sister Susan soon after contains a passage which sounds like a sad presentiment:

"*January 23rd*, 1855.

"Somehow or other I do not expect that I shall be able to get to town soon after my confinement,

[1] Colonel James Lloyd Anstruther of Hintlesham Hall, Ipswich, married first, 1838, Georgina, eldest daughter of the Hon. Lindsey Merrik Burrell; secondly, 1847, the Hon. Georgina Barrington, daughter of George, Viscount Barrington.

[2] The housekeeper at Hadleigh.

though Henry and Mama seem to take it as a matter of course. We shall be such a party, and shall require a large lodging, for I shall want two people for the babies. A small baby of a few weeks old is a great tie, and requires so much attention that I can't see how I should get on in London. However, there is time enough to settle about that. If I can't go and see my family, my family must come and see me. Good-night, dear child, it is just ten *et je me couche avec les poules.*"

Her last letter of all, addressed to the same sister on February 24th, is written in good spirits, asking her to execute various little commissions—a collar or two of *broderie anglaise,* some habit shirts and open sleeves, which sound to our modern ears strangely obsolete adornments. Very shortly afterwards she was taken ill, and a dead son born. Her mother was telegraphed for and arrived to find her unconscious. She never rallied, and passed away peacefully on Sunday, March 4th, a few days before her thirty-first birthday.

During the sad days that intervened between her death and funeral, her husband sat in his study, but not shutting himself up with his sorrow, for he insisted on seeing everyone who came to ask after him. Rich and poor flocked to the Rectory all through that melancholy week, and the Rector denied himself to no one. It was a sad pleasure to him to be told by his people—sometimes in very homely language—how dearly they loved her who was gone. And meanwhile the little fair-haired child kept toddling from one person to another, and asking in baby language what had become of her " Mammy."

In a corner between the Rectory porch and the garden wall, Elizabeth lies buried. A flat stone records her name and age, and the words, " The Lord gave and the

Lord hath taken away: blessed be the Name of the Lord."

A year or two ago I went to Hadleigh, and found everything looking probably much the same as when she left it. Poverty Street had apparently changed its name, owing, let us hope, to improved circumstances. But I found Angel Lane, so often mentioned in her diary, and many humble doors in old-fashioned cottages at which Elizabeth on her errands of mercy was wont to knock. In the Almshouse there were a few old people who remembered her as she was in their young days. They told me what a "fine" lady she was, and how "familiar like." She had a kind word and a kind look for everybody, and no pride at all.

She had kept in such close touch with her own family that they must have missed her terribly; indeed, the gap she left never could have been filled. But their grief, though deep, was silent. In the first place they had the habits of self-control characteristic of their class, but in addition to this, there seems to have been in those days a curious unwritten law that those who were gone were not to be spoken of in the family circle. A well-known Scotch writer[1] makes the same remark. "There was, years ago, the old conventional silence. The familiar name died out of the current speech of the family; it ceased to be a household word. The idea was that death was a horrible thing, which must not be alluded to. The idea was, too, that as for the departed, the sooner they were forgotten, the faster you would get over the blow of their removal."

We are often told that the less a sore spot is touched

[1] A. K. H. B.

the quicker it heals. But in many a loving heart there must have been a great longing to break through this icy reserve now and then and talk simply and naturally on the subject that was uppermost in their thoughts.

And so Elizabeth went hence, quickly and silently, without a word of farewell or even a last kiss to her idolised baby. She left many pleasant things behind her, but like all who die young, she was spared many a bitter sorrow. Five weeks after her death her brother and his wife came home from the West Indies. Captain Vincent met them at Southampton, and handed Major Knox a letter from his father to break the sad news of his sister's death. A few days later he went down to visit her husband and child at the Rectory, which must have looked strangely empty and forlorn. Henry Barry Knox lived on there with his two daughters until his death, in 1869.

> "The Duchess of Hamilton died in 1859. My grandmother was in London at the time, and wrote, 'I go every day to Portman Square, but alas! the moment is long past when I could have been recognised. And yet some days ago she fancied I was ill and sent off herself to ask for me. The truth is, to procure ease they give sometimes laudanum, sometimes brandy in very small quantities, and that produces a degree of wandering. I was in her room again yesterday, not to see her face, only her figure coiled up among pillows. I heard her voice, but so low that I could not make out a word she said.'"

So ended a faithful friendship of five-and-forty years between two women of great sweetness of character, added to sterling worth. The Duchess was a woman of many sorrows, and Mrs Knox had a gift of sympathy which

must often have helped and cheered her. After her death a golden *étui* encrusted with diamonds was found amongst her jewels, addressed to her "dear friend" as a keepsake.

The following year (1860) my father, then in command of the 67th Regiment, was on active service in China. For his family it was a time of great anxiety, particularly when the attack on the Taku Forts was expected, in which his regiment was to be engaged under Sir Hope Grant. It was weeks before we had any tidings, and the suspense was very great.

When my father was abroad, I was always left under my grandparents' care. We were on our way to Nice, and had, I think, reached Toulon, when the *Times* was brought in and, to the great joy and relief of the family, announced their dear one's safety.

A cousin [1] was travelling with us. Whether she alone had courage to open the paper, I do not know, but I can see her radiant face as she rushed in to give us the good news.

"Quite safe! quite safe. Not a scratch!" were her words, and we all cried heartily. Such moments are not easily forgotten.

The engagement—a very severe one—took place on the 21st of August.

> "A perfect storm of matchlock balls was poured from the walls upon the storming and pontoon parties, together with arrows, spears and lime baskets enough to have damped the courage of any troops but those engaged. But neither the English nor French gave way, or faltered for a moment. Ladder after ladder was thrown back upon the assailants or dragged over

[1] Lady Juliana Knox, afterwards Lady Juliana Walker.

the wall, officers and men were thrust back wounded from the embrasures. At length Rogers of the 44th managed to scramble through an embrasure (though wounded in the act), at the same time as the French entered from the angle next the river. Colonel Knox (67th), Mr Burslem, Mr Lenon, Mr Chaplin, most of them wounded, were amongst the first in." [1]

My father's account (too long to transcribe here) says that, "Having ordered Baker and Chaplin with the colours to the front, we all three jumped in and swam across the ditch. Chaplin was severely wounded twice in placing our Queen's Colour on the Cavalier, which was on the side of the Fort facing the sea. I afterwards found him in great pain and very faint. Sir Hope Grant promised him the Victoria Cross.

"There was a great gathering of English and French Staff officers, and many congratulations with much shaking of hands on all sides.

"I spent the night in one of the miserable huts of the Tartar soldiery. Went to bed on a Chinese sheepskin coat; very tired, happy and thankful."

In November 1862, a year after his son's return home, the Admiral, then living in Wilton Crescent, was struck down by paralysis. It affected his speech as well as his limbs, and he gradually became quite dumb and absolutely helpless. He was evidently quite conscious and seemed to suffer no pain. He enjoyed being read to, and when a letter came from his beloved "Tom" his delight was touching to see. Never did he show the least sign of impatience when he failed to make his wishes understood.

He died on March 24th, 1867, my father being at that time in Japan, in command of the 9th Regiment.

Though his wife never really got over his loss, she lived

[1] Extract from the Rev. R. M'Ghee's book.

to be very old, and was wonderfully active and interested in everything. I am sure that there never was a more unselfish woman, a humbler Christian, a more devoted friend. To the great grief of her children and grandchildren, she died after a few days' illness in January 1875.

"This is my wedding day," she wrote in her diary on a certain 3rd of July. "Few ever enjoyed such happiness as I, or for so long a period."

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